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Daytona Speedway tests prove you may be courting disaster every time you touch the brake pedal...

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT UNSAFE BRAKE LININGS

The September sun scorched the high-banked oval at Daytona International Speedway. Two identical cars were on the track. NASCAR* officials in their striped shirts watchdogged every operation from the mechanics' pit to the track.

This was the week for testing . . . an important week for millions of motorists . . . Daytona Brake Lining Tests—Phase II.

14 Brands Proved Unsafe

A year earlier, 19 leading brands of brake linings had been put through a series of torture tests right here at Daytona Speedway. Repeated panic stops from high speeds shredded linings or burned them to ashes. Fourteen proved unsafe under emergency stopping conditions.

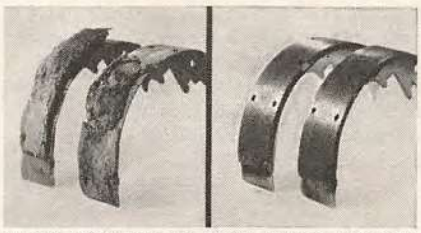
But one brand came through every test with plenty of safe stops left over—Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings proved safest of all.

Tom McCahill, noted automotive authority who witnessed the 1963 and 1964 Daytona Tests, says, "I'm doubly convinced Grey-Rock is the only brake lining brand that offers total safety. You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life!"

1964 Daytona Tests

Now, the second series of tests was underway. This time, each car was instrumented with equipment designed just for these tests. The object was to eliminate the human factor.

Air-operated pistons automatically applied brake pedal pressure to maintain a constant 800 lbs. per square inch of hydraulic line pressure during each stop. An electronic counter measured stopping distances accurately down to 1/10th of a foot.



In the 1963 Daytona Tests, Brand J literally came apart during the tests, while Grey-Rock finished all tests with plenty of safe stops left.

Grey-Rock Outstops 25 Brands

Tests were repeated on each brake lining brand in stops from 80, 65 and 50 miles per hour. NASCAR officials recorded each stopping distance.

When it was all over, Grey-Rock had done it again. From all three speeds, Grey-Rock stopped in a shorter distance than any of the other 25 leading brands.

More than half of the linings tested proved unsafe for today's driving conditions. And yet, these are the very linings that may be on your car right now.

If you are concerned about driving safety for yourself and your family, here's what you should do.

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OPERATOR 25

She'll give you the name of your nearest Grey-Rock dealer. Then see him for a free P-L-S® brake inspection. If your brakes are OK, he'll tell you so. If you need a reline, he'll install Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings, the exclusive Copper-Woven and molded combination twice proved safest at Daytona. Call now . . . your life may depend on it.

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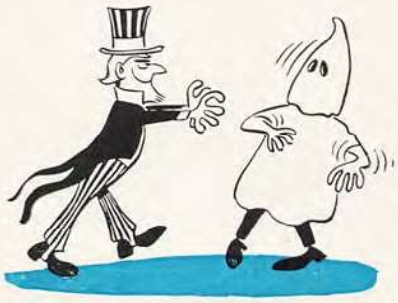
Hooded Un-Americans



After reading *Hooded Americanism* by David Chalmers in July TRUE, three thoughts came to my mind. First, it is to the credit of the South that wherever in that region the Klan has invaded individuals have risen up to fight against it. Mr. Chalmers mentions many instances of Southerners who fought the Klan tooth and nail. It is easy enough to be against the Klan in the North and West, but it takes real courage to oppose this monstrous un-American organization where it has great power. Southerners who resist the Klan embody the best traditions of Southern chivalry.

Second, it behooves all of us not to point the finger of easy scorn at other parts of our country. The way to root out Kluxism is to do the hard thing—to work against prejudice in our own backyard, whatever form it takes.

Third, it is not in keeping with American tradition and laws to suppress an organization because of its beliefs. But it seems to me that when murder or any other crime is committed for the purpose of depriving a person of his Constitutional rights it is a crime against the United States. I think a law defining such crimes as federal crimes would deal a powerful, Constitutional death-blow to the Klan. Unable to commit violence and go unpunished, those brain-rotted cowards wouldn't know what to do with themselves, and the Klan would dry up and blow away.

—Charles Brown
Tucson, Ariz.

Sam's Grand Slam

Ive been a Sam Snead fan for longer than I've enjoyed reading TRUE, and I've decided to break silence after reading *The Slammer Bags a Big Tusker* (June). Now where in the name of sport is the kick in sneaking up to within 25 yards of a half-blind elephant standing there bigger than lots of houses and blasting it with a young cannon? The whole bit seems about as exciting as giving ol' Dobbin a full charge of buckshot from the blind side at 15 feet, or maybe dropping an eight-foot bogie putt into a hole six feet in diameter.

With all due respect to Sam Snead, the man, the golfer and the hunter, this caper leaves me totally unimpressed. I have been an avid hunter all of my life, but anything the size of an elephant is safe as hell around me. I leave 'em to the sharpshooters.

—William R. Greenwood
Overland Park, Kan.

If you think an elephant hunt consists only of the last few seconds, we suppose you'd see no big deal in climbing those last few feet at the top of Mount Everest.

What Job?

I thought Mr. Blank's article on the occupational outlook (*What Job for You in 1975?*—June) was well researched and well written. In working with youngsters I try to help them realize the importance of planning in order to be more capable of coping with our rapidly changing society. It is because of the information contained in the article and the straightforward presentation of facts that I am asking your permission to reprint the article for distribution to the students who are under my supervision.

—C. Michael Beckmann, Counselor
Lindbergh North Jr. High School
St. Louis, Mo.

Permission cheerfully granted.

I enjoyed *What Job for You in 1975?* and possibly perused it too carefully. It was with great alarm that I noted the illustration showing the teacher by his blackboard; he does not divide too well. Three into 785837 is 261945.7, not 261623. Is this a result of premature automation in your proofreading department?

—W. A. Nygard
Las Cruces, N. M.

It's the result of lack of automation in our art department.

Block That Marriage

Where the hell was James Collier and his article *Young Man! You Don't Have to Marry the Girl* (May) when I needed them in 1945?

—Lee M. Smith
San Mateo, Calif.

Just starting his research.

Collier's statement "There's no law saying that *she* has to be careless about contraception either," (italics mine) is both cruel and misleading. It is nearly impossible to get any female contraceptive if you are an unmarried girl under 21. Your friendly old family physician will neither fit you for a diaphragm nor prescribe the pill—he is more apt to tell your mother on you.

In the summary paragraph, the part, "above all, get a taste of the noble variousness of women. . . ." is fine, providing the girls are granted unqualified permission from the whole male sex to behave in exactly the same way until they, too, are 25. Wouldn't it be nice if women could get a taste of the noble variousness of men without being called sluts, makeouts, whores, easy, hot pants, bitches in heat, dogs and pigs?

—Mrs. Gordon Goodrich
Milwaukee, Wis.

Yes.

Frustrating War

Mr. Browne's book *The New Face of War* (May) is the most candid and direct I have read about the Viet Nam war. If only our government wakens before it's too late to use some of the ideas put forth in this book, especially agitprops in greater numbers. To quote Mr. Browne, "The challenge of a new kind of war has been thrown down to America." But is it really new, or is it that we don't want to admit we have used it a few times in our own past? We used it in our own Revolution, in the Civil War and in the Spanish-American War, just to name a few.

—John K. Miller
Philadelphia, Miss.

[*Continued on page* 4]

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Mr. William H. Tilley uses his Honda Trail 90 to herd cattle on his 9000 acre Indian Valley Ranch in Lake County, California. "I really have to cover ground to get things done," Tilley told us. "My Trail 90 saves me time and money. In fact, I own a pair of 'em." Praise from the field carries weight. No wonder Honda is fast becoming the nation's most versatile farm vehicle. For further information write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Department EO, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

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Gasoline Capacity	1.7 gallon total, 0.4 gallon reserve
Load Capacity	450 lbs.
Brakes	Dual-control front, foot-control rear
Shock Absorbers	Hydraulically dampened front and rear
Tires	Rugged "knobby" type for extra traction
Frame	"Step-through" design for easy mounting
Clutch	Automatic multiplate wet type
Muffler	USDA Forest Service-approved spark arrester

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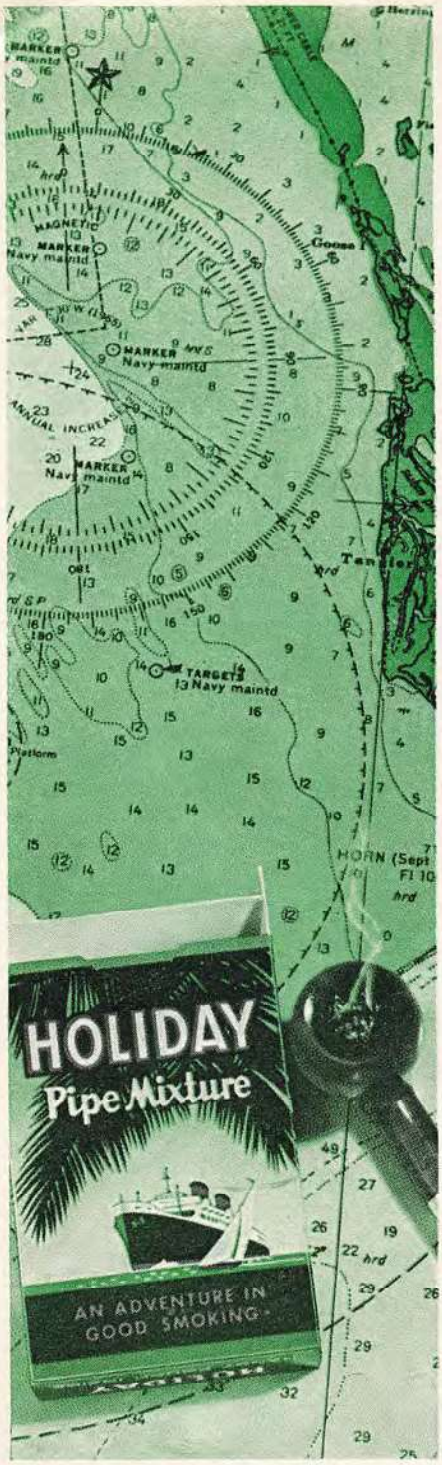

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FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

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[*Continued from page 2*]

After reading *The New Face of War* I remembered a statement that I heard in Korea in 1951. When asked if the Korean people knew what they were fighting for, one of our Korean interpreters said, "We are helping the Americans fight the Chinese." I don't believe I need comment further.

—H. J. Yost
Salem, Oreg.

Bloody Road

Few acts of bravery and the will to live can compare with the story told by Jean-Pierre Hallet (*The Bloody Road to Usumbura*—May). This man did what very few could do. He had wounds that would surely have killed another man, yet he overcame them. Most men in such a condition would have died even in a city, let alone in the wilds of Africa. If more people had the courage Hallet has, the world would be a better place. I am only 19 years old, but I'm a great fan of True. Keep up the good work.

—Michael Witten
Memphis, Tenn.

Auto-Mayhem

My heartfelt thanks to True and Arthur Whitman (*Murder by Motorcar*—May). If, according to the Research on Fatal Highway Collisions study, 10 percent of collisions are homicidal, then mass murder is accomplished on a go-free basis yearly. You have given the true American sportsman his greatest support against antigun legislation to date. Far more people are being murdered by the auto than with firearms, yet the auto murderer goes scot-free. Why not legislation in Congress to prevent murder by auto, instead of antigun laws which will only assist the Mafia in establishing a billion-dollar black market to criminal elements, while putting thousands of small hardware and sporting goods stores out of business?

—M/Sgt. Don D. Clemens
Patrick A.F.B., Fla.

Navel Research

Surely no rule of thumb is necessary to determine the location of a feminine navel (*Climbing Umbilici—It's a Man's World*—April). If, however, one wants to be precise, they should turn to one of mathematics' more interesting factors—the Golden Ratio—.618. Long used by sculptors and architects as the most pleasing relationship between the height and width of a statue, building, doorway or other structure, the Golden Ratio also serves in nature as a relationship in the spiral of a snail, the petal arrangement on a flower and the shape of a starfish. You will find that many of our states fit roughly into a rectangle in which the length one side is .618 of the other.

But to the subject at hand—navels. If you check your wife or secretary, I'm sure you will find that the distance from the floor to her navel is .618 of her total height.

—W. B. Wilson
Belleville, Pa.

Our secretary is .619.

Antivivisection Sect

When one even brings up, publicly, the subject of laboratory animals, one runs head-on into outraged self-righteousness from a wide variety of vested interests:

First and foremost, the actual recipients of federal grants themselves—grants which have grown to such staggering proportions that one arm of one branch of the U.S. Government alone, the National Institute of Health, will dole out, for this one year, over one billion dollars for animal-using research. The textbook example of these is the $1 million granted to study *The Affectionate Relationship of the Infant Monkey with the Mother Monkey*. (The finding, incidentally, was that there *was* an affectionate relationship.)

Secondly, an amazing power combine composed of everything from the Army's Chemical Warfare Department to a staggering number of chemical, drug and commercial firms who do every conceivable, and in some cases inconceivable, animal experiment. Here the textbook examples are the testing, on the naked eyes of long rows of unanesthetized, restrained rabbits, of

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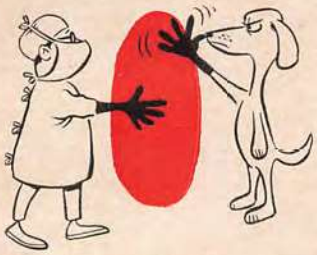
hair dyes and cosmetics, and the crushing, with pneumatic hammers, of the heads of dogs to test football helmets. (They found, according to the researcher's own words, that the heads of dogs wearing helmets were more difficult to crush than those without them.)

Third and lastly, all the medical interests formerly so dear to the hypochondriacal heart—and pocketbook—of this country but which have lately made themselves considerably less dear—by everything from their attitude toward Medicare to their endless money raising for diseases (even for those diseases which have had the misfortune to have been cured) to, finally, at the end of the line, the so-called "National Society for Medical Research." This latter is a group of paid publicists whose sole job it is to smear anyone who speaks out for laboratory animals as an "antivivisectionist" and to make sure that magazines keep publishing articles such as yours entitled *Danger: The Antivivisectionists Rise Again* (June).

I am not, therefore, surprised at the attack. I am, however, surprised that a reporter who takes such pains to give his animal-loving credentials (a conservationist," "friend of all animals," etc.) would not also take at least equal pains with his facts. When the article was first read in the New York office of the Humane Society of the U.S. (140 W. 57th Street) it was so patently ridiculous and contained so many errors that three of our volunteers laughed out loud. I did not laugh because, for all the errors—and may I point out that the first one is in the title—I believe that Mr. Mannix does, in his limited way, love animals. And I believe that though he obviously wrote this piece without so much as checking with a single officer of a single reputable, countrywide humane organization, he did it more out of naiveté than of malice.

—Cleveland Amory
New York, N. Y.



I am a biology teacher in a good high school, and we use a lot of mice and rats in our advanced classes. A lot of educators feel animal work in a high school lab is uncalled for. If they could see these boys and girls, most of whom have never handled rats, handling these animals like pros (after hours of practice), developing a feel for animals and their moods and manners, scrubbing cages, administering anesthetics, affording preoperative and postoperative care, suffering experimental failure for unknown reasons and in general *learning*, these educators would be convinced of the value of lab animals.

I know that through TRUE, and some other magazines with guts, we can stop the antivivisectionists, these so-called humanitarians who would rather see babies die than dogs.

—William R. Johnson
Advanced Biology Instructor
Glenbard West High School
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

AUGUST 1965

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COVER BY HILLEL RIVLIN

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VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 339

Love Letters to Rambler

Robert Ortenstein

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*where your "resort dollar" buys more.

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

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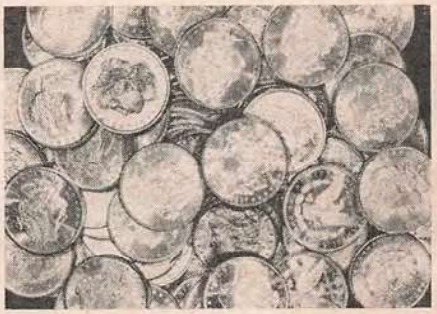

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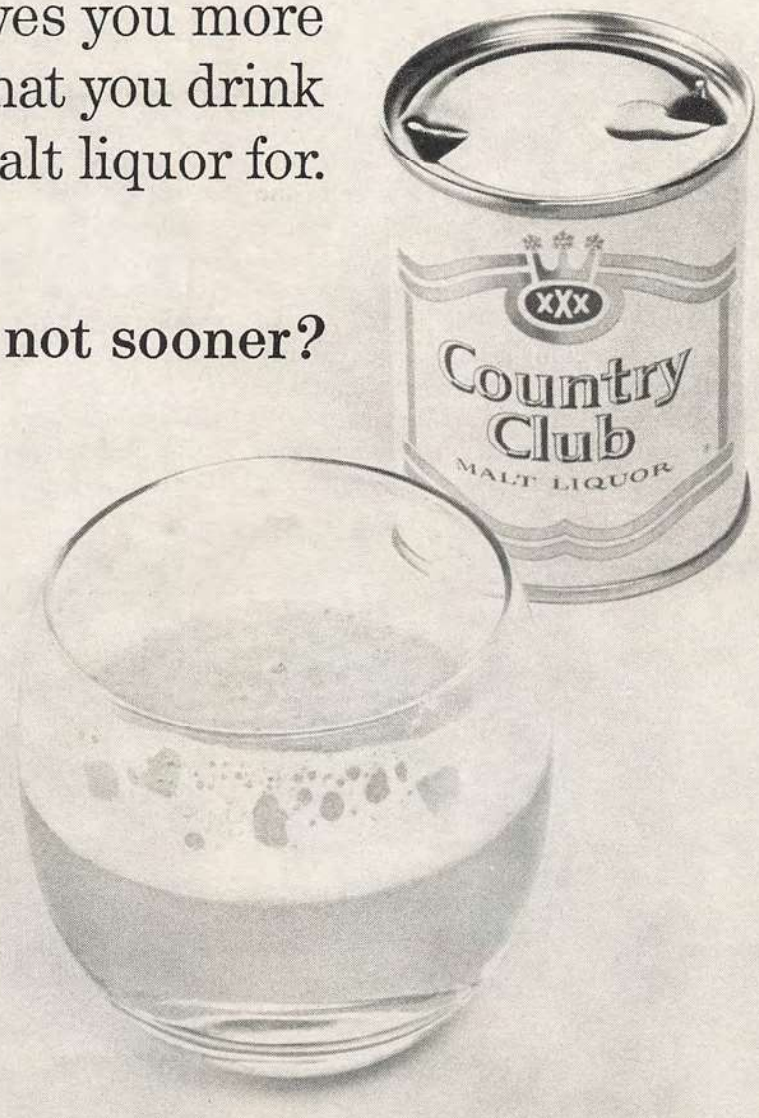

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A Prosperous Town Is Forced

Zealous poverty fighters say Michigan's Ypsilanti Township needs

YPSILANTI TOWNSHIP, MICHIGAN

■ On January 17, 1965, speaking at Johnson City, Texas, the President of the same name announced the approval of 88 new antipoverty grants. One of them, in the amount of $188,252, was for a Demonstration Project in the Willow Village area of southeastern Michigan.

On January 18, a slim, soft-spoken fellow named Roy Smith picked up a newspaper and stared at it incredulously. He had no connection with the War on Poverty. He was and is supervisor of Ypsilanti Township, which lies in Washtenaw County, the highest-income county in Michigan. To be sure, the subdivisions of Smith's district weren't comparable to some of the prestige neighborhoods of nearby Ann Arbor, where the University of Michigan is located. A good share of his constituents were hourly-rated employees or lower-grade executives in the automobile industry. But he was certain his township could boast average family earnings of more than $7,000 a year. So he had no connection with any impoverished area, either.

Even so, he had good reason for being stunned upon learning "Willow Village" had been designated an official Poverty Area to the tune of a sizeable hunk of the taxpayers' money. For one thing, there wasn't any such place as Willow Village. For another, where most of Willow Village had once existed, the recently built homes and schools, parks and glistening new shopping-center stores of Ypsilanti Township were now standing.

Ironically enough, Roy Smith had been warned of what was coming. He'd simply refused to believe it was possible.

Some eight weeks earlier, he'd received an inch-thick manuscript in the mail, along with a letter from Mr. Hyman Kornbluh of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations—one of the numerous research groups supported by Michigan's tax-supported universities. "Under separate cover, I am sending you a copy of the proposal we have submitted to the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington," the letter had explained. And it had gone on to request the township's cooperation in a project of mutual interest.

Roy had begun reading the manuscript. And in doing so he'd also begun what was to be, for him, a long, lonely journey into a bureaucratic-academic

Roy Smith, walking through his "depressed community," looks at trim, new houses.

Angry citizens put up this sign as part of their protest against the grant.

To Accept U.S. Poverty Money

$188,252 to get on its feet—and they won't take no for an answer

fantasyland—a world where reality was regarded as of so little importance by officious-sounding officials that he would more than once find himself doubting his own sanity. What was labeled a report to the federal government from a famed and respected university sounded more like some amateur novelist's attempt to write a Michigan version of *Tobacco Road.*

"By almost any standards," the script insisted, "Willow Village is an impoverished community." Actually, Willow Village was the name of a World War II housing project erected for the workers at the big Willow Run bomber plant, a project the federal government had abandoned to be torn down by Ypsilanti Township and replaced by privately built housing. The name still existed only on some low-rent but extremely attractive apartments that lay just over the line in Superior Township. And by any standards whatsoever, income for the designated area ran well above the national average.

Industry had "passed by the core" of this "depressed community," the report continued, and the few folks fortunate enough to find work "were in service and menial jobs." The truth was that the smoke of five gigantic automobile factories could be seen from the area's center, and the personnel manger of one of them had recently commented that anyone who could pass a physical could find employment there.

"Willow Village is a community without social services," the report went blithely on. "There is no medical facility, no newspaper, no self-government, no recreational or cultural or even entertainment facility. There are no stores in the area, and schools are a bus ride away."

Roy Smith had to shake his head hard and wipe his glasses before rereading that passage. The area not only received the social services of all Ypsilanti Community Chest agencies but even contained the headquarters of some of them. Ridgewood Hospital was just one mile to the north, and three miles to the southwest was the Beyer Memorial Hospital to which the township had paid $58,000 last year to guarantee that none of its residents could be denied a bed. Futhermore, a busy doctor's office shared the new Sunrise Shopping Center with a supermarket, a discount department

Town residents were stunned by poverty tag. Earnings average almost $8,000 a year.

Willow Village Apartments may be modest but are far from being impoverished.

BY GENE CAESAR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

Official angered when his town is falsely called impoverished

store and several other shops, all within sight of a library and a bowling alley and some of the parks where the township's $10,000 summer recreation program had been carried out. Four different newspapers were delivered daily in the area. All but a few of the children walked to school because they lived so close they were specifically prohibited from receiving bus rides under Michigan law. And if there was no self-government, Roy was forced to wonder, just who the hell had elected him?

Even more fantastic was the constant flow of phrases like "the present ghost town appearance" or "brush has overgrown the streets and roads." The report never quite claimed the inhabitants of this brush-choked ghost town were starving. Instead, it suggested "establishing a community vegetable field—to be run by the residents on a cooperative basis—with the produce available to the residents for their own consumption."

Starving or not, the manuscript noted, the impoverished people had formed a "self-help" group of "about 400 to 500" members called the Willow Run Association for Neighborhood Development—WRAND, for short—and immediately appealed to the University of Michigan to help them. After a thorough study, the University was submitting a proposed budget covering the community's needs. What the poor people needed most, it seemed, was the services of some "professional directors" with salaries up to $11,000 a year. Except for such items as $8,970 for the first year's publication of a "community newsletter" the only thing clear about the vaguely worded budget, all of which was subject to "University overhead," was that it was just the beginning. The report suggested, for example, that Willow Village Apartments be granted enough further "Title IV" funds to permit the building of "several hundred additional units."

Wondering whether to laugh or cry, Roy Smith closed the book of 90-odd pages and stared dully at the plywood walls of his office. He vaguely remembered hearing of WRAND. Someone had buttonholed him for a $20 donation the summer before and, believing the group to be a normal community-betterment organization, he'd thoroughly approved of the idea. But the WRAND headquarters were over in Superior Township and, as far as he knew, so were its members. Yet all but a small portion of the area designated in the report was in Ypsilanti Township. Since the accompanying letter said "a proposal we *have submitted*," it was apparently too late to keep the University from making an incredible and perhaps embarrassing blunder. But he telephoned the man who'd written that letter anyway.

"Mr. Hyman Kornbluh? This is Roy Smith out in Ypsilanti Township. If you're going to write about this area, why don't you drive the 10 miles out here and *look* at it? That report of yours is just plain garbage."

The voice on the telephone sounded extremely upset, but it finally said something about "a matter of opinion."

"No, it's not!" Roy asserted. "If you'd said there were 'few' stores or 'inadequate' facilities and so forth, that might be a matter of opinion. When you say there's no this, that and the other thing—all of which are located in the area—there's no question of opinion involved. Look, you come out here, any time, at your convenience, and I'll drive you around. I want you to try defending that report while you're seeing what's here with your own eyes!"

Hyman Kornbluh finally agreed and promised to call back soon. But that call never came. Roy showed the weird manuscript to several citizens allegedly living in a grown-over ghost town. And it brought laughter instead of indignation from every one who read it.

"Why, there isn't an unpaved street in any of these three subdivisions of ours they've listed!" they said. "There isn't a house in the entire area more than 10 years old!"

"Why worry about it?" everyone chuckled. "They'll read that in Washington and toss it in the nearest wastebasket. The War on Poverty is for places like Appalachia. If they send someone out here from the federal government, then some professors will have some fast explaining to do. But that's not your problem."

Running into this same reaction everywhere, Roy Smith soon began wondering if he wasn't taking the ridiculous report too seriously. By the time the new year began, the manuscript was lying forgotten in his crowded files.

But on January 17—without any attempt at prior investigation, with entire sentences from the ghost town report being repeated word for word in a White House press release—"Willow Village" was awarded an antipoverty grant.

For four full days, Roy remained silent and did some soul-searching, chiefly while walking the streets of what was now an official Poverty Area. He didn't dispute the fact that there were a few scattered folks on those streets, as on almost all streets, who weren't very well off. Roy wasn't opposed to the antipoverty program; he was all in favor of the government helping poor people in any way it could.

Back in the Depression, as a kid on a Tennessee farm, Roy Smith had eaten government sowbelly the same as everyone around him was doing and been plenty glad to get it. He'd come a fair distance from that Tennessee farm, though. He'd been in the Marines in World War II and after the war had attended the University of Michigan on the GI Bill. Then he'd worked in the automobile industry and, in 1959, had entered politics where he'd been quite successful. He is a moderate Republican and, along with George Romney, was one of the few [*Continued on page* 14]

Some people spell performance "hp." We spell it "Wildcat."

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Even though there's a deep-breathing, big-muscled 325-hp Wildcat V-8 under the hood, there's more to Wildcat performance than just horsepower. You see, we remember you've got corners to turn. And bumpy roads to drive on. And traffic to fight. So we harnessed our husky Wildcat V-8 to a crisp-handling, smooth-riding, utterly responsive chassis. And then made available our Super Turbine automatic transmission—so silkily efficient you'd hardly suspect it's putting traffic lights behind you so quickly. But enough talk. Time for action. Go see your Buick dealer and whisper the magic word. Wildcat.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick? A wild '65 Buick?

Buick Motor Division

[*Continued from page* 12]
members of his party to survive the 1964 Johnson landslide.

But Roy Smith had never forgotten the Depression. If there was the slightest chance that any portion of that $188,252 might eventually filter down to help folks who needed it, he certainly didn't want to ruin that chance.

For four straight evenings, at home, with his wife sensing a crisis and hushing his three children, he went over the proposed budget again and again. And absolutely nothing was really being promised there. Beneath all the long-winded descriptions of what "might" be done, the hard fact was that some nonteaching fellows at the University of Michigan were being given a good-sized piece of public money to do with as they pleased—as a reward for branding his township a poverty area. On January 22, he finally telephoned the nearest newspaper and mentioned some of the falsities in the Institute report.

The local papers, published in the shadow of the powerful University, were extremely wary of the story. They mentioned only a few of Roy's charges, then answered them with Institute statements that "some errors of detail in describing the physical elements and population statistics of the area did occur . . . but none of these errors was fundamental."

"Willow Village is of course not totally impoverished," Hyman Kornbluh was quoted as saying. "But it does contain pockets of poverty."

Smith couldn't help wondering if this was the same Kornbluh who'd sent him the report saying, "By almost any standards, Willow Village is an impoverished community." But press objectivity seemed to be picking up in direct ratio to the distance from Ann Arbor. FED. GOV. SAYS IT'S IMPOVERISHED; AREA SAYS IT'S THRIVING, the Detroit *Free Press* reported. And the little *Redford Record* put it even more bluntly: U. OF M. DREAMS UP POVERTY GHOST TOWN! But it was a Detroit TV commentator, Larry Carino of WJBK, who got to the heart of the matter.

He made a very sensible suggestion: "Let the University of Michigan explain exactly what it intends to do with the $188,000—or send it back with apologies."

But the Institute parried even this thrust. "The program has not yet been spelled out," Hyman Kornbluh explained, "because the cardinal point of a Demonstration Project is to demonstrate that the community can assess its own needs." Whether the community had assessed a need for them or not, it was also announced that the hiring of a staff "of about 12" would begin immediately.

Supervisor Roy Smith had understandably expected a cry of outrage to come from the folks who were being branded impoverished. But the issue had been so clouded and confused by academic double-talk that only 10 people brought complaints to a Township Board meeting on February 2, and most of these were merely ladies who were miffed because friends were phoning and offering to send them CARE packages. Furthermore, their young Township Clerk, Tilden R. Stumbo, kept urging them to "Wait and see!

"Sure, they got the grant by falsifying a document!" he argued. "But some good could still come of the grant itself—new roads or parks!"

Roy Smith could only hope that none of the youngsters who might play in such parks was listening to his elders' moral logic, and he said as much two days later when he got off a letter to Dr. Harlan Hatcher, president of the University of Michigan. After listing two pages of the fraudulent claims made in the Institute report, then adding that this was only a sampling, that the entire report lacked reality, he invited Dr. Hatcher to tour the area with him at any time and make his own comparison. "We teach our children to tell the truth," he mentioned. "If funds have been received on the basis of false statements, those funds should be returned."

Word of the controversy had reached Washington, but there was still no hint that any investigation would be made. "We didn't force that money on those people," an Office of Economic Opportunity spokesman told newsmen. "They themselves asked for it. Four or five hundred of them formed this WRAND organization and requested the University of Michigan to apply for and administer the grant in their behalf."

Thus assured, the Demonstration Project proceeded as scheduled. The planting of the communal vegetable garden couldn't begin until the spring thaw, of course. But calling itself the WRAND ROUND-UP, the "community newsletter," for which $8,970 of antipoverty money had been allotted in the proposed budget, appeared immediately—with headlines saying WHO SAYS WE'RE IMPOVERISHED? above a story insisting the grant was only an expression of admiration for local initiative. WRAND further explained on February 8 that the grant was needed because the designated area, although not really impoverished, was not being served by the Ypsilanti Community Chest. On February 9 WRAND announced that yesterday's press release was "in error" since the area had always been served by the Community Chest.

It seemed strange to Roy Smith, reading the next day's papers, that an organization of area residents could make such a mistake. But before he could carry this curious inconsistency to its inevitable conclusion, he was interrupted by something even stranger. Three gentlemen from the University were ushered into his office. One was introduced as a full dean. Another described himself as "merely an observer" and was actually, Roy later learned, a recognized authority on, of all things, syphilis research. The third, a plump man wearing the look of a fellow being forced to endure petty indignity, was the long-awaited Hyman Kornbluh.

Instead of discussing the matter in his office, Roy loaded the delegation into his three-year-old Chevrolet and spent more than two hours touring every street of the alleged Poverty Area. He didn't run into any brush, but he did stop regularly to read aloud sentences from the report for comparison with what lay outside the car windows. The dean made a gallant attempt at keeping the interview genial and friendly, under formidably difficult circumstances. Chain-smoking nervously, Mr. Kornbluh remained silent most of the time, as did the syphilis expert. Not until they'd returned to the Township Hall did Roy hear anything resembling an admission that the area wasn't a ghost town after all.

"Suppose instead of 'no' stores, we say 'few' stores?" Hyman Kornbluh offered then. "Suppose instead of 'no' facilities, we say 'inadequate' facilities?"

"Suppose you apologize to the people here and return the grant!" Roy suggested instead. "If you can get another one by writing an honest report, the best of luck to you!"

Kornbluh countered with the accusation that the whole affair was a political publicity stunt, asserted that he himself wouldn't be in politics for anything, and walked out. That was the last Roy Smith saw of him.

Roy Smith had some questionnaires made up to be circulated in the designated Poverty Area, requesting residents to return them unsigned. He wanted some statistics on the average income, and to learn what percentage favored the grant and how many were members of the mysterious WRAND organization that had requested it in the first place.

On February 16, a surprise resolution was introduced at a Township Board meeting, and Roy found himself standing totally alone. Five to one against him, his fellow board members voted to condemn the "poverty label" but to welcome the poverty money.

Everyone seemed to be saying exactly what Clerk Tilden R. Stumbo had said—"Sure, they got the grant by falsifying a document, but let's keep it anyway"—including, fantastically enough, the federal government itself. Because a tall, distinguished-looking man named William Lawrence was ushered into the Township Hall the next day and introduced as a Consultant to the Community Action Program of the Office of Economic Opportunity. And he soon made it clear that he'd come not as an investigator but as a peacemaker.

"I've already been around the area," he insisted, declining the offer of another tour in Roy's Chevy. "Now I want to know what sort of proposal, satisfactory to you, I can take to the University. What would satisfy you, Mr. Smith?"

"Why didn't you make the two-hour

[*Continued on page* 18]

COMING . . .

Using only scuba gear, Mark Rogers probed farther below the sea than any free diver ever went before

MY DEEP DIVE TO DAVY JONES

Join him in this hazardous, record-breaking adventure

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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David Ommanney laughed when Winchester asked him to leave Africa and come hunt in America.

What the Winchester man from Africa didn't know was that he and his Model 70-338 Winchester Magnum would be up against the largest carnivore on the face of the earth—the Alaskan brown bear.

Our invitation must have sounded pretty funny to David at that. There stood one of Africa's top professional hunters amidst his trophies. The lion, leopard and Cape buffalo he'd shot while testing our '64 line of arms and ammo.

"You mean you want me to leave all this to hunt in the States?" David roared.

We'd always wondered if American game was a big enough challenge to an African hunter, we explained.

Not woodchuck or rabbit or squirrel, mind you. But game like, say, moose. And bear.

That did it. "You know, I'd always wanted to hunt bear, even before lion or elephant," he said.

And so our African hunter became an *ona-seokpok-nennok*. (Eskimo for "He who hunts bear.")

He came to Alaska. Where bush pilots land on a sliver of sandbar. And the skies are rainy all day.

His "bear rifle" was the same he'd used on lion—a 70-338 Winchester Magnum with a "floating barrel."

(The barrel actually floats in the stock, instead of being bedded in wood. Nothing presses against it to interfere with its natural vibration.)

"Everyone knows this is the most accurate barrel to put on a rifle," says David. "But it took Winchester to put it on a production rifle."

David needed every inch of that accuracy the day we stalked his bear on the Alaskan peninsula. A light breeze was in our faces. Yet the bear somehow got wind of us and lit out across the tundra. Unexpectedly, he stopped to give another sniff.

A fatal mistake. He was still within range. A 250-grain Silvertip bullet from David's Winchester ended the hunt.

Next day, as David stood there admiring his huge stretched-out bearskin, he finally admitted, "We don't grow fur rugs this big in Africa."

WINCHESTER®
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[*Continued from page* 14]

flight out here *before* the grant was given?" Roy couldn't help wondering.

"We're tremendously understaffed," Lawrence explained. "But I want to assure you and every citizen that no antipoverty grant will ever again be given without an on-the-spot inspection of the area!"

"Michigan has a state antipoverty director," Roy Smith persisted. "Couldn't his office have been asked to check out the proposal?"

William Lawrence further explained that the poverty program permits the federal government to deal directly with universities. After all, he reminded Roy, the original appeal had come from the area residents themselves. By reporting on the area and offering to administer a grant, the University of Michigan was, in effect, the agency checking out the appeal for the federal government.

"Well, now that you've seen the area," Smith asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

Lawrence launched into an involved dissertation on the intricacies of antipoverty grants. Contracts had already been offered to professional directors, it seemed, and other commitments had been made. But the Office of Economic Opportunity would most certainly demand that the University correct the "errors" in the report, "redefine" it and "update" it before "activating" the project. "Would that satisfy you?" he asked hopefully.

"All that will satisfy me," Roy Smith told him, suddenly feeling very tired, "is the return of any poverty money intended for Ypsilanti Township and a public apology to the people here."

William Lawrence went away worriedly predicting that "the University won't go for anything like that." And the University didn't.

Meanwhile, the Willow Village Demonstration Project had already demonstrated one thing—the ease with which antipoverty funds could be obtained. And predictably enough, what followed was like a run on the bank. The Washtenaw County Committee on Alcoholism decided to try for $39,900; everyone knows poor people drink too much. The local chapter of the Planned Parenthood League wanted $26,290 because statistics show the impoverished do something else too much. The Ypsilanti public schools decided to go all out and ask $375,000 for providing "compensatory education" for everyone from deprived preschoolers to the indigent aged. Before long, fully 20 poverty money requests were being feverishly prepared, and a 36-member "Citizen's Committee" was itself requesting $54,501 merely for acting as a clearing house for other requests. All this was going on in just one county, the highest-income county in Michigan, one of the 10 wealthiest states in the Union.

Nor was the national picture particularly different. The controversy was bringing Roy Smith a surprising amount of mail from people in some far-flung places. Ministers and other citizens of Chicago and Cleveland and New York were claiming that their own antipoverty grants had served no purpose except as patronage plums for local political machines. West Virginians were writing to ask if Roy saw anything strange about the way the poverty money was being parceled out. After all, the late President Kennedy's shock at what he'd seen upon carrying his primary campaign into that state had been one of the prime factors in creating the national mood that resulted in the War on Poverty. Why then, West Virginians were wondering, had their antipoverty allotment so far been little more than $400,000, while the high income State of New Jersey had already received $12½ million?

But folks from New Jersey were writing as well, and they weren't happy with all that money. People in Monmouth County, for example, had received a $67,000 grant, only to learn that $52,000 of it had already been budgeted for the salaries and "administration expenses" of the professional directors. The whole state had been startled to hear that Antipoverty Director John C. Bullitt would be getting a salary of $25,000 a year and would have a pair of $19,000 assistants. But Bullitt had insisted these wage rates were "not out of line," and in a sense he was right. This was less than his poverty-

COMING . . .

Astonishing figures and cases spotlight

ABORTION—AMERICA'S SECRET SHAME

A full report on the antiquated laws that can turn a simple operation into murder

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

official superiors in Washington were getting and slightly more than was being paid city poverty officials. In Newark alone there were seven poverty fighters in the over-$10,000 bracket, but the top wage was just $23,000. Hearing of this, the corps of poverty fighters assigned to Paterson, where the highest salary was a mere $18,500, were about to request a pay raise, but they finally decided against it. After all, the mayor of Paterson was getting only $17,500.

Even so, Roy's chief concern was his own township, and he was pinning a large share of his hopes on the president of the University of Michigan. He still expected Dr. Harlan Hatcher to make a personal comparison of the fraudulent report and the area it supposedly described, then crack down on those responsible with all the righteous wrath that might be expected of so distinguished an educator. But on March 2, when Roy Smith finally received an answer to his letter of nearly a month earlier, it was the most mystifying and disappointing development of the entire nightmarish affair. Dr. Hatcher described himself as "satisfied that the University of Michigan and its representatives acted in good faith and in accordance with recognized procedures, both in submitting the program and in accepting the grant . . ." because "many of the alleged errors to which reference has been made occurred in a background document which was not submitted to Washington. . . ."

Numb with amazement, Roy searched his files for the original letter from Kornbluh, dated November 25. It still read, "I am sending you a copy of the proposal *we have submitted* to the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington," just as it always had. For fully six weeks the report had been the subject of incessant public controversy, mentioned in both news stories and editorials, and Roy himself had discussed it with both University and federal government officials. At no time in those six weeks had there been the slightest suggestion from anyone that the "background document" hadn't been submitted.

"We didn't force this money on those people," the O.E.O. was still telling newsmen. "They themselves formed this WRAND organization and requested the University's assistance in getting a grant."

Pondering that statement that he'd heard and read so often, Roy Smith suddenly realized there was something very strange about it. Some 257 of the questionnaires he'd distributed had been returned by then, showing average family income so far of $7,961 in the "depressed community" and turning up just 10 people who approved of the antipoverty grant. But more interesting yet, only four people had identified themselves, even unsigned, as members of WRAND. Roy had met the president and current spokesman of the group—a young junior high school teacher named Gerald Foley. But Foley himself admitted he'd joined the group months after its formation and had taken no part in the original request to the University. And the few other WRAND members who could be located locally said exactly the same thing. Who, then, had made that request? Who had started WRAND in the first place?

There was a way to find out. Any such organization had to file articles of incorporation with the county clerk, and any citizen had a right to examine those articles. Roy Smith availed himself of that right. And all of a sudden, the whole puzzling business wasn't so puzzling any longer.

The Willow Run Association for Neighborhood Development had been founded by just six people—not one of whom lived anywhere near the neighborhood they intended developing, all of whom were well-to-do residents of Ann Arbor. The "self-help" group that had asked the University of Michigan to help it help itself to some antipoverty money had been formed by one University of Michigan official, one University of Michigan professor, two wives of University professors, one prominent lawyer and the manager of the Willow Village Apartments—for which additional Title IV antipoverty funds had been suggested in the resulting proposal.

At this writing, with the University already privately estimating its "overhead" at 32 percent, the antipoverty

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

KINI

Several restaurant owners in San Francisco have hired unusually endowed waitresses to give topless service to customers. The girls wear only the southern half of a bikini. Because it is undignified to hail them as "topless" or "braless," our language has been escalated to meet the emergency. The new word for half a bikini is "monokini." The next step—in fact, the only remaining step in this area of progress—is obvious. Any day now some daring woman will come out in a "kini." Comes only in buff.

BOUNCE THOSE COEDS

The basic degree bestowed by universities is a bachelor's degree, so it is obvious that colleges were designed to educate men. Too many bright high-school boys are now crowded out of the college of their choice by girls who crave to be where the boys are. There's a simple solution. Move the women out to make room for men who will have to earn a living and support a family. Left-over space could be allotted to a few *cute* dolls for decoration. Custodial institutions for young women, such as Vassar and Wellesley, could be usefully converted into classrooms for men by a simple change of name—no man wants to be known as a Vassar halfback. This sensible arrangement would allow nearly twice as many men to go to college and take up the slack for some time to come. About 40 percent of present college students are women and 39 percent of them have their hearts set on a MRS or housewife's degree—an admirable degree, though its quest clutters the campuses unnecessarily. The major itch that drives women to college—matrimonial target practice—could easily be soothed in modest schools near men's campuses, offering harmless academic degrees in ceramics, skateboarding and sock knitting. Giving men first crack at college would serve the country well and deal no noticeable blow to culture. The importance of college-trained women in national affairs has been greatly exaggerated. Even LBJ, who made rash promises to appoint women to high government posts, hasn't done much. He hasn't even replaced Her, his lost beagle.

INSOLENT CHARIOTEERS

Recently we gave the back of our hand to arrogant untouchables who can't be pinched for breaking traffic laws because their cars bear DPL (diplomatic) license plates. We reported that Patrolman Thomas Gernon had been banished to Harlem to "learn to get along with people" after he gave a tongue lashing to Syria's ambassador to the United Nations, whose car blocked a bus stop and forced people into the street. Well, Gernon is back on his beat, with the cheers of all right-thinking men. When a couple of DPL cars crashed at a Manhattan intersection recently, onlookers just laughed and laughed. The New Jersey Turnpike is a favorite raceway for diplomats speeding to and from Washington where the handouts come from. The other day a member of the diplomatic corps was halted on the turnpike and requested to reduce his 100 mph speed. The guy remarked huffily that his time was valuable. Turnpike authorities can't throw a lawbreaking diplomat into the clink but they can escort him to the nearest exit. Getting lost in Secaucus is punishment that fits the crime. But the best treatment of insolent diplomats is administered in Rio de Janeiro. Rio has a tough traffic boss, Col. Americo Fontenelle, who accords defiant diplomats the respect they deserve. Not long ago, Fontenelle's men found eight diplomatic cars parked illegally in front of the Soviet Embassy. The cops whipped out their secret weapons—simple tools for removing tire valve cores—and in a few seconds every tire was flat as a visa. In Brazil, at least, diplomatic immunity covers the air in an ambassador's speeches but not the air in his tires. Brazil *can't* be the country where the nuts come from.

SKIN GAME

Barry Goldwater recently bought himself a tattoo from a Parisian needle artist called Bruno. Currently, the hottest tattoo design is a panther, but Barry's skin stencil is much more modest. His left fist is inked with four dots inside a blue half circle, the insignia of an honorary chief of the Hopi Indians, a nonelective office. We expect, after considering the opinions of Lt. John J. Mulhern, that Barry's Indian sign is the only tattoo he will ever have. Mulhern, an officer of the Suffolk County (N.Y.) Police Department, has studied the relationship of tattoos to personality and criminality. A single tattoo, according to Mulhern, has little significance. Any man could get stuck with one on impulse. Multiple tattoos are more sinister. There are many exceptions, but a fellow who sports several skin sketches is likely to be antisocial. Mulhern finds that a high proportion of men who commit "primitive crimes"—homicide and sex offenses—are tattooed. Abnormal behavior seems to emerge with two or more tattoos. Extremism in pursuit of tattoos is evidently no virtue.

BOTTLE LOVERS

Lots of men are fond of bottles, but the International Bottle Club is not an organization of pub crawlers. It's a group that can solve the leisure problem. Its 350 members keep awfully busy putting messages into bottles and tossing them into the sea. We learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that any man who can stand the strain of continuous ex-

(Continued on page 20)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 19)

citement can join the club by getting in touch with Robert Davidson of Rochdale, England, who started it in 1961 when he was cook on a trawler. About 2,500 of the club's bottles are now afloat in the world's oceans and a beach watcher may stumble onto one at any time. Each bottle contains a printed slip in a plastic cover, requesting that the recovery location be reported, after which the bottle is returned to the sea. The club's bottles have been found in icebergs as well as in sharks' bellies. So far the travel record is held by a bottle that floated from Norway to Denmark, France, Ghana, British Guiana, Hong Kong, Thailand, New Zealand and a Pacific island where it was last heard from. Women play the game, too, and Davidson is rather shaken by the proposals some of them entrust to bottles.

STATUARY OFFENSES

All big cities are studded with outdoor statues which attract birds and pups and keep a lot of brass and marble off the secondhand market. Often these gifts embarrass city fathers but have to be displayed somewhere to get a turnout of the Ukrainian or Bolivian vote. Equestrian statues done in Early Heroic are especially popular, or prolific. We've seen hundreds of carved horses pawing the air with a hoof or two, but never knew the meaning until a statue of José Marti, the Cuban patriot, was installed in Central Park the other day. On the word of Walter Beretta, who directed the installation, the position of sculptured hoss legs is fraught with significance. If all legs are on the ground, the rider died from natural causes. Two legs in the air mean the hero died in battle. If one leg is up he died from wounds received in battle. How does the horse know? We're looking for a statue with three horse legs in the air. It probably means the nag is fighting a dive-bombing pigeon.

LOVE ON TAPE

Computers will make a shambles of civilization if we don't rap the knuckles of some of the dolts who run them. These punch tape pooh-bahs are going batty with delusions of omniscience. Some of them are knocking the stars from the eyes of boys and girls with coldblooded offers to match male and female by running their personality traits through a computer. Feed your data to electrons on magnetic tape and win a perfect wife! Prospective brides and grooms in West Germany actually pay $50 or more to marriage brokers for evaluating their compatibility by electronic data processing. Some New England college students have used Harvard computers to select suitable dates. A West Coast outfit, probably scenting a new way to make a buck, solemnly offers "computer-assisted marital partner selection," based on 500 answers to personal questions of alleged significance. There's enough hocus-pocus in psychological tests without giving them a spurious aspect of reliability by electronic processing. A guy and doll who need to have their tenderness corroborated by a machine are in a bad way.

BALKY BODY CLOCKS

Your circadian rhythms will get a bad shakeup if you travel in supersonic planes that are in the making. "Circadian" is scientific jargon meaning "about a day," or more simply, it refers to all sorts of physiological clocks that are geared to the day and night cycle of your environment. Streak across several time zones, as from the U.S. to Europe, and your body clocks are out of time with clocks of the place you land in. You may be tired and hungry at the wrong time, until your body clocks get reset after several days. This happens to travelers on present jet planes and will get worse when supersonic planes come into service. The Federal Aviation Agency considers the problem serious enough to undertake studies of effects of crossing time zones on pilots, possibly affecting safety. It takes about three nights' rest for a pilot making a round trip from Europe to the U. S. to get his body clocks back to normal. A businessman can be at a disadvantage in making a deal if he's half asleep. Crafty operators may turn supersonic planes to their advantage by inviting visitors to fly over and sign on the dotted line when they have half their wits about them.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

By 1970 the average age in the U.S. will have dropped from 33 to 25 years.

—THE EDITORS

grant gained by the invention of an imaginary ghost town is still in effect. In fact, on April 27—speaking at Detroit, Michigan, and still quoting the falsified phrases and statistics of a report that was supposedly never submitted to Washington—War on Poverty Director R. Sargent Shriver, Jr., threw his personal prestige behind the Office of Economic Opportunity's attempts to save face in the controversy by publicly praising the Willow Village Demonstration Project. (If he'd ventured just 30 miles farther, he might have seen what he was calling "an urban-fringe pocket of poverty." But he didn't.) And the O.E.O. is still stubbornly sticking to its story that the "erroneous background material" was "not germane" to a proposal that "clearly met the criteria for demonstrations as developed by this office."

But government glibness no longer bothers Roy Smith the way it once did—chiefly because his struggle isn't a lone one any longer. Roused by the realization that the entire scheme was both conceived and carried out by outsiders, the people of the designated area have begun battling back with every bit as much ingenuity as was used in calling them impoverished in the first place. A group of them have decided to play the alphabet game themselves by forming a rival self-help group called REPLY—which stands for Return Every Penny & Leave Ypsilanti-Township. Petitions making the same demand have so far been signed by 80 percent of the area's residents, and a similar resolution received an 87½ percent favorable vote at the annual township meeting. Recognizing the fact that as leaders of the people they'd do well to follow them, four of Roy's fellow Township Board members, Tilden R. Stumbo included, have reversed their earlier stand and joined him in demanding the return of the grant.

To dramatize the situation, signs have been erected informing visitors that they are entering an official Poverty Area where their tax dollars are hard at work. And a young man named Gordon Mattson, Chairman of REPLY, even rented a horse and a Paul Revere costume, then braved a late snowstorm to go galloping through the streets shouting, "The bureaucrats are coming!" He was followed by both a honking motorcade and what seemed an apt symbol of the incredible affair from its clouded beginning to its as-yet-undetermined end—a circus clown.

"Maybe that's the only answer for this kind of insanity," Roy Smith laughingly reflects. "A good sense of humor! But you know what worries me most? The way that fellow from Washington acted when he came out and saw for himself how the government had been taken. He didn't get mad, and he didn't seem surprised. He wasn't even interested! All he kept asking was what would satisfy me—which meant what would shut me up, I guess. Do you think what happened here could be the rule and not the exception? That this sort of thing is going on all over the country?"

That's an interesting question.

—Gene Caesar

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THE NAZI WHO ESCAPED INTO PRISON

Last year the underground railroad for Hitler's war criminals delivered Hans Zech-Nenntwich to freedom in Egypt. But the old S. S. officer boasted too loudly—and a new secret police was listening

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

■ The girl's voice on the telephone ordered a private plane for 4:30 the following morning, to fly two people to Switzerland. Girls' voices are notoriously deceiving telephonically, and dates made on their basis have inspired some intensely forgettable confrontations. Nevertheless, this voice was sufficiently mellifluous and languorous to soothe the grumbling in the office of the Nordhorn-Klausheide Flying Club, a few miles from Bonn, Germany. Private predawn flights were a nuisance, involving the notification of customs and immigration officials, who like their full quotas of sleep as much as any men.

The time of the call was 6 p.m., April 22, 1964. Dead on time the following morning, the two passengers arrived, man and woman. Everyone in the club was sleepy, and the radio was playing all-night music. Later, when he was questioned, the pilot recalled the tune, quite irrelevantly, to the police:

Es war ihr itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny
Honolulu-Strand Bikini!
Er war schick und er war sehr modern!

The radio was turned off, and the sudden silence was like a spotlight switched into the faces of the new arrivals. They had that disparity of appearance which cynics have come to associate with movie producers and aspiring starlets, or corporation presidents and secretaries embarked on an illicit weekend. The man was thickset, with a round, smooth face, and he wore dark glasses, although it was still night. He seemed edgy, avoiding the eyes of the others and staring sightlessly into space, as men do when they hope not to be noticed. But in the presence of such a girl any man

**He found glamor in exile—
but not safety**

would be nervous. She fully justified her telephone voice. She was young and truly beautiful, with long, blonde hair fashionably styled. Her teeth parted when she smiled, which she did readily, showing the tip of her tongue. Her figure conceivably provided the subliminal reason why the pilot remembered the tune on the radio.

Their Swiss passports bore the same name, however—Herr and Frau Hans Walter. The customs officer, who had eyes only for the girl, presumed the man was a rich Swiss-German banker who had bought himself a young wife. The pilot produced, from somewhere in the baggage of his professional expertise, an especially snappy salute to toss at his passengers.

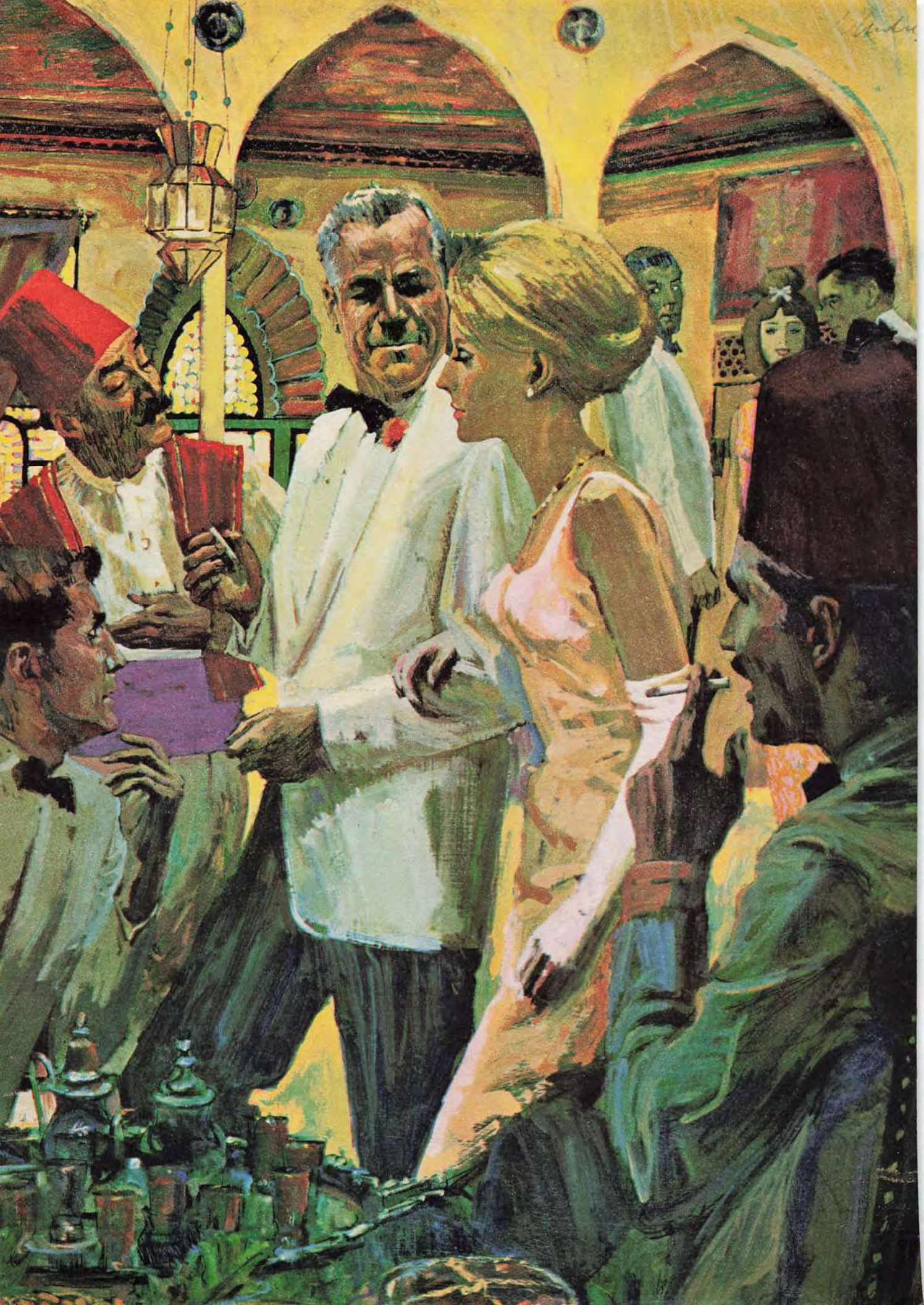
Within a few minutes the Piper Comanche plane was airborne, the instruments lighting the pilot's face against the darkness while a thin, red scratch of the coming day etched the eastern horizon. Behind, in the passenger seats, the man, still masked by his glasses, whispered, "I've pulled it off—thanks to you."

Former S.S. Obersturmfuhrer Hans-Walter Zech-Nenntwich was no ordinary ex-Nazi. For one thing, the S.S. had been Hitler's elite force, and to have been an officer in it indicated ability, of a kind. For another, Zech-Nenntwich was included in the special list of war criminals whom the Israelis would have dearly loved to get their hands on by any means, legal or illegal. Eight hours earlier he had been in his solitary cell in Braunschweig Prison serving a sentence for war atrocities. Only two days of that sentence had been served when a prison door was quietly opened. Now, with his girl friend, he was on the way to that happy hunting ground of all good Nazi war criminals: Cairo. Zech-Nenntwich, mass murderer, multiple spy, swindler, was writing what he thought was the final chapter to a fantastic life.

No war criminal had a more flamboyant record. Not for this onetime S.S. officer some anonymous lair in Latin America such as Eichmann and Mengele, among many others, had been forced to seek. Zech-Nenntwich had become a pillar of the society of the new, postwar Germany. He had been received by Chancellor Adenauer himself. He was [*Continued on page* 66]

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

In Cairo, Zech-Nenntwich was soon attending parties, meeting pretty girls, recalling memories with other Nazi fugitives.

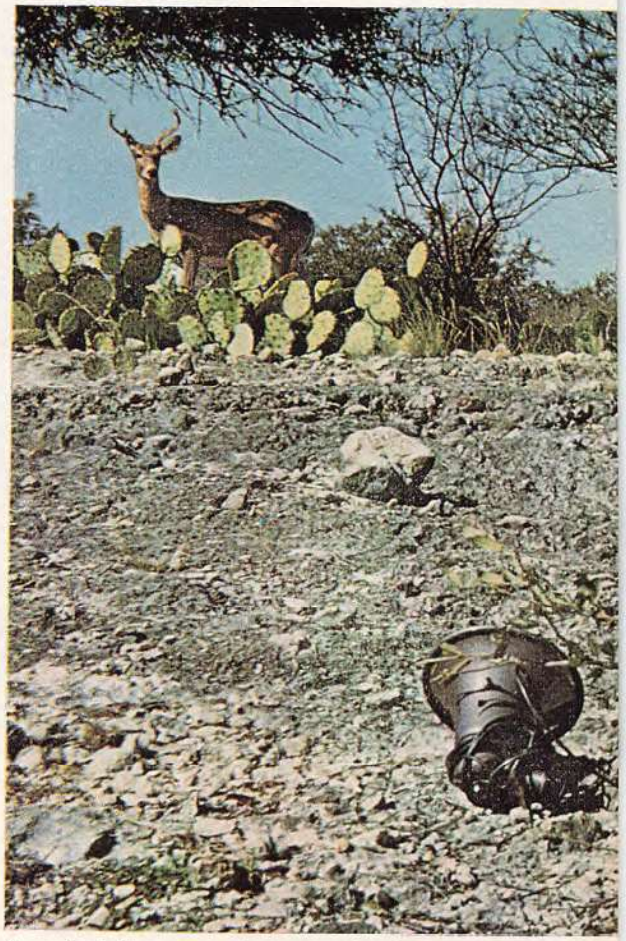


How to Hoodwink Canny Creatures

New high-fidelity recordings of animal noises, played in the field, summon all manner of inquisitive critters. Whether you want to shoot, photograph or just watch, the flick of a switch brings a wildlife parade

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR



Sounds of distress, mating or combat bring game on run. This deer is drawn to a recorded buck fight.

■ Johnny Stewart and I were sitting in my living room playing records. We'd closed the windows; afraid neighbors might phone the law. My family had gone to the movies because they couldn't stand it.

Johnny said, "Listen to this one—sounds made by a female mountain lion ready to mate." He slipped the small 45 r.p.m. record onto the portable electronic player and started it.

"Turn the volume down," I said. "She's breaking my heart."

I was thumbing through Johnny's collection: *Crow and Owl Fight. Dying Crow, Young. Dying Crow, Grown. Distress Cry of Sea Gull. Distress Cries of Young Rats.*

"Shut 'er off and let's hear the rats," I said.

He did. It was great. When we got to the gull he said, "Let's take it down by your pond for this one."

We live outside Kerrville, Texas, have a pond where our horses water. Various common wild animals leave tracks along its border. We sneaked down in the dark. Johnny hung the big speaker in a willow by the water. We moved back to the end of its long cord and squatted by the player. He turned on the record, upped the volume. Gull cries squalled into the darkness. After a little of this, Johnny turned the volume low.

As the record anguished weakly, there came presently from across the pond the small sounds of pattering feet on mud. Then a minor swish of water. Johnny raised his arm. His hand gripped a high-powered flashlight. He switched it on. A raccoon as big as a small bear was swimming across the pond, eyes afire, dead bent on gobbling that injured gull. The coon was

A mountain lion investigating enticing sounds comes incredibly close to concealed speaker.

How to Hoodwink Canny Creatures

Johnny Stewart's camouflaged sound truck fools animals as wily as this curious coyote.

so intent the beam of light didn't seem to register.

When it was close I shut off the machine. "Okay, old boy," I said. "You've been had."

The animal reared back, treading water, its near-human expression one of utter incredulity. Then it snarled and wheeled and made waves for the far shore as fast as it could paddle.

Such is the immensely intriguing sport of calling animals electronically. So swiftly is it developing that it appears ways will soon be found to fetch almost any variety of wildlife practically into your lap—just by playing a record. The man leading the pack in this unique field is Johnny Stewart of Waco, Texas, whose Stewart Wildlife Recordings are putting astonishing new twists to an old idea. Already bobcats, foxes, coyotes, mountain lions, deer and other creatures have proved themselves suckers for Stewart's new sounds.

Eventually records will provide the ability to call any bird or beast, so that everyone from bird watcher to nature lover, big game and varmint hunter to wildlife photographer can select his records and his quarry. This, in fact, is one of the pleasant aspects. Although electronic animal calls were born of hunting, you don't *have* to be a hunter. Thus, animal calling with an expert touch is now within switch-flipping reach of the rankest amateur.

As a test, I took an electronic call, some records and a friend who knew absolutely nothing about animal calling into the cactus country near Cotulla, Texas, recently. "I'll bet you can call a bobcat," I told him.

He's not even a country type and never hunts. I found bobcat tracks in a densely thicketed wash bottom. I explained the rudiments—animals have keen senses of smell, sight, hearing; set up the player so your scent doesn't drift toward where you're calling; put on camouflage—even a camouflage head net—or else hide well; sit still; stay put at least 20 minutes. The long speaker cord, I explained further, is to let the callers hide and operate the player at a distance from the speaker.

We used a record of rabbit distress cries. This has long been the basic sound of all predator calls be-

Enraptured animals can even be caught at night, as approaching raccoon will discover.

cause rabbits are standard predator diet. Meat eaters like to grab an easy meal, and the sound of a rabbit trapped, injured and crying in terror brings them in.

My friend turned the player on. "Wow!" he whispered. "What an awful sound!"

"Yeah. A rabbit with that much trouble hardly needs a bobcat."

After he'd let the record roll a few turns, I motioned to him to turn the volume down. The trick is to start loud and alert anything within hearing 200 to 300 or more yards distant. But if you leave it loud, an animal gets wise when it approaches. At low volume it must hunt the sound. This further whets savage appetites.

The low wails ranged over cactus and brush. For 15 minutes nothing happened. I'm not certain what made me turn my head left. Maybe because we were being stared at through a pair of slitted yellow eyes. A big bobcat was sitting flat on its backside, ears cocked intently, a scant 30 yards distant! The test ended then and there.

This so-called "electronic call" sneaked onto the market over a decade ago, looking much as today: a compact, battery-powered portable player, and an external speaker with long cord. Early uses were aimed at waterfowl, with records made with experts' "mouth calls" to emulate the feeding chatter of ducks, etc.

During the first season of this duck-marsh phenomenon, I heard a call in action while hunched in a Great Lakes blind. The call owner told me: "I never could bring in ducks worth a hoot with a mouth call. But now I've got a record by the world champion. All I have to know is when to turn the switch—and let *him* call!"

I watched as flock after flock was turned, distantly, and brought wheeling back. It really worked. He'd then lower volume and it was a lovely sight to see them pitch in to the decoys. But the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service stopped all this, ruling electronic waterfowl calls illegal. Caught short, sellers of the miniature record players switched to crows. Their crow-calling records worked like shelled [*Continued on page* 86]

BO BELINSKY

"I'm still looking for the girl I spent the night before with"

"Stuart's making the cash. I'm picking up peanuts"

"Philadelphia? A few of my friends been knifed there"

"I take it easy, that's why I'm a young-looking 28"

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

Philadelphia's Bo Belinsky and Dick Stuart bow to no man when it comes to putting their feet in their faces. America's revered national pastime takes a pasting in the following interview concerning their respective views of life, liberty and the pursuit of broads

BY MYRON COPE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE

PHILADELPHIA

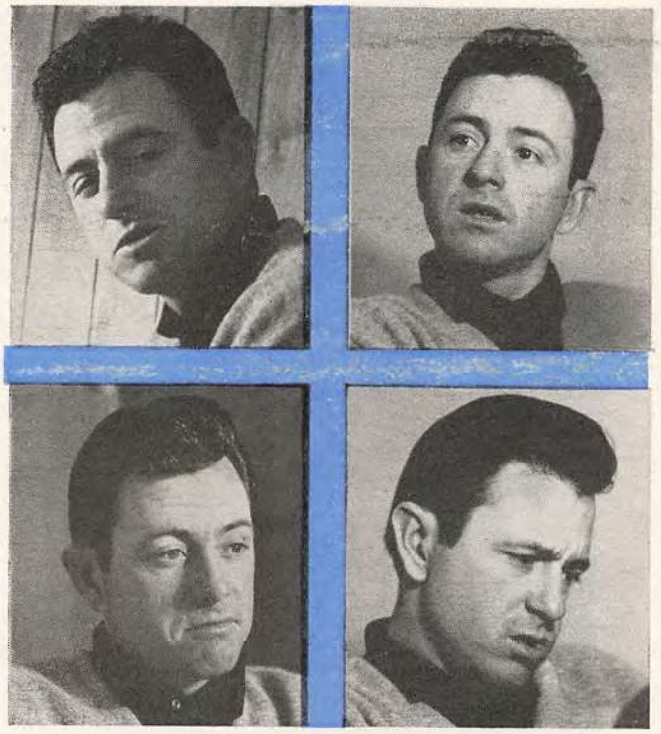
■ When a baseball club loses 10 straight games in September and thereby blows the pennant, one thing it is not apt to do is to go out looking for more trouble. Yet that is precisely what the Philadelphia Phillies did, in the view of baseball conservatives, when the club swung two quick trades last winter that made pitcher Robert (Bo) Belinsky and first baseman Dick Stuart its properties. If managers could place ballplayers in solitary confinement, Belinsky and Stuart undoubtedly would be leading the major leagues in time served.

They have in common a singular supply of brazenness that has left a trail of brush fires wherever they have traveled. It is not likely that things in Philadelphia will be different. Now that they're together the situation is doubly inflammable. They started to warm things up as soon as they arrived at the Phillies' Clearwater, Florida, training camp.

"We're sort of compatible," Belinsky says. Both have been incisive in describing the effect they might have had on Philadelphia had they been Phillies last year.

"Errors are part of my image," began Big Stu, afte tooling into camp in a gold Cadillac. Though five ye

"I can hit a ball as far as Mantle can for crying out loud"



"I never tip my hat to the fans. Why should I?"

"In Boston, if I breathed hard they put it in the papers"

"I hit 75 home runs in two years. All I got was the name Strangeglove"

BASEBALL'S BIGMOUTHS

at Pittsburgh and two at Boston have established him at 32 as one of the game's most prodigious sluggers, he is quite resigned to his role as perhaps the most horrible first baseman of our times. "Too bad I wasn't with the club last year," he went on. "They could have blamed the whole thing on me."

Belinsky, a left-handed screw-ball pitcher and ladies' man whom the Los Angeles Angels had once fined for chucking a young woman out of his car and last August had expelled from baseball for having punched a sportswriter, also thought it was a shame the Phillies hadn't owned him last year. "You know what I hadda done last year if we were that close to the flag and taking a nose dive?" said Bo. "I would have gone out and got some big blonde and punched her right out, at Broad and Market. I would have knocked her right on her can and made the headlines in World War II print. Take the pressure off everybody, you know?

"In those last days," Belinsky continued in his best team spirit, "those ballplayers just didn't know what was happening. They needed a fall guy to take the heat off them."

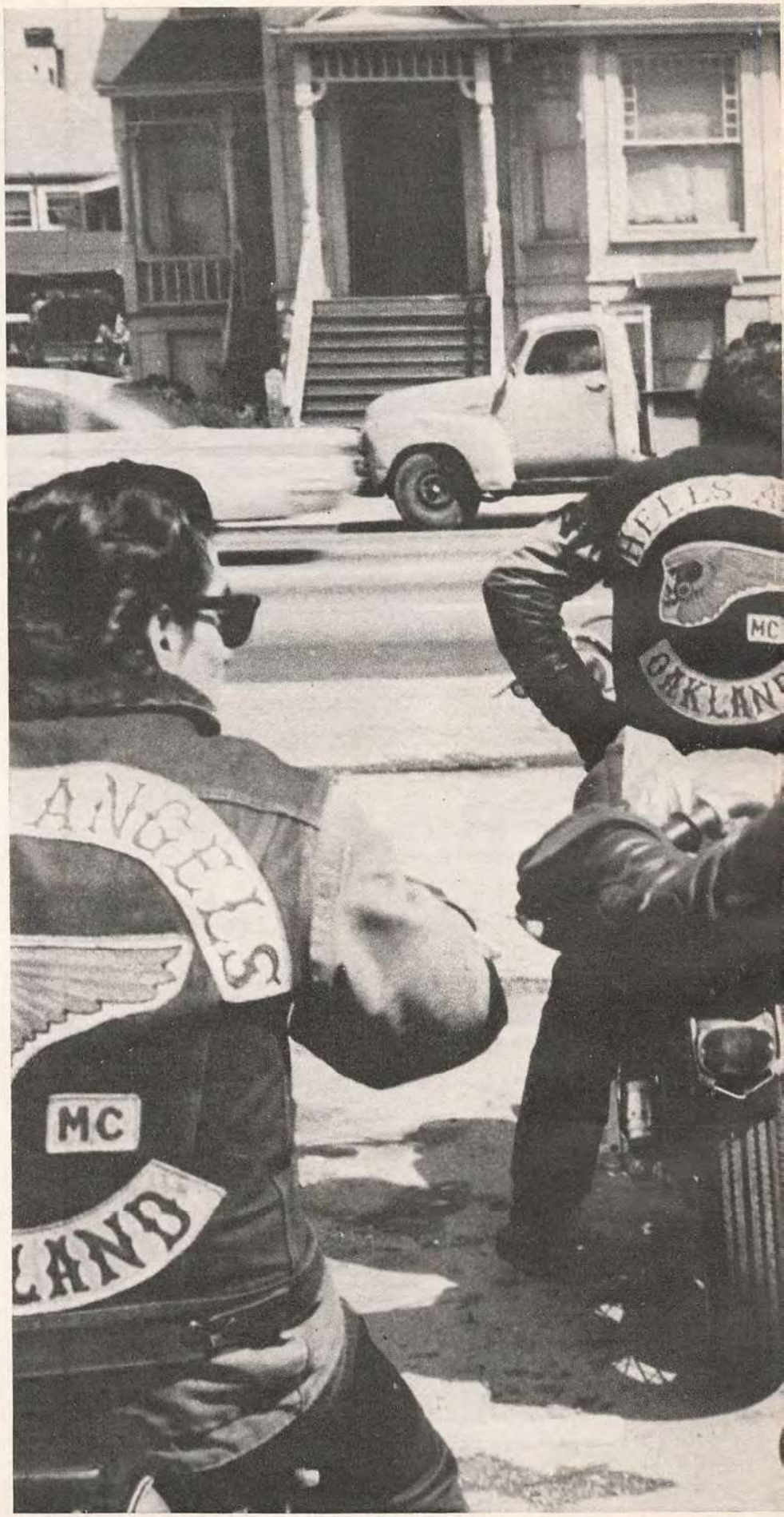
Belinsky arrived at this diagnosis while eating room-service pork chops in my hotel quarters one evening. A lean, dark man of 28 with almost pretty, Valentino-like features, he wore beach-bum casuals—a beige cashmere, V-necked polo shirt, dungarees and bedroom slippers. Stuart, a strapping figure with a carefully groomed pompadour, sat nearby, attired in a short-sleeved, white-on-white dress shirt, striped necktie, dark blue slacks and gaudy continental loafers. (The hotel haberdasher, enjoying Stu's $45,000 salary, had just sold him several sports jackets and at Stu's direction had put cuffs on the sleeves.)

Although the 1965 season was to prove thorny for Stu at the outset, and no bed of roses for Bo either, both men were now in excellent spirits, each for his own reason. Bo's was that on the morrow his former fiancee, actress Mamie Van Doren, was scheduled to fly in for a weekend visit. She and Bo have remained fast friends despite their breakup two years ago, and Bo was particularly happy about her impending visit because he had grown bored with Clearwater. "The whole west coast of Florida is real stiff territory," he said. Visions of Mamie now moved him to recall his close brush with wedlock, an episode that began when a newspaper, much to Bo's astonishment, reported that he and Mamie were engaged. [*Continued on page* 56]

NEW WESTERN OUTLAWS: Barbarians On Bikes

They call themselves Hell's Angels. They ride, rape and raid like marauding cavalry—and they boast that no police force can break up their criminal motorcycle fraternity

BY CHUCK ALVERSON & DONALD MOFFITT



OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

■ The first warning was a distant roar of engines, faint but menacing. The noise swelled to fill the dusty streets, bringing Saturday shoppers to a halt.

Around the corner swept a pair of motorcyclists. Hunched over high-rigged handlebars, pair after pair of riders followed until more than 200 formed a ragged stream gunning their powerful machines up and down the length of the town. On many pillion seats, girls in skintight Levi's or Capri pants clung hard to their men. Clad in filthy pants and heavy jackets, the men sported cowboy hats, berets, even fur shakos. Long hair whipped in the wind, and here and there a single golden earring gleamed piratically on a pierced ear. On each rider's back blared his "colors," a grinning winged death's head and the legend, "Hell's Angels."

Parking their cycles in a long

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHUCK ALVERSON

Angels like to wear Nazi gear to "shake people up." Equally shaking: "armored car" with a .30 caliber machine gun in a turret.

Bathing a cop in beer is what Hell's Angels term "class"

Favorite hangouts are bars, but the Angels do more than drink. Some once beat up a longshoreman so badly outside a tavern that only a fast ambulance saved his life.

line along the curb, the invaders surged into the town's taverns demanding beer and wine. Six of them tried to drag a barmaid into the street but were driven off at shotgun point by the bartender. One cyclist plucked an old man's glass from the bar and drained it. The old man retaliated by throwing a beer in the Angel's face and was quickly beaten bloody to the floor.

At the main intersection, jeering cyclists ganged passing cars and pawed any women inside them. The Angels' girls lay down in the middle of the street, undulating their hips suggestively and shouting obscenities at gawking townspeople and cops. Only after 71 lawmen, some with dogs, and a fire truck converged on the mob were the Angels finally forced out of town and peace restored.

This was Porterville, California, on Labor Day weekend of 1963, one of a long and continuing series of "runs" by the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club. The Angels, outcasts even among other outlaw motorcycle clubs, are hated and feared in dozens of California towns which they have occupied as surely as storm troopers taking a French village. But it wasn't until this year that California's top law official, Attorney General Thomas Lynch, finally declared war on them.

The state's promised crackdown was a long time in coming because nobody, not even a cop, longs to tangle with the Hell's Angels. Highly mobile, the tattered outlaws have committed their worst depredations in commando-style raids against small, out-of-the-way towns. In the past, the few local cops who might stand in their way have been hunted down, slugged and humiliated. By the time police could gather sufficient numbers to act, the Angels had vanished. In their home grounds in the larger cities, on the other hand, the Angels usually have remained inconspicuous under tacit live-and-let-live arrangements with local authorities.

Goaded by a rising public clamor over sadistic incidents and terrorist raids that could no longer be ignored, Attorney General Lynch held a press conference last March in San Francisco. There was a steely note in his normally mild voice as he read from a 15-page document. The pages summarized a recent series of skirmishes between cops and members of Hell's Angels chapters from San Diego in the south to Sacramento in the north, and attributed to 722 identified or suspected Hell's Angels more than 4,500 arrests and almost 2,500 convictions, many for such mayhem as rape, armed robbery and attempted murder.

"This report," warned Lynch, "serves notice on the Hell's Angels that . . . they will no longer be allowed to threaten the lives, peace and security of the honest citizens of our state." And he added that from that moment on his office would be a central coordinating agency for a stepped-up, statewide offensive against the Angels.

Since then, the battle between cops and Angels has taken on chillingly warlike overtones. Not long ago, we two reporters were visiting the Contra Costa county sheriff's department in the central part of the state when a tight-lipped deputy handed us a telegram. It was an urgent highway patrol warning that a group of Angels was readying an "armored car" for a raid against some nonmembers accused of flirting with Angels' girls. [*Continued on page* 74]

SUPERCOLD

OUR HOTTEST NEW SCIENCE

Surgery's "bloodless" knife... automobiles powered by flashlight batteries... incredible space fuels... suspended animation. All this springs from the world of cryogenics—where scientists work with temperatures hundreds of degrees below zero

BY MAX GUNTHER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HENRY RIES

■ The man on the operating table was in serious trouble. His body was tense and rigid. His arm shook with continual rhythmic movements that he was powerless to stop. The tensed hand made an incessant, uncontrollable pill-rolling motion, the thumb moving back and forth across the fingers with monotonous regularity. He was a victim of a common and tragic affliction of the central nervous system, Parkinson's disease.

Bending over him were Dr. Irving Cooper and staff members of St. Barnabas Hospital in New York City. A strange instrument was in Doctor Cooper's hand. It looked something like a thin pencil, connected by flexible tube to a boxlike control console on a wheeled pedestal. Inside the console was a vacuum-insulated steel flask containing about five quarts of nitrogen gas, so cold that it wasn't a gas any more but a liquid; colder than −300° Fahrenheit. By means of controls on the console, Doctor Cooper could start the supercold gas flowing down the flexible tube and through the pencil-like instrument, or "cannula," at a precisely determined rate. The cannula was insulated except at its metal tip. The temperature of the tip could be varied with great precision, from room temperature down to nearly the fantastic supercold of the nitrogen itself.

Doctor Cooper was about to demonstrate one use of the science called cryogenics—the science of extreme cold. The year was 1961. Doctors had been trying various methods of relieving Parkinson's and other involuntary-movement diseases, but many of the operations had turned out to be dangerous. The rigidity and shaking of Parkinson's are caused by malfunctions in the thalamus, a mass of gray matter at the base of the brain. Doctors had been able to destroy the troublesome region of the thalamus by injecting nerve-killing chemicals and by other methods. But there was no way to pinpoint in advance the exact spot that ought to be destroyed. Sometimes the destruction spread too far or missed the intended spot entirely, and patients ended with partial paralysis, speech difficulties and other problems.

Doctor Cooper believed he had a better method. He had designed the supercold cannula in cooperation with cryogenics experts at Union Carbide Corporation's Linde Division, and had perfected a virtually foolproof technique for using it. The man on the operating table was fully conscious. Only his scalp had been anesthetized (the brain itself feels no pain), and a small burr hole had been made in his skull. Doctor Cooper carefully pushed the cannula, not yet cooled, through the hole and into the man's thalamus, guiding his preliminary aim by means of X-ray photos previously taken. When he thought the cannula tip was somewhere near the right spot, he started liquid nitrogen flowing slowly—just enough to cool the tip to 32°F, the freezing point of water. This would temporarily numb or inhibit nerve tissue without killing it. Watching his patient carefully, he began to move the cannula about, gently probing for his target.

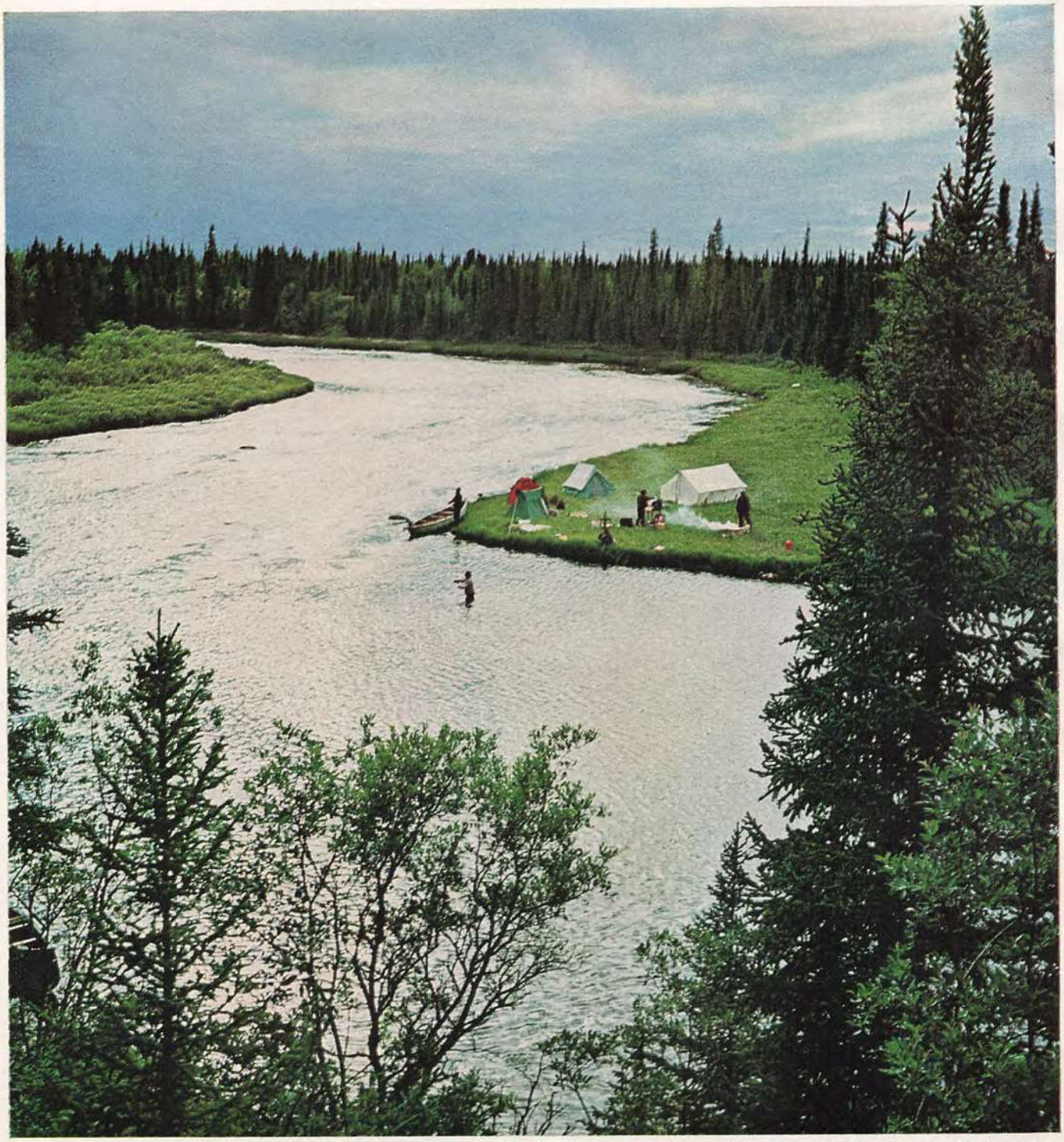
Soon he hit it. The patient's rigid body suddenly relaxed. The shaking and pill-rolling stopped. The busy hand lay still.

"Open your hand," the doctor said. "Spread your fingers."

The patient did. His hand now was steady, controlled.

"Now make a fist." [*Continued on page* 87]

For over a century in Ontario's far hinterland, the Sutton River has been fished mostly by Indians and trappers. Last year it was opened to nonresidents and we sampled its fabulous trout. Wow!



In wilderness seclusion anglers sample virgin fishing—"we lost count of trout after 200"—at campsite halfway to Hudson Bay.

Brookie Bonanza in the Boondocks

BY FRANKLIN M. RECK

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN CALKINS

"Just average," says Indian guide Bert Sutherland to Frank Reck, who's happily hefting a trophy brookie.

Gourmet's lunch: cornmealed trout fresh from river. Cree Indians are outfitters on newly opened Sutton.

■ The dedicated angler frequently stretches out in his favorite armchair and indulges in a dream of a gracious and obliging river where husky, brute-bodied brook trout crowd the pools and bends. In this river the trout are hungry and vicious, measuring a good 20 inches from snout to tail. They smash small flies and surface lures, each breathtaking strike a prelude to a battle that tests the skill and tackle of the fisherman.

There are high banks, good campsites and ultra-clear water where the angler can see big trout lurking.

This is the fall-and-winter fairy tale that many an outdoorsman tantalizes himself with, knowing full well that no such stream exists. Oversize brook trout? He knows from experience that in this country a creel full of eight to 10-inchers is a good day, and any trout over a pound puts a gleam in the eye.

For the dreamer, I have news. *There is such a river. A river where the trout are as big and vicious and plentiful as the fish in your pipe smoke.*

I know, because I was there during one unforgettable week last summer. And I have witnesses.

The river is the Sutton, some 600 miles north of the hump of Lake Superior in Ontario, winding northeasterly in enticing curves from its headwaters in Hawley Lake on a 70-mile tumble to Hudson Bay.

The Sutton is a strange river with two personalities. The lower (northern) 20 miles is beyond the tree line in the barrens. Here the river spreads out in many channels and flows sluggishly through tidal flats into the bay. The upper 50 miles is utterly different. Here the Sutton is handsomely forested with spruce, jack pine, poplar, birch and balm of Gilead, and here the river stays firmly confined within its banks, bounding and frothing down the rapids, swirling around the bends, and pausing quietly in long pools. The Sutton is trapping and hunting grounds for Cree Indians, who have lived resourcefully there since prehistory. It is the habitat of moose and caribou, of beaver and otter, marten and mink, a land of relative bounty at the edge of the barrens.

It is also the river of your dreams, for here the gorgeous brook trout—glamor fish of the North with its brilliant coloring and square tail—has been swimming around since time began, growing big and strong, hardly disturbed by man [*Continued on page* 81]

I FOUND GOLD IN A STONE AGE LAND

BY HILLEL RIVLIN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

■ Any moment now," I thought, "I'm going to collapse." For three hours I had been clambering and stumbling up and down steep jungle trails, sometimes sinking to my knees in the mud, sometimes dragging myself along on all fours like a wounded animal. Maybe my friends were right. Maybe I *was* crazy to abandon my real estate business in Montreal and to set out on a search for gold in these savage New Guinea mountains.

Other prospectors had tried to find gold in this unexplored part of New Guinea, but the Australian administration had kept the area closed because of the violence of the warring tribes. My partner, Raymond Beltrami, and I had the wild hope that we were trying in the right place at the right time to hit it.

But near the end of my first day of struggling along a jungle trail I was nearly finished by despair and exhaustion.

Wangi, one of our 30 carriers, took my hand and pulled me up the last hill. Our head boy, Norobet, put his sturdy shoulder into the seat of my mud-caked pants and pushed from behind —trying at the same time to hold my city gentleman's umbrella over me for protection from the drenching tropical rain.

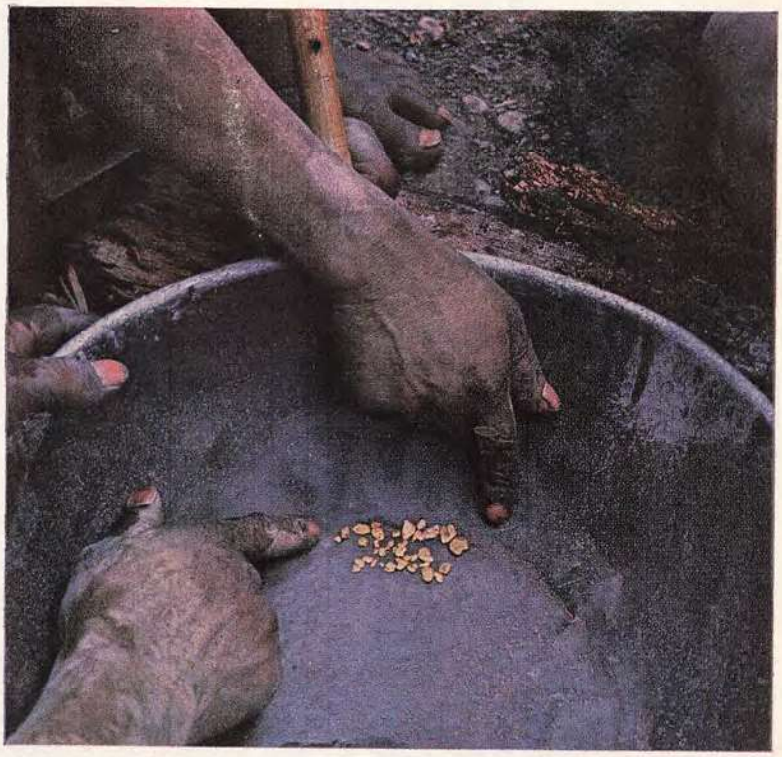
These were the men we had been warned were

I thought I'd never make it on the long march up the steep jungle trail.

Hostile, withdrawn Hewa tribe finally responded to my tape recorder.

RINGTHEBELL77
on
Archive.org

High in the New Guinea mountains,
in a primitive valley
guarded by naked tribesmen,
my partner and I found
both wealth and ageless mystery



Tribesmen show us hunks of gold they scooped out of their river.

It was like traveling backward against the grain of time

headhunters and cannibals. In the grueling seven months ahead we were to meet many others like them. Despite their basic fear and hostility, we won them over enough to live in their huts and share their meager food. We shared their hunger, too, and came to gratefully eat worms, grubs and snakes, sustained by the dazzle of finding a really big gold lode.

In that hostile country I resolved never again to envy the "simple savage" his freedom from the stresses and strains of modern civilization. Primitive man, as I saw him, lives a life of misery and semistarvation, of cruelty and cold, fighting and death.

Our first night, we slept in a grass hut usually occupied by the pigs of a New Guinea tribesman named Mangabe. I was so tired from my jungle walk that it could have been the Waldorf. As we crawled inside the dirty little hut and warmed our feet by a big fire, my partner gave me a guilty look as though to say, "I'm sorry I dragged you into all this."

I stared back at him weakly, trying to recollect how this whole crazy adventure had begun. It had been six months before, on a blue Monday morning, April 10, 1963, that I had walked into Cook's travel agency in Montreal to book a passage to Tahiti.

A fancy-free bachelor, I had decided to take a long holiday from my business and to "get away from it all" in the South Seas. Raymond was the only other customer and I was astonished when he told me he was going to New Guinea prospecting for gold. The possibility of someone actually setting off on a gold prospecting adventure in such a remote and primitive place was intriguing.

Later, when I saw how deeply he had studied his project, I decided to go with him. Although only 22, Raymond had left his native Marseilles, France, to study geology at the University of Montreal. He was working his way through the course by prospecting in Quebec.

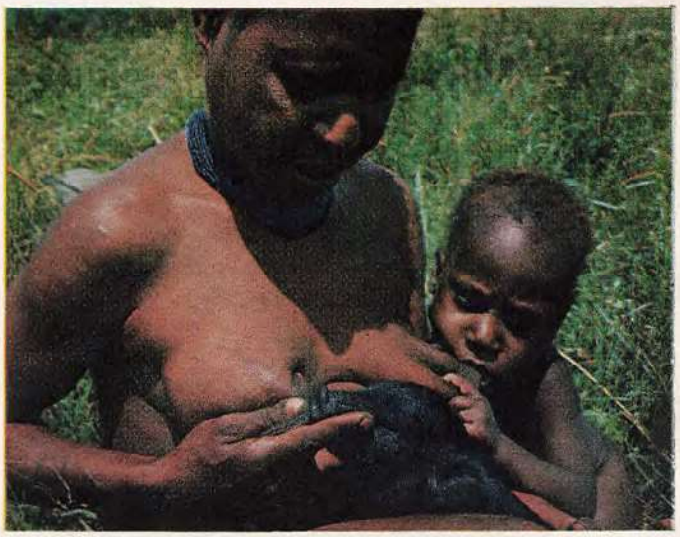
He had come across a few lines in a book referring to a 1937 expedition into the interior of New Guinea made by two Australians. One contracted *beri-beri* in the jungle and died. The other wrote a book in which he claimed to have found gold. Then he died, too, of pneumonia.

Soon afterward when World War II came to the Pacific, coastal New Guinea, only a few miles north of the northernmost tip of Australia, became a battleground for millions of American, Australian and Japanese troops.

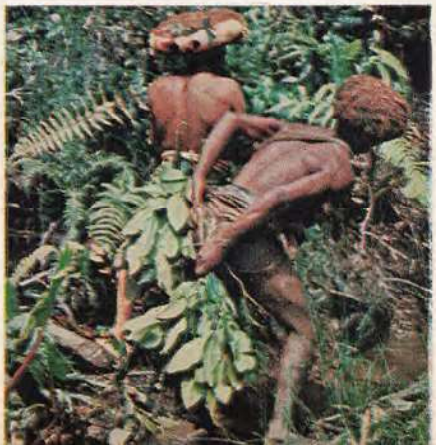
"After the war," Raymond told me, "the Aus-

Water washing into open eye rids boy of mother's influence—makes him a man.

I cut up meat with bamboo knife as honored guest at special pig-killing ceremony. Meat is rare treat in the native diet.



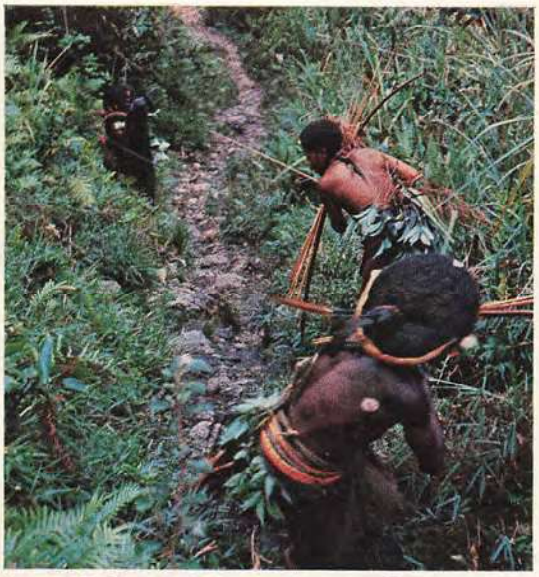
Ipili woman suckles piglet and her child. Pigs and children are raised in same hut by women, who take care of both.



Ipili dandies, who wear only leaves, replenish their wilting wardrobes.

Raymond compares beards with Ipili warrior. Ipili whiten their beards with ashes and use trimmed-off hair to make huge wigs.

Hewa beauty at 16 was only unmarried girl left in her isolated clan.



Fierce Ipili warriors go after neighboring clan with bows and arrows in dispute over pig.

Wigged warrior gets first look at himself in mirror.

tralian government kept the still-unexplored highlands closed to white men until law and order could be established among the feuding, Stone Age tribes. That gold must still be there—and the area is about to be opened. We can be the first prospectors to go in."

I began to make my own inquiries and wrote to the Australian government, which gave our expedition official blessing. So we formed a company called Apollo Investments Ltd., and I talked my accountant into becoming our Montreal head office.

Raymond had figured out that our destination, and the site of our fortune, was the headwaters of two rivers in the Western Highlands of New Guinea, the Porgera and the Lagaip. Discovered by white men just before World War II began, this wild area of jungle-clad mountains is about 150 miles from the border of Indonesia's West Irian (formerly Dutch New Guinea).

I had wanted adventure, and these untamed jungles certainly seemed to promise it. Tahiti could wait.

Raymond and I flew to Port Moresby, a sleepy tropical town that is administrative capital for both New Guinea and Papua, which borders it to the south. And here we received a shock that we thought meant the end of our adventure before it had even begun.

Chief mines engineer Ken Forster welcomed us warmly and assured us there was certainly gold in the Porgera region. But, he said, the area had been opened several months earlier and an Australian prospector had already gone in. His name was Joe Searson and he had been a member of an expedition across the Porgera region in 1948. He was sure he had spotted gold there then, and he had been waiting ever since for the area to be thrown open.

This was a blow. Had we come halfway around the world on a hunch only to be too late?

We found a set of aerial photographs taken by the United States Air Force, and Raymond sweated over them for two days, inspecting every inch for promising geological formations. Then he took off by chartered plane for Porgera. I remained behind to buy the supplies we would need for a long stay in the jungle and to file our claim, as required by law, as soon as Raymond had staked the area and wired me the news.

The Porgera airstrip, a stretch of cleared, sloping forest land 7,000 feet up in the mountains, had been opened only the year before by a police patrol that was sent in [*Continued on page* 91]

BY COLONEL CHARLES ASKINS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OZZIE SWEET

■ Whether he is a veteran or an amateur, the skeet or trapshooter has always been plagued by the fact that whereas his hits are both satisfying and visible, his misses are frustrating and invisible. As ever greater numbers of new competitors swing shotguns after clay targets whizzing through the sky at about 96 feet per second, the old bewildered cry of "How could I have missed that one?" has become a chorus of disappointment. Arms companies, conscious of their stake in a booming sport, have now come up with a new-old idea to take some of the mystery out of marksmanship. In simple terms this is tracer shotgun ammunition for anyone who shoots at clay targets.

Both Remington and Winchester will soon bring to market shotgun shells which are designed to leave a visible trail. They will give the shooter a graphic picture of where his shot went—above, below, before or after the flying disc of clay. For night shooting (which is becoming increasingly popular) the Remington shell uses shot covered with a reflective material that glows under artificial light. Winchester's shell, designed for daylight shooting, contains a unique tracer element which makes a brilliant streak of light visible even in bright sunlight.

The Winchester tracer is actually an aluminum ball four-tenths of an inch in diameter, and though it is many times larger than the tiny No. 8 shot pellets it nevertheless flies right along with them. This aluminum ball is fitted with a short tail or nozzle which contains the tracer material. It is loaded with the shot charge so that the nozzle extends backward through the wadding and rests atop the powder. When the shell is fired, the burning powder sets off the pyrotechnic mixture in the nozzle. This generates a spark of intensely bright light, a pinpoint of brilliance that can be seen down range in daylight for about 60 yards.

The Winchester tracer shell was still in laboratory development when I tested it recently. My first skeet target was a miss—the gleaming eye of the tracer told me I'd flubbed it by overshooting. A repeat on this target, with a correction, scored a hard hit.

I took a series of targets from easier skeet stations and in these trials I smashed the lot. It was good to see those leads which I believed were correct prove to be just that. Next I tried a station with a low-flying outgoer, a bird that often gives me trouble. I missed . . . and saw the sparkling eye of the tracer fall behind. On the next try I increased the lead fractionally and was careful to hold lower. I powdered the next three in a row.

There isn't anything new about tracer ammunition.

THE SHOT THAT SHOWS WHERE IT GOES

New types of shotgun ammo make their trajectory visible by day or night. Now trap and skeet shooters can watch themselves miss

Winchester (left) and Remington use different means to show whether a miss was behind, ahead, above or below target.

World War I saw its extensive use in machine guns and rifles, as did World War II. But tracer *shotgun shells* did not appear until World War II, when fighter pilots were taught leads by firing at skeet and trap on the ground. The need for a tracer shotgun shell soon became apparent. But none of the military tracer shells developed was much good.

Now Remington, in recognition of the increase in night trap and skeet shooting, has a tattletale shot load in which the pellets are coated with a reflecting substance. Each pellet glows like a firefly under the fluorescent lighting of the shooting grounds. A remarkably accurate picture of the pattern in flight is thus gained.

I recently previewed these loads—now being test marketed—at my skeet club. During my firing I found I could first see the shot about 20 feet from the muzzle and that the pattern faded away at about 40 yards. This is due, I think, to the inability of the human eye to pick up an object as small as a No. 7½ or 8 pellet at distances greater than 120 feet—especially at night and with the darkness as background.

"How many birds did you miss by shooting ahead?" inquired a skeet crony the morning after my trials.

"Not one, but there was plenty of overshooting," I admitted. This is a common error in skeet.

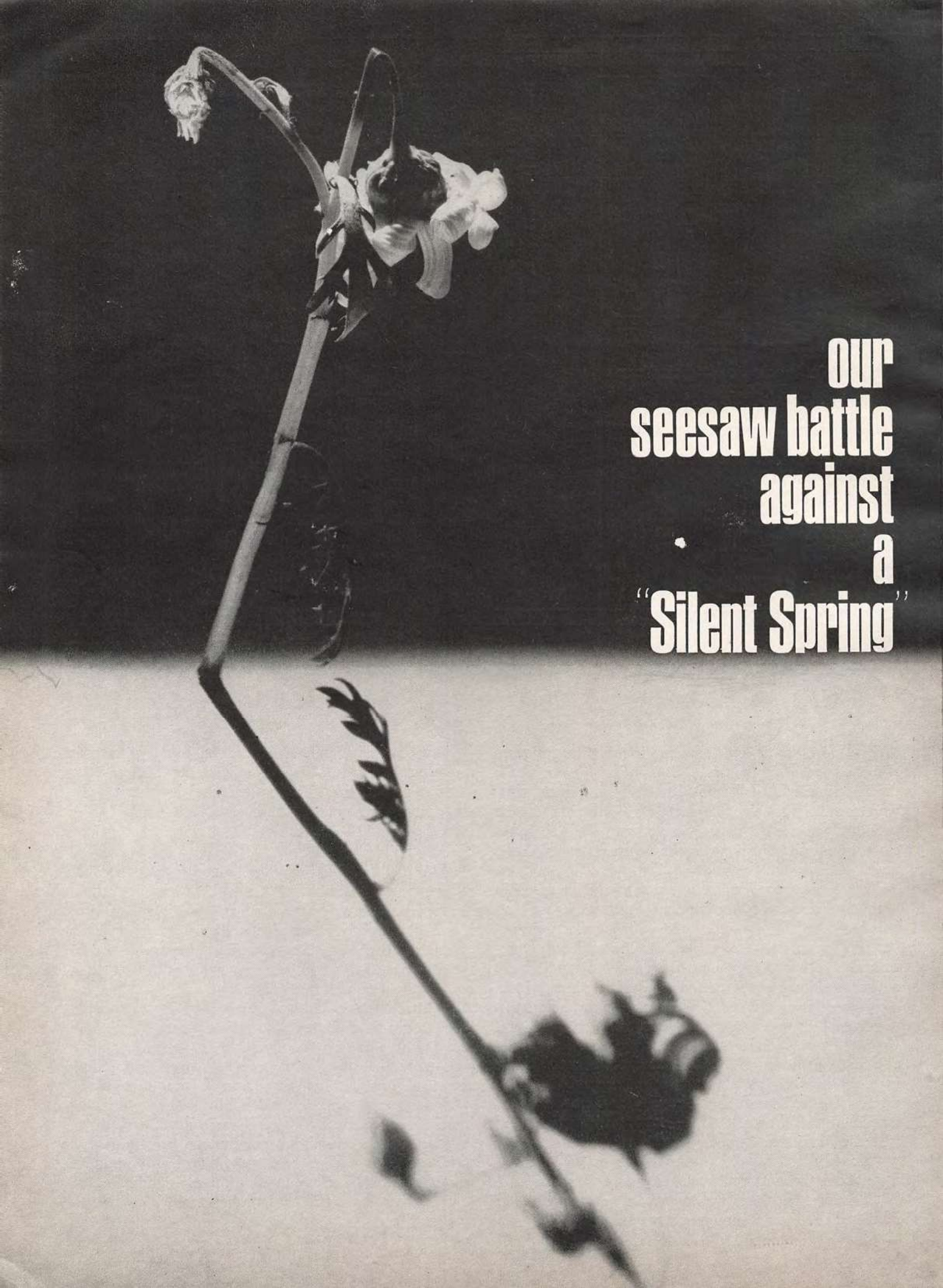
Four of us tried the new loads. One of the gunners is the current Texas all-bore champion, Steve Hanzel.

"I never realized the pattern was so small," the champion commented. "It doesn't look much bigger than the crown of your hat out there."

All of us, I noted, dropped more targets because of overshooting than from falling behind. I found when I popped a shot over the bird at any of the stations, it was glaringly obvious. Not only would I mark the passage of the shot pattern, but my companions standing at my shoulder, and with an even better view than my own, were quick to coach me.

We tried the loads at doubles shooting. I thought there might be a tendency to forget where the lighted pellets had gone on the first shot of the pair, but in actual practice this did not occur. There is something about the image which lingers in the mind's eye.

For the trap shot, for the fellow who wants to get in trim before the hunting season with a hand trap, for the just-getting-under-way novice, the new sky-writing rounds will prove a real boon. For the gunner who occasionally falls into a slump and cannot reason his way out again, tracer shot shells will be of inestimable value. ■



our seesaw battle against a "Silent Spring"

A frank report from the Secretary of the Interior

STEWART L. UDALL

RING THE BELL on Archive.org

When Rachel Carson revealed the dangers of pesticides, the nation was shocked. Action committees were formed, controversy raged, the book became a best seller. Now a key government official and noted conservationist tells what's been done—and how far we still have to go

Photographed for TRUE by Irwin Horowitz

WASHINGTON, D.C.

■ Three years ago the world was shocked into awareness of the pesticide hazard by the gentle pen of a poet, Miss Rachel Carson. With compelling urgency she reminded us that man is a part of the balance of nature, and no matter how much we alter that balance, we still are affected by its interrelationships. Her book, *Silent Spring*, asked questions that needed asking, and it was a best seller for months. Presidents and prime ministers, congresses and parliaments, health officers of scores of nations, along with numerous state and city officials, reacted to the justified alarm of citizens suddenly alerted to the dangers of pesticides. After almost three years of debate, Miss Carson's main hypothesis still stands unchallenged. In 1965, we can stand back and ask, what has been the result?

The ledger of account continues to have two columns, pluses and minuses. Though we have instituted strong measures of reform in many areas, we also have accumulated new research that is showing the complex dimensions of the pesticide hazard.

There are many gains. Concurrent with the publication of *Silent Spring*, our government acted. President Kennedy asked his Science Advisory Committee to study the problem. After a six-month study by a distinguished panel of scientists, the report, "Use of Pesticides," was issued in May, 1963. This document appraised the benefits and dangers of these chemicals. It urged research to develop more specific and safer ways of controlling pests; it advised the establishment of a comprehensive data-gathering program to keep an accurate check on the levels of pesticide accumulation among occupational workers and the general population; it suggested measures to increase safety in handling pesticides, recommended tighter laws for registration of new pesticides, and stressed the need for a broad information program to help Americans weigh the value and assess the danger of pesticides.

Last year, the Departments of Agriculture, Defense, Health Education and Welfare, and Interior established the Federal Committee on Pest Control (FCPC) to review all the pest-control programs being carried out or planned by federal agencies. Each department now reviews the proposed programs of its own bureaus, then passes them on to the FCPC for approval. The FCPC, which met 30 times during its first year, is fashioning a vast network to inspect the soil and water of the United States for pesticide residues.

A few months ago, I issued a set of stringent rules to the bureaus of the Department of the Interior regarding the use of long-lived pesticides on the more than 550 million acres of national parks, wildlife refuges and other public lands we administer. We established safety, rather than cost of materials, as the primary criterion for selection of control methods, and requested that chemicals known to concentrate in living organisms—such as DDT, chlordane, dieldrin, and endrin—be avoided. I also requested that nonchemical methods be given priority when possible.

My action was far from isolated. President Johnson has ordered all affected [*Continued on page* 70]

THE BARTENDER
as seen by...

...himself

A MAN OF MANY PARTS,
YOUR FAVORITE DRINK PURVEYOR—
TO SOME HE SEEMS A SAINT
TO OTHERS A BETRAYER

Vip

...his wife

...the man with the big thirst

...the prohibitionist

...the guy who's had too many

... the waiting-at-home wives

...the whispering lovers

...the big tipper

MY SHADOW RAN FAST

Before he was old enough to vote, Bill Sands was one of the toughest cons in San Quentin. Since then he's been a champion boxer and swimmer, a show-business personality, a diamond prospector, a sports-car racer and much more. In this best-selling book, an incredible guy tells how he at last achieved what he wanted most of all

BY BILL SANDS

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■ This is the way the trouble started.

I was then 12 years old. We lived in the biggest house at the peak of the highest hill in Whittier, California. Long after we had moved away, the house was still known as "Judge Sewell's place."

One night my mother shook me into wakefulness. She turned the lamp full into my blinking eyes to make sure I was conscious.

"Son, come downstairs with me," she ordered. "There's something your father and I want to discuss with you."

Too sleepy to be more than faintly puzzled, still confused by the abrupt awakening, I fumbled with my bathrobe and followed her down the hall. Instead of going into the library, the usual gathering place when the family was alone, we entered the spacious, formal parlor.

There sat my father, Judge Harry Sewell. He was alone. Instead of slumping in a relaxed manner, as was his habit, he sat stiff and erect on a small, hard chair.

My mother turned to me. "Son, I am going to divorce your father. Do you understand what that means? It means you must decide which parent you want. I think you are old enough to realize a son's place is at his mother's side, and I am sure you will stay with me. I have told your father so. That's correct, isn't it, son?"

My father didn't raise his head, and finally I said, "I—guess—so." Once the words were out, the dam inside me broke. I ran sobbing from the room.

The following year was for me a nightmare of boarding schools. My mother obtained a divorce and arranged a new life for herself. I neither saw nor heard from my father. I told myself that, after that night in the parlor, I hadn't really expected to.

I was 13 years old and miserable. One drowsy summer afternoon, I was late in getting home. It wasn't until I had actually swung off my bike that I remembered Mother's earlier admonition to return well before suppertime. Mother was in the garden, snipping roses for the dining centerpiece from the abundant climbers that surrounded the large patio.

"Go to your room," she ordered curtly.

Suddenly weary and apprehensive, I climbed the stairs and entered my large pleasant room. I went into my bathroom, stripped my shirt and splashed my face with cold water. Mother had not yet appeared, so I quickly doffed my dusty blue jeans, socks and shoes, washed properly and began to comb my hair.

"Does that make you feel better?"

I don't know how long she had been standing at the bathroom door. Her question was rhetorical; she was leading up to something.

"Tell me then, how does *this* feel?" Her usually calm voice had turned into a scream. She was holding a long switch in her hand, and now I saw her raise it in the direction of my nearly naked body. I turned and dodged. But not far enough. Something hot and sharp

struck the side of my left arm and scraped into my back. I touched the hurt spot with my hand, which was immediately stained with blood. I looked at my mother with horror.

"Turn around!" she ordered. I hesitated. The whip came down in an arc, leaving a weal across my face. Her weapon was a yard-long branch of the rose climber, which was covered from one end to the other with quarter-inch thorns. She was still wearing a garden glove in one hand; the other glove was wrapped around the branch to protect her own flesh.

Again there was the faint whirring sound. This time pain burned a streak across my buttocks, which were protected only by my cotton shorts. I could feel the thorns catch in the material, causing a dozen lacerations of my skin.

"Take them off. Take them off, so I can get to the bare skin. Then I'll give you something to remember this by. . . ." Her eerie scream had a worse effect on me than the pain. I was paralyzed with horror; my hands gripped the shorts. The branch struck me again with demonic fury, this time across my shoulders. I moved my hands up to ward off the incredible pain. At that moment, she reached out and jerked my shorts by the beltline from the rear with such violence that they tore. The buttons flew off. It seems odd that I should still recall the sound they made against the tile floor.

The next sound I heard was not my mother's voice but my own. The scream frightened me as much as the agony in my own flesh. My vocal cords hadn't reacted until the third blow. Then the thorns snagged and ripped cruelly through the quivering flesh. There was only that one scream torn from inside of me; it was followed by a convulsive sobbing. I don't know how many times that branch rose and fell. But, at last, I waited for a blow, and it did not come.

I never heard from my father, although I wrote to him often. Whenever my mother took my letters to address and mail, she would say we had left him just in time. She showed me front-page newspaper stories with headlines: JUDGE SEWELL IMPEACHED and JUDGE SEWELL ACCUSED OF INTOXICATION ON THE BENCH. Mother said he was broke and disgraced, and that as a hopeless alcoholic and drug addict, he spent his time between hospital charity wards and skid row. By the time I was 16, I had done my best to forget him.

Then I saw him.

It was in the large restaurant at the Hacienda Country Club. I had been invited for lunch with a schoolmate and his father. I still remember how I envied my friend his warm relationship with his parents.

Deep in my thoughts, I scarcely noticed the lull, but suddenly I heard, from a voice in the crowd, the mention of his name.

"Well, look who's here! Harry Sewell!"

There he was: dignified, well-tailored, the picture of success. Not at all like the image my mother had cre-

ated for me. Then he saw me, and his eyes and voice were the same—kind and steady as he approached me. However, I managed to squelch whatever emotions welled up inside of me. I denied the solicitude in his eyes. I told myself it was too late. What was he saying—that I had grown? What the hell did he think I'd do between the years of 12 and 16—*shrink?*

He talked, and I listened, a dispassionate expression on my face. He had remarried. He wanted me to meet his wife and their child, a baby girl. He invited me to come with him and promised to get me back home by suppertime.

As he drove me home after the visit, my father spoke of the past years when hard work had brought him success and prosperity. There seemed to be no time gaps for dalliance or addiction. He had assumed I knew that accusations made against him while he was a judge had been successfully refuted and that his record remained clear and unblemished until the day he resigned from the bench.

Only then did I realize the newspaper clippings my mother had shown me had to do with events that had taken place *before* their divorce. When he was in trouble, she left him. She could not have avoided knowing he had won out against his detractors, for official records verified his story.

With a cordial handshake, he let me out of the car a short distance from the house. We would see each other soon, he promised. I began suddenly to see much that had baffled me for years. Once home, I went directly to my mother and told her frankly about the events of the afternoon. I did not bother to explain that it had been no scheme of mine, since she didn't believe me even on the most obvious truths. This time there was no prologue or ranting. She didn't even show curiosity. Nor did she exhibit embarrassment at having been confronted with evidence of her own lies. She said coolly, "I'll teach you to see that sonofabitch. Go to your room!"

She set on me with a savage will. Finally, the branch broke. It was the only thing that would give. Mother strode out, slamming the door after her.

When the bleeding subsided, I put on fresh clothes. Then I went to the telephone in the upstairs hall and called my father's number.

"I want to come and live with you. Now. Tonight," I said.

"I'll come as fast as the car can get me there," he replied.

My decision was cold-blooded. Even if he loved me no more than my mother did, it couldn't be worse *there* than it was *here*. My mother was giving a dinner party that night, and I watched from an upstairs window as her guests arrived. Finally, my father's car pulled up. He didn't get out—just waited for me. I put my toothbrush in my pocket and went downstairs.

The labor pains had ended.

Rebellion was born.

It took me exactly three days to convince myself that my father's invitation had been primarily a weapon to spite my mother. I lived a life of wary neutrality with inner turmoil ready to erupt.

Then one night I sat in on a professional poker game that was way beyond my depth. I was clipped. I lost the money of my high school friend, Hank, who was with me, as well as my own. If that weren't enough, we came out of the gambling room to find that the car my father had allowed me to use had been stripped.

Damning the world, I set out to regain the missing hubcaps, spotlight and radio the way I had lost them—by stripping other cars. I was spoiling to take out my defiance against the world. Hank elected to remain with me.

Late that night, as we rummaged through a parked car, I came on a great discovery. In the glove compartment was a World War I service automatic.

"This is all we need," I declared dramatically, shoving it into the front of my belt.

We stuck up four service stations that night, giggling whenever we heard sirens in the distance. It was getting light as we drove to the mountains near Big Bear in San Bernardino County. Here we rented a cabin. We slept all that day. The next night we stocked up on food and beer.

A few days later, we were caught. I had been in the Los Angeles County Jail—transferred back to the county of my depredations—only an hour when my father arrived. He came to the point quickly.

"I have seen your arrest report and am having the entire matter transferred to juvenile court. Don't worry, I will take care of everything both for you and your friend. Just keep calm. I'll be back later."

I had perked up considerably when it was my turn to go to court. My father came from the judge's chambers, joined me at the counsel table, told me "everything had been arranged," pleaded me guilty and waived time for sentence. I stood up confidently.

"You are hereby sentenced to the Preston State Reformatory at Ione, California for the term prescribed by law," the judge said. "You are remanded to the custody of the sheriff to be by him delivered . . . this will give you an opportunity to rehabilitate yourself so that when you rejoin society . . ."

When I got out of Preston, my homecoming was what I had anticipated. I was shipped off to a private school —away from home, of course.

I hadn't been in the new school three weeks when, one night, three policemen entered my room with flashlights and handcuffs and hauled me off to a nearby precinct station. There, without informing me of what I had been accused, they thrust me into a jail cell and locked the door. Then, with a bright light blinding me, so that I could not see who was behind it, I heard someone out in the darkness exclaim, "That's the man!"

Still without any [*Continued on page* 97]

TURN PAGE

Rescue dog, Bruce, finds the injured pilot and barks discovery to human searchers.

Medics give emergency first aid to pilot before carefully lashing him onto stretcher.

Flares signal finding of airman to other search parties spread out in the mountains.

St. Athans, Wales

The injured pilot being dramatically rescued here was picked up within 24 hours of crashing his plane. He quite possibly owes his life to the ideas developed by a medical officer of the Royal Air Force during World War II.

When trained airmen were so vital to England's defense, Fl. Lt. G. W. Graham was shocked by the loss of life among crews who crashed on what amounted to home grounds —the mountains of Wales. Graham scrounged equipment and recruited volunteers from officers and men of the R.A.F. for a rescue program. Key to the system was rapid communication and the use of mountain-climbing techniques to move casualties.

Graham's methods were so successful that the Flying Training Command since the war has established similar operations at six other bases in Britain, as well as in Africa, Hong Kong and Malaya.

Part of the R.A.F. Search and Rescue Organisation, the Mountain Rescue Service remains a voluntary organization. Men go right on with their regular assignments as gunnery instructors, drivers, radio operators. Spare time and sometimes leaves are spent perfecting rescue techniques, studying navigation and first aid. All men are first-class mountain climbers, and most give two and a half years to volunteer rescue work. A fairly recent innovation is the use of tracker dogs to help search for downed crewmen.

Since I wanted to photograph a typical search effort, the R.A.F. gave me permission to join the St. Athans team on an operational mission in north central Wales. St. Athans station has 25 men and an Alsatian dog under the direction of Sgt: Geoffrey Barry. Barry has been mountaineering for 20 years and is a veteran of rescue missions in many places.

Just before I arrived at St. Athans the team received an alert to search for a Gloster fighter plane overdue on a training flight. I jumped into a Land Rover with Sgt. Barry, and the whole team headed north in convoy up the Cambrian Range.

As we drove through a steady drizzle over the narrow, winding Welsh roads, Cpl. Paddy O'Connor explained the steps we were going through. The ambulance and one Land Rover would travel as far as possible into the mountains. From there search parties would continue on foot until we found craft and man.

Sliding and slipping, we ground uphill in second gear and finally stopped near a river. It was dark by then. Safety ropes were strung across the river, and flares were lit for illumination. Holding to the ropes, I waded through the icy, fast-moving water to the warmth of the cook fires the first men across had started on the other side.

Night searchers set out at once. The rest of us waited through the night and the cloudy dawn. As the sky finally cleared, a radio message came through that the crashed aircraft had been found, but there was no sign of the pilot.

Guided by map references, we set off up the mountain. As we topped a plateau, after some hours of up-and-down going, we could see the tail of an aircraft in the distance with a group of figures standing nearby. When we came up to the plane, I could see the thrown-back canopy and the empty cockpit.

"It's possible the pilot was dazed and wandered away," Cpl. Dick Winton, the dog handler, said.

It was also possible, although no one said so, for the pilot to stumble around in a daze and fall down a ravine. Winton now slowly circled the plane with the Alsatian, Bruce. We moved back, watching silently.

Bruce suddenly began to bark and

why are flyboys playing with fire?

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY SID LATHAM

...they are signaling discovery of an air crash survivor. R.A.F. volunteers pioneer a mountain rescue technique to save lives

Safety man goes with rescued pilot as he is rapelled down the steep mountainside.

Bruce descends the mountain comfortably in a carrier toted on his handler's back.

Ambulance, summoned by radio, meets the rescue party at foot of the mountain.

to tug urgently on his lead. Winton slipped the leash and chased after the racing dog. The rest of us took off behind, stumbling and slipping over the wet ground.

Less than half a mile away Bruce slid to a stop and stood looking down. In a small depression on the mountainside, we could see the still form of a blue-clad figure.

Bruce started off again and, bounding and leaping, reached the pilot first. The flier was indeed injured and only partly conscious. As the medical team unfolded a stretcher and gently lifted the pilot aboard, our radioman summoned the ambulance and called for climbers to report to the area. Flares were lit to signal the finding of the pilot and our location. From distant mountain peaks, red gleams acknowledged our message.

Now came the critical part of the whole operation. At the cliff's edge a short distance away, a web of rope appeared with belay men strapped to safety lines. Within minutes the stretcher was slowly set over the steep rock wall. With my safety rope securely tied, I too, worked my way over the edge. The pilot was conscious now, and I could hear Sgt. Barry talking reassuringly as he guided the stretcher down the rocks in a slow, easy rappel.

Far below, another team had started up from the bottom, and they were belaying ropes for a second rappel from a narrow ledge of rock. Down the valley I could hear the faint sound of a motor, and I caught a glimpse of the ambulance grinding toward us.

In all, the two rappels took about five minutes and saved hours of painful joggling down the mountain for the pilot. He was rushed in the waiting ambulance to the nearest hospital. We heard the next day that a concussion and a fractured ankle would ground him for a while.

His quick rescue saved him from more serious consequences. The R.A.F. techniques are so effective that teams now come from all over the world for the chance to train with the Mountain Rescue Service ■

BASEBALL'S BIGMOUTHS

[*Continued from page* 31]

"So right away," said Bo, "she's on the goddam phone saying, 'Well, honey, when are we setting a date for the marriage?' I says, 'Wait a minute, baby, we only been engaged for a couple of hours.' And she says, 'Well, I need a ring.'

"Ring!" Bo exclaimed, softly. Although he has been known to pack a rod against possible exigencies, his manner is definitely downbeat—he speaks in a purr with a slight George Raft grin at the corner of his mouth. "I can't buy a nine-dollar ring," he went on, "but she says, 'I'll settle for a three-dollar wedding band.' So right away, I feel the pressures of being engaged. I went to my attorney and I says, 'My heavens, I'm engaged to be *married*.' I don't want to get out of it, yet I do. I'm confused. So the attorney says, 'It was April Fool's Day when you got engaged. You can make a statement to the press that it was just a big joke.' But I says, 'What about the goddam girl? It would make her look sick.' So there we are, engaged. Meanwhile, her salary jumped up double and mine went down. You know, everybody I ever connected myself with in this game—women or guys—it always helped them and it lowered me. I was the fall guy. I always raised other people, namewise and connectionwise."

Life's paradoxes furrowed Bo's brow. "Everybody was ripping me about the engagement," he went on. "They're telling me, 'You're gonna distract yourself. She's no good for the game, Bo.' But every time I would introduce Mamie to them, their goddam tongues would hang out, from [club owner] Gene Autry on down. Everybody wanted to take a nip at her. Oh, it was fast and furious action."

Though playing the field now, Bo still regarded Mamie as a favorite sex bomb and happily anticipated that she would give Clearwater life a shot in the arm. Big Stu was even more ebullient, for that very day he had blasted two home runs over the center field fence in an exhibition game.

"Only seven guys in 11 years have hit it over that fence," declared Stu, who invariably comes equipped with remote statistics to underscore the importance of his hitting feats. "The last time I hit two in a spring game I was a rookie. I'd just gone to spring camp with the Pittsburgh Pirates under the incomparable Bobby Bragan, who could screw up a two-car funeral without any trouble at all. Here I came to camp with 66 home runs I hit at Lincoln, Nebraska, just a kid and, Lord, I thought I got the whole world in my hands. They're gonna just say, 'Here, Stu, play left field for the Pittsburgh Pirates,' who have just finished eighth 94 years in a row." At the time, Stu was an outfielder who tracked down fly balls in a fashion that made Bragan's blood run cold.

"The first three games," Stu continued, speaking at a furious clip, as though racing a 60-second time limit, "I hit five home runs—two-one-two. That's not bad, right? But Bragan comes up and says, 'I can't play you any more.' I says, 'Why? What's wrong?' And he says, 'You're not gonna make my club and if you keep playing well you're gonna make me look bad.' See, the papers are putting on a lot of pressure saying, 'Stuart's gonna be the next home run hitter for the Pittsburgh Pirates.' "

"Oh, these managers really think about the papers," mused Belinsky.

At any rate, both Bo and Stu were delighted to have joined the Phillies, who despite last year's crash were being rated as pennant favorites by numerous experts. Bo, though the lesser star, had compiled a commendable 9-8 pitching record and a fine 2.87 earned run average for the hapless Angels at the time they exiled him, so he felt capable of assisting Philadelphia to a championship. Also, notwithstanding Philadelphia's reputation for second-rate night life, Bo was anxious to test the city's offerings. He had grown up in nearby Trenton, N. J., and thus was not entirely unfamiliar with Philadelphia society. "I've been in that city," he said. "A few of my friends been knifed there at a couple of dances.

"We used to go over there for dances," Bo elaborated, "and they never liked us. We had some pretty good brawls there because they didn't like us coming over from Jersey for the Philadelphia gals. I'll tell you, they got some swinging, stylish little gals there, but as far as where they circulate and how they circulate, I don't know. Give me about two weeks into the season."

(Considerably later than two weeks into the season, Bo was to conclude, "I guess *I'm* going to do all the circulating. There isn't much congregation in Philly. It'll be a slow year compared to Los Angeles.")

Actually, to use Bo's own analogy, his interest in women is no more frantic than another man's interest in good pipes. Sex aside, Bo likes having girls around in variety. "I was always lucky where I connected myself—that is, not with the women but with the sort of cool, suave, debonair type character that operates in a town. I've always worked through this type and worked through introduction. I'm sort of lazy. I mean, I won't walk into a bar or nightclub and go hounding for broads. I take it easy, that's why I'm a young-looking 28. I'm not a hunter. I tried this hunting action in the minor leagues and maybe the first year in the major leagues when I hit the nightclub circuit, but this is not my action."

"You don't stand on street corners in the big leagues," volunteered Big Stu, who has been married seven years and admits he speaks only from fond, but distant, recollection. "They used to all do that in the minor leagues—they'd watch the girls go by."

"Right," said Bo, "or sit there all night and drink that juice. But I don't like this action. I have to have somebody connect me with the action and I try to centerpoint myself in a place where I'm more susceptible."

"After he throws his first no-hitter this year," Stu said, chuckling, "they'll all come around."

"Listen," shot back Bo, "I'd even promise not to have them come around if I could pitch a no-hitter." Of course, the fact is that Bo already stands among the elite who have pitched a no-hitter; he pitched one against Baltimore on May 5, 1962—less than a month after Los Angeles had promoted him to the big leagues. The memory of that triumph now launched him upon a reminiscence.

"You know," he began, "it's a funny thing about baseball—they have a law for pitchers that says if you're going to go out and have a few drinks with the boys it should be the night after you pitch. You pitch the ball game, and then you go out and let your hair down. Well, they advised me this when I come into the scene. They said, 'You gotta stay strong and prepare yourself. If you gotta grab some blonde, do it after you pitch.' I tried it, but after I pitch I just don't have the energy. I'm sapped. Completely drained. I just feel like going home to sleep. The next day I'll get a little stronger, but it will be sort of a nil—you'll always catch that nil day. And the second day, I'll be okay but nothing will be happening." Bo lit a cigaret—a Kool, of course—and continued to lead up to the point of his story. "Finally, the afternoon of the day I'm pitching, girls are calling on the phone asking to come over, or a beautiful girl I don't hear from in a month is climbing my roof to get into my place.

"I'm keyed up," Bo went on, "and I'm partially in heat, you know, because I'm strong. I ate all this good food these four days, I'm real tigerish, and here she slides through the door saying, 'Maybe I shouldn't have come.' And I say, 'That's right, now get out.' But then I say, 'No. Wait.' And it always winds up that this great temptation, which I should have after I pitch, is presented to me right here, you know, and it's very funny because it goes against the grain of baseball. I try to squeeze this extra curriculum in but it doesn't work entirely, because after I party with a girl I'm on my way to the ball park and I'm thinking, 'What the hell did I do? Do I have enough energy to go two innings, three innings?' Just thinking about it shakes me a little. Yet it's not necessarily disastrous, which brings me to the no-hitter.

"Since the day I pitched that no-hitter in Los Angeles, I'm still looking for the girl I spent the night before with. This was some kind of good-luck gal, but she disappeared out of the picture. I'd met her at Ernie's House of Serfas. Here I was with an ordinary secretary, probably

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—no flashy gal in any way, but a very lean, beautiful gal." The recollection made Bo smile blissfully. "And this is how I trained for my no-hitter," he said, "and it came off."

For both variety and sheer volume of female companions, Belinsky is an authentic lion of the boudoir. To appreciate his prowess one need only see car-rental girls vibrate and roll their eyes when he winks at them as he saunters through an airport. Big Stu had shot a few games of pool with Bo in Clearwater but like all married ballplayers dared not visit a nightclub with him, for Bo's reputation is such that any wife would be suspicious were she to read in a gossip column that her husband had been doing the town with Bo. At any rate, Stu vouched that among ballplayers there is no inclination to underrate the great Belinsky. "Just going on clubhouse talk, probably all ballplayers wish they could be in his shoes," said Stu.

"Let's put it this way," Bo added, a little irked at the suggestion that there is room for doubt. "Anyone wants to put up a thousand dollars and the plane fare, I'll get five of the most beautiful women in the country here any time. You'll see it, you know? I mean, for the right bet and the right convenience, I'll get five of 'em right here, right now, and compare them with five that anybody else can get."

Bo's attentions to such actresses as Ann-Margret and Tina Louise, and his brief engagement to Mamie Van Doren, have received considerable notice in the press, but it is less well known that a wealthy Arabian princess became so enamored of him last year that she took to following him all over Hollywood. "I'd go play pool," Bo recalled, "and she'd be standing outside giving me the curly finger. I overcut the nine ball three out of four times. It kind of annoyed me. Finally, she come around with the proposition I should go to Ish-tan-bull with her, but I had to decline. You don't treat a princess right over there, they got a couple big Turks stop by with those wavy swords and cut your ears off. I don't need this action."

Instead, Bo had wintered in Hawaii, riding a surfboard, and had pleasurably contemplated the excellent batting support the Phillies would give him. Big Stu, however, appeared somewhat disappointed by the fact that Philadelphia had managed to restrain its jubilation at the news of his acquisition. City Hall and the banks had remained open. "When I got traded to Boston two years ago," said Stu, "God, they treated me like it was Babe Ruth getting traded. Actually, I got a lot of publicity coming to Philadelphia but it's been like a pincushion compared to what I got in Boston. If I breathed hard there, they put it in the paper. But now I get traded to Philadelphia, and the writers treat me kind of kosher. They write stories about me, which is fine, but in Boston everything was *Welcome, Dick Stuart!* So naturally I rewarded them with good years."

"I think everybody here is a little let down from last year, even the writers," Bo suggested.

"Yes," said Stu, "but see, I'm saying to myself, 'God, I had two of my greatest years back to back.' Hardly anyone could equal the record I put together the last two years. They always write about Mantle, all the great home runs he hits. I can hit a ball as far as Mantle can, for crying out loud. I been here in camp two weeks, and I haven't heard anybody say, 'Gee, Dick, you had a good year last year, you hit 33 home runs. I told a writer I hit 42 the year before, and he didn't even know it! I led the American League in RBI's, and he didn't even know *that!* I come here and I'm treated kind of shy.

"Don't get me wrong," said Stu. "I'm not complaining. But my goddam achievements are *right there.*"

"It was never . . ." Bo began, but Stu could not be stopped. He barked, "I led the American League in total bases!"

"It was never really publicized much about his two years with Boston. I mean around the country. A lot of people are not aware of the two years that he. . . ."

"I had two fabulous years! But the only thing I got out of Boston was the name Strangeglove."

"You got compensated pretty good, though," said Bo. "I'm picking up the peanuts and taking the blows. You're making the cash, and I'm taking the blows." Although in his tenth year of professional baseball, Bo earns only $17,000 and is free on parole, more or less. His three-year record at Los Angeles began with a $250 fine for his car-side scuffle with a young woman at 5:30 a.m. and ended with expulsion for socking 64-year-old Los Angeles sportswriter Braven Dyer. In both cases, Bo pleaded self-defense. In any case, neither manager Bill Rigney, general manager Fred Haney, nor baseball commissioner Ford Frick cared to listen to his explanations. Summarily, he was branded "a disgrace to baseball."

"It was fascism," Bo declared. "Like storm troopers come in your house and drag you out and send you to prison. You know, 'We just don't like how you look. The rabbi cut you or something.' That's what it reminded me of." Breathes there a man in baseball who dares blast the commissioner? Bo promptly did, while Stu listened with jaw agape. "I've confronted with the commissioner twice already," said Bo, "and he didn't impress me the first time and he didn't impress me the last time. My first year, three quarters of the season passes, and I find the Angels are trying to stick me under the Kansas City. Then I get called into the commissioner's office, and he's hollering at me because I broke the story. I said, 'Don't blame me. How do you think you'd like it if you're fighting for the pennant, and you find out they're trying to pass you to the Kansas City?' Last year, with the suspension thing, he gives me a hearing that is just a kangaroo action. Believe me, if I ever go to the commissioner for any advice or any help, it'll be that I banged my head against the wall and I'm a little unconscious."

Bo's utter fearlessness in the face of authority is explained by the fact that baseball has not been able to buy his soul. Although he wants baseball's money and frequently has protested the meager salaries paid him, he has never committed his future to baseball's hands. "I come in this game with nothing," he said, "and I don't expect to leave this game with anything. I probably play this game more for the sport of it than any other ballplayer in the goddam game."

Big Stu, who is very money conscious and knows the ballplayers' pension plan inside out, pondered Bo's remark and observed:

"When you're single you can spend the cash, but when you got a family you gotta save it."

"Yes," said Bo, "but on the $17,000 I make I live like a man who makes $70,000. The places I go and the people I bang into and the dinners that I have that I don't pay for, I go well over the 70-80,000 dollar mark, believe me." Bo acknowledged that his big-league name opens many doors for him, but he was confident that his charm and wits and pool cue would carry him along without baseball's help. "I'm the kind of guy who came through life roughing it," he explained. "Nobody ever padded any easy times on my back. I played for ridiculously low salaries in the minors. I started at $185 a month and after my fifth year I was making $350 a month. I had to hustle pool in between doubleheaders to eat White Castle hamburgers on the corner. Those 12-cent jobs. And I made more money on the side than I did from their lousy chintzy salaries. So I don't worry about yesterday, today, tomorrow, anything."

Though Big Stu does concern himself with tomorrow, his great comfort is the knowledge that home run hitters are gate attractions hard to come by, and so he refuses to be ruffled by critics and colleagues who call his fielding an abomination. Reflecting on his shortcomings, he now said:

"Everybody asks me, 'How do you get along with your pitchers?' And I say, 'Why? What do you mean?' And they say, 'Well, there's been stories down through the years that a lot of them complain about the way you play first base,' which at times, I have to admit, is worthy of bad comment. But on the other hand, you turn around and some crummy pitcher hangs a good hitter a curve ball and he hits it for a grand slam. Well, I'm not gonna go up and say, 'For Chrissake, you know he can't hit a fast ball, what did you hang him a curve ball for?' It's just like him saying, 'Well, that was an easy ground ball, why didn't you pick it up and tag first base instead of letting it go through your legs?' I don't criticize him, so don't let him criticize me."

"I'm all right on thrown balls," Stu went on, "and I can move good for a ball. But a ball right at me, with the pitcher running to cover first base, that damn ball will crawl right up my arm or go over my head or do something, cause I got my eye on the pitcher and the runner and the ball. That's the play I always goof up."

"It won't bother me," said Bo. "If you goof it up over there, I'll just toss you a smirk. I know *I'm* not the greatest on that play either." Indeed, it has been said that Bo covers first as if he were

[*Continued on page* 63]

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER, *Men's Wear Editor*
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

COOL LOOK FOR A TROPIC TRIP

Nassau, paradisiac pearl of the Bahamas, abounds in beauty. Here, photographed at the famed Nassau Beach Hotel, our own special agent relaxes with two screen lovelies, Martine Beswick, left, and Claudine Auger, soon to be seen in the new James Bond thriller, Thunderball. TRUE*'s "007" wears the coolest of the cool, a Haspel suit by Wallach's priced at $45. And don't worry. If a sudden shove plunges him into the water, the suit is wash and wear.*

COOL LOOK

Nassau is a place where the ocean is colored the deep blue of a woman's eyes and lightly chilled sea breezes are served on the rocks. Easily accessible, the city is modern, yet heavy with history (John Paul Jones plundered here during the American Revolution) and sturdy with traditional British reserve. That means shirts, ties and jackets. Here the "tropical look" will suit the well-dressed man to any occasion—whether off in a skiff, darting through the island's busy native harbor or doing an extemporaneous dance with a tall, blonde, beach-bronzed beauty to the improvised sounds of Bahamian recording stars, "The Islanders." Boatman at left sets the fashion pace with a natural-shouldered, three-button, lightweight suit of Dacron Polyester and wool from the Ph.D. Collection of Michaels-Stern, $69.95. A suit styled for cosmopolitan sophistication or for dancing on sandy palm-studded beaches like this one at the Sheraton-British Colonial Hotel, right, is a two-button silk and worsted by House of Worsted-Tex, $85. All shirts shown on these four pages are by Manhattan, $5, and all ties, hand-tailored of Shantung silk, are available exclusively through the Lanvin Men's Shop, New York, $7.50. Prefolded Colorpuf pocket handkerchiefs are by Beau Brummel, sets of two, $1.50. Women's fashions are all by Majestic Specialities, Inc., and are available at all major department stores. Further information about product source can be obtained by writing: Men's Wear Editor, True Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y.

COOL LOOK

The man on the move to faraway places (above) debarking a BOAC jet, wears a suit that fights the wrinkles of travel, this one a Regent three-button model with flap pockets by Brookfield Clothes, $45. Below, the mild mood of a deckside cocktail party is met with the smart styling of a Golden Eagle suit of silk and lightweight wool. With slash pockets and foulard lining, it bears the Eagle Clothes label. It is priced at $115.

[*Continued from page* 58]
carrying Mamie Van Doren. "I can just see the both of us over there," Bo continued. "I'm tripping over the bag, and the ball's running over your head. Or I can see me standing like four feet away from the bag yelling, 'Tag him!' Or I can see you throwing the ball and hitting the base runner in the cup. Oh, I can picture this scene.

"Of course, I don't know what Mauch is gonna do," Bo added, upon reflection. "We may be paying off a few fines."

In point of fact, Bo and Stu were to waste little time setting Mauch's teeth on edge. One night in mid-May, for example, Cincinnati's Tommy Harper hit a grounder to Stu's right, and Bo raced to cover first base, all the while calling out, "Take your time, Stu, take your time!" Stu carefully lobbed the ball right into Bo's glove. "The only trouble," as Bo remarked later, "was that when I looked down I was 10 feet from the bag." The next batter hit a broken-bat single over second base, and the third batter hit a home run.

Though Stu's record at the time showed six errors in a mere six weeks of action, he calmly adjudged that he was running right on his usual schedule. Knowing, then, that neither of our heroes was to disappoint us by turning over a new leaf, let us rejoin them in their introspective thoughts at Clearwater. "Listen," Stu was saying, "Birdie Tebbetts, who has managed a few clubs in his time, came over to me one time and says, 'Look, when you boot a ball, which you're gonna do, act like you're mad.' I says, 'What for? It ain't gonna do a goddam bit of good, I'm gonna turn around and boot another the next day, what difference does it make?' And Birdie says, 'Well, the fans won't boo you so much. *I* know that you care when you make an error, but the fans see that nonchalant way that you got and they think you don't care.' "

"You going to present yourself as an idiot out there?" demanded Bo. "You going to stand there slapping your glove cause you made an error and everybody's booing you and making you feel bad?"

Stu's reply was that all the fans in the U.S.A. could not make him carry on out of character. "The day before Birdie gave me this advice," he said, "the fans had booed the hell out of me. Then I hit a home run to win the game and they cheered. And there was a comment in the paper the next day that I didn't tip my hat to them. Well, I never tip my hat to the fans. Why should I? The bastards been booing me for two hours and all of a sudden I come up and hit a home run and I should say thank you?"

Stu's mind still dwelt on the hostile fans. "I get groups of people, thousands of people, that get on me," he said. "Going back to 1960, when we won the pennant in Pittsburgh, we're talking about a packed house every night. By the time we finish infield practice, it's about 7:25 and there's already 20-25,000 people in the stands because they all want to get a good seat. Well, for my own curiosity, I had a way to tell if they were watching me in infield practice. I would boot a ground ball on purpose, and I could hear a few rumbles in the crowd. Then I would put up two fingers to Oceak, the coach, and he would hit me two more ground balls. The first one I would juggle a little bit. Then he'd hit the other one, and I would let it go completely through my legs, and *here it comes!*—cushions! Coke bottles! everything! right on the field! Then I'd take a throw and throw the ball over the second baseman's head into the outfield, and that was it. I had to leave the field."

"Is that right?" said Bo, amazed. "They got that panicky, huh?"

"Oh, yeh. I used to get 'em stirred up even before the goddam game started."

"Them coal miners in Pittsburgh," sighed Bo. "They got them coal mines."

Actually, Big Stu said, he was once moved to sock a Pittsburgh fan, who had leaned down into the dugout to heckle. Artistically, however, the fight left a good deal to be desired. Climbing into position to throw a right hand, Stu stepped into a slot in the bat rack and almost broke his leg. Recovering, he fired his right, which traveled squarely to his adversary's breast pocket, breaking the man's eyeglasses. Pirate officials whisked the fan into an office, paid him $28 for new glasses, persuaded him to sign a release, and asked Stu to please avoid lawsuits in the future.

"For God's sake," cried Bo. "If *I'd* have done that, the Angels would have sent me to Devil's Island. I feel like I killed a few people already, you know. Oh, I never expected any goddam help from Los Angeles."

While Bo sulked for a few moments, Larry Merchant, the Philadelphia sportswriter, entered the room. A short, chunky man, he listened with a wry smile as I wondered aloud how Bo and Stu would fare under the managerial hand of Gene Mauch, who frantically juggles his lineup, sometimes using as many as 20 players in a game. "What happens," I asked Stu, "when he knocks you off first base in the last few innings, so that he can strengthen his defense? What happens when he takes a time at bat away from you and thus cuts down on your home run production?"

"I don't believe he would take an at-bat away from me," replied Stu, optimistically. "I imagine he'll take me out for defense if he feels I don't have another time at bat coming. I think Larry here will bear me out on that, won't you, Larry?"

"I would say under some conditions, no," answered Merchant. Disbelief clouded Stu's face. "Such as?" he demanded.

"If he has a good-sized lead he might take you out early," said Merchant.

"What's the sense in that?" snapped Stu. "If you got a good lead, for Chrissake, you can play your wife at first base."

"But he might feel that with a good lead all he's gotta do is protect his pitcher," argued Merchant, "and keep the other team from having a big inning. So he'll put a guy on first who he's positive can do the job."

"Oh, don't get the impression I'm *helpless* over there," bristled Stu. "I'm not."

"Okay," said Merchant, "but Mauch thinks Ruben Amaro is the greatest first baseman in creation. So he might put him in there for a couple of reasons: One, that he won't make an error on a routine play that will give the other team a chance to start a rally, and two, that he might make a great play that takes something out of the other team."

"You mean he might take me out in the sixth inning, or something like *that?*" Stu asked, fairly incredulous.

"I think it's possible."

"I gotta wait to see that. I can't believe a manager would take . . ." Stu's voice trailed off, and Bo sought to comfort him, saying "I don't believe Mauch would make it a habit." (Actually, Mauch was not long in revealing his hand. In April he was benching Stuart often in late innings. By mid-May he frequently had Stu sitting out whole games.)

Bo himself was fairly confident that he would like working for Mauch. "He's not basically hot dog," said Bo. "If he gets up and walks around that dugout and sticks his foot on the top step, he's got a reason. He's not like Rigney out in Los Angeles. Every time I'd turn around I'd see the Rooster up there on that step. You're pitching a good ball game, the score's 1-0 or something, and the batter gets a hit, and bingo, there's that foot on the dugout step. A pitcher's in momentum, he doesn't want a manager to come out and give him advice. You wanted to put up a big sign saying, *Just Stay There, Rigney, I'm in Momentum, You Know?*"

The very knowledge that Rigney and the Angels had disappeared from his life now made Bo's spirits soar. "I'm with a club now that's making a move not only for the pennant but at the gate. They gotta pull in that bread and me and Stu's gonna help 'em. If this club is in contention and is more worried about talent than about a goddam presentation to the fans or my outside action or how Stu looks after he makes an error, and if we're in a long period of results, well, we'll blend right in. We don't have green heads. I mean, we weren't called down for murder or taking dope. We'll fit in with any kind of action." (As it turned out, Bo fit in all too well. He didn't get his first win until late May at which time the Phillies were playing sub-.500 ball.)

Big Stu, caught up in the spirit of Bo's speech, now demanded, "How can a guy be bad news when he hits 75 home runs and drives in 232 runs in two years? Check it, it's on the record." And then, choosing his words as if for a banquet talk, Stu declared, "The impact I want to leave on Philadelphia is that I hope my impact is good enough to help the Phillies get in the World Series." Stu grinned now, adding, "Besides, Bo may need a Series pay check to get back to Hawaii for the winter."

"I'll tell you," said Bo, "If we win the pennant I'll put the city of Philadelphia in the same caliber as New York City and Los Angeles. There's no guy who'd like to celebrate success more than me. Why, we'll put a dome over the goddam river and make man-made waves, and nobody will ever be able to bum-rap Philly again."

So saying, Bo glanced at his wristwatch and said to me, "What time you bringing the broads in, anyway?" —**Myron Cope**

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NAZI ESCAPE INTO PRISON

[*Continued from page* 24]

a personal friend of Foreign Secretary Schroeder. It had taken the German authorities until 1964 to catch up with the crimes of slippery Hans. He had friends in all the right places, and they had not let him down.

But his best friend of all was the organization known as ODESSA, the secret society which the survivors of Hitler's dead S.S. formed to hide, protect and finance old comrades charged with war crimes. Even while Zech-Nenntwich was being tried, at the beginning of last year, ODESSA was at work preparing false passports, gathering lots of money, planning the means of escape from prison and the route to safety, and—not least—recognizing the perfect disguise in the form of a beautiful accomplice.

There were surprises ahead for Zech-Nenntwich as his plane soared in the dawn sky towards the sanctuary of Nasser's Egypt—surprises, and a retribution that was staggering because it was so unexpected.

Hans-Walter Zech-Nenntwich was born in 1917, and joined the Nazi Party and the S.S. in the middle 1930's. Judged from photographs in this period, he looked oddly similar to every other S.S. officer. There seemed to be a standardized appearance in them all, as though they had come from the same mold, like lead soldiers: long-nosed, thin-lipped, eyes close-set. Zech-Nenntwich could have been a young Eichmann, a young Heydrich. He loved two things in life, girls and horses—which is, I suppose, better than the other way round.

He became a lieutenant in the S.S. 2nd Cavalry Regiment, and in the summer of 1941, shortly after Hitler's attack on Russia, found himself stationed in Pinsk, in the Pripet Marshes of Poland. An order was received to round up and shoot all Jews in the area. Zech-Nenntwich was one of the officers carrying out the orders. As the Jews shuffled past him, his practiced eye settled on one girl, very pretty, aged 23.

"Leave this one to me," he said, and with his gloved hand he led her away. The girl was in such terror that she would probably never have recognized afterward the S.S. officer who raped her. Yet he told her his name. Why should he not? She was to be shot with the rest. But even in German "Zech-Nenntwich" is a complicated name. Once heard, it may be mispronounced, or stumbled over, or awkwardly spelled, but it cannot be forgotten. Remarkably, because the girl had been called out of line, she missed the firing squad and survived—one of the few out of 5,200.

For two years Zech-Nenntwich went obscurely about his business. Then, in 1943, an important year for the S.S., many of its members began behaving in a most peculiar way. We know today, from the definitive work of Gerald Reitlinger, *The S.S.—Alibi of a Nation*, that a considerable element of this branch of the Nazi forces decided in 1943 that the war was lost. They had no intention of dying even for Hitler, let alone for their own chief, Himmler. It was in this year that offices were opened in Madrid, Milan and Rome to organize escape routes. The seeds of ODESSA were already being sewn.

And no behavior was more curious than that of Zech-Nenntwich. In 1943, forming what was—if no more—his own escape route, he was found actually helping the Polish underground. He had made friends with Polish partisans, and was arming them with huge stocks of captured Soviet guns and ammunition.

A warrant was issued for his arrest by the S.S. It should have been easy for this all-seeing force to pick up one of its own officers. Mysteriously, this time it was not. Zech-Nenntwich accompanied a military convoy to Norway, slipped across the border into neutral Sweden, and presented himself at the British Embassy. Conveniently, he happened to have with him a copy of his own warrant of arrest.

The British security officer, flabbergasted, questioned him meticulously. London was contacted, and it was decided to take a calculated risk on him. He was flown to England.

There he was placed in the hands of the one man Whitehall felt could handle him: Sefton Delmer. One of England's greatest prewar foreign correspondents, Delmer had been born in Germany and spoke the language like a native. His wartime job was to direct pirate broadcasts to Germany, making them appear to be coming from the Third Reich itself.

He had a strange, tortured staff under his command: German Jews who had lost every member of their families, German anti-Nazi intellectuals, old-time pre-Hitler Socialists. There was Otto John, who, after the war, became West Germany's police security chief, defected to the East (or, as he said, was kidnapped), came back to the West again, and spent a couple of years in jail. There was Edward von Schnitzler, a man of aristocratic birth and Communist convictions, who today, as Ulbricht's leading political commentator on the East German TV, is celebrated for the oily delivery which has earned him in West Berlin the title of *Südel Ede* (Slimy Ned). During the war, Delmer's attitude to these refugee Germans was strictly pragmatic. If they helped England win, well and good.

As it happened, when Zech-Nenntwich arrived, Delmer was asking himself, "Where can I get an S.S. officer, a real—if one will pardon the expression—honest-to-God S.S. officer?" The luck of Zech-Nenntwich was holding. Delmer wanted to set up a phony radio station which would appear to come from the Eastern Front and be manned by an anti-Hitler group of Waffen S.S. But he could afford nothing *ersatz*. He needed a genuine officer-deserter who knew the latest slang and spoke the language as Germany's rulers did.

Delmer regarded his new acquisition with unconcealed delight. "He was so genuine," Delmer commented later in his book, *Black Boomerang*, with all the dreamy rapture of a gourmet recalling an unforgettable meal, "that I disliked and distrusted him from the moment he was presented to me."

Zech-Nenntwich was disguised under the name, "Dr. Nansen." He was also given clothing coupons to buy civilian clothes, and he went on a shopping spree. When he returned, his new boss looked him up and down sadly. Even in the best gray flannel slacks, Delmer said, the man looked as though he were wearing riding breeches.

But Dr. Nansen did a great job. Delmer's aim was not so much to enlighten as to bewilder, to engender heat rather than light, and so confuse the poor German soldier in the field that he would not know what to believe at all. Dr. Nansen declared with verve into the microphone, "Long live Himmler, who will save the S.S. from the traitor Hitler"—a remark calculated to make the German soldier clean the wax out of his ear with his finger and grunt, "Huh?" Dr. Nansen stated that the leader of the underground S.S. was none other than Hermann Fegelein, brother-in-law of Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress.

What impact Zech-Nenntwich's broadcasts carried may only be surmised, but it can hardly be doubted that they provided the turning point for many a German soldier already weary of the war. Certainly a number of S.S. officers recognized the cheery bumptious voice of their former comrade and listened carefully.

But though Zech-Nenntwich was zealously serving his new cause, he had not entirely given up serving himself as well. In some of his old accomplishments he remained extremely proficient. Often in the gloom of blacked-out London nights he whispered soothing reassurance into the ears of trembling English girls as Germany's V-1's droned overhead, or its V-2's crunched, unheralded, into the city. And always he could count that he was storing up good will for himself with the country he had foreseen as a prospective victor in the war.

His foresight, of course, was singularly accurate. In time the Allies overran Germany. And Hitler, pausing only to shoot poor Fegelein, shot himself. The war was over.

By now the S.S. escape routes, primitive though they were compared to the subsequent ODESSA network, were in full operation. Many of Germany's top war criminals, like Martin Bormann, Dr. Joseph Mengele ("the beast of Auschwitz"), Professor August Wirth ("the mercy killer"), simply vanished. But even those who were captured could be reasonably optimistic about fading away. Eichmann, Otto Skorzeny and Alfred Helmut Naujocks, "the man who started the war" (TRUE, August, 1963), all went into prison cages, and then emerged into many years of oblivion. The Allies, overwhelmed at the task of breathing life back into crushed Germany, left much of the task of screening S.S. men to—other S.S. men! The philosophy was not necessarily illogical: set a thief to catch a thief is a policy as old as mankind.

Another screener was Hans-Walter Zech-Nenntwich, who had served the S.S. against the Jews, the Poles against the S.S., Britain against Germany. He was a double, triple, quadruple agent—but which role represented him, Hans-Walter Zech-Nenntwich? He was an opportunist,

but no man is a *complete* opportunist, any more than any man is a complete idealist. Everyone believes in something. So far, Zech-Nenntwich's point of view had coincided exactly with that of whoever was his master at the time.

Looking ahead, as he seemed to have a gift for doing, Zech-Nenntwich could see that he would continue to prosper just as long as he remained a plausible enigma: his face, smooth as marble, smiling agreeably if inscrutably, his eyes roving after every passing pretty girl as he swore his love for the one beside him. The moment he showed his real hand he was done for.

Gradually, as the dust of war settled and Germany struggled back to life, experts and the more perceptive foreign correspondents noticed something infinitely eerie about the country—a sense of dread, an osmosis actuated by fear. It persisted after Germany's great recovery, and it persists still. It was, at first, hard to define. One had to follow his sense of smell, until suddenly the closet door opened and the rotting skeleton fell out. The fact was that *the S.S. was not dead.* Its main criminals were still at large, some fled to Latin America, some working in Egypt, but many now emerging from their dens in Germany, padding silently back into power.

Former Obersturmführer Zech-Nenntwich, for example, had been given an important post in the British sponsored North Rhine-Westphalia provincial government. Here he shared an office with Gerhard Schroeder, a lawyer who once was a member of the Nazi Party and was later to become Foreign Minister of West Germany. In 1948, Zech-Nenntwich, the womanizer, married for the first time. Schroeder was one of the wedding guests.

In January, 1950, Zech-Nenntwich was received by Konrad Adenauer, the new German chancellor, at his home in Rhöndorf, and the audience lasted for two hours. He gave the chancellor an intimate rundown on the Germans who had broadcast from London during the war, many of whom were now in political opposition to Adenauer.

With connections like Schroeder and Adenauer, Zech-Nenntwich continued to smile and prosper. Even for the other S.S. men still at large, the war had been over for five years and most of them felt reasonably secure. In case of danger they knew they could get out quickly. But the first evidence the outside world had that an efficient escape organization was operating came only in 1952, when Franz Rademacher, a former official of the German Foreign Ministry, was tried for dispatching nearly 200,000 Jews from France and Rumania to Auschwitz. In the middle of the trial he disappeared, to turn up beyond reach in Cairo.

The first principal S.S. escape organization was formed at the end of the war. It functioned with inconspicuous efficiency until one of its way officers in Damascus narrowly escaped being kidnapped by Israeli agents. That the Israelis had formed a counterorganization was a terrifying thought. From that moment on, the thinking of the S.S. system was to be profoundly changed, and the presumption began that whatever it did, the Israelis would be watching. When Zech-Nenntwich walked out of Braunschweig prison, on the road to freedom, he was looking over his shoulder for a retributive Israeli to show up.

The first S.S. escape structure was augmented by another which had a legal front in Germany, and the two eventually merged into the more grandiose ODESSA (*Organization der S.S. Angehöriger*—roughly translated, of the S.S. family), which flourishes today. ODESSA's routes are mainly based on Bremen, in northern Germany, though not necessarily originating there. The principal route is called B-B (Bremen to Bari, near the bottom of Italy), with intermediate German stations at Frankfurt, Munich and Memmingen. At the last, just above the Austrian border, the line divides, one route leading by Innsbruck and Merano to Bari, the other going by way of Lindau through Bregenz, in Austria, to Geneva and abroad. Other ODESSA routes are B-G (Bremen-Genoa) and B-R (Bremen-Rome). It was the latter which Zech-Nenntwich followed.

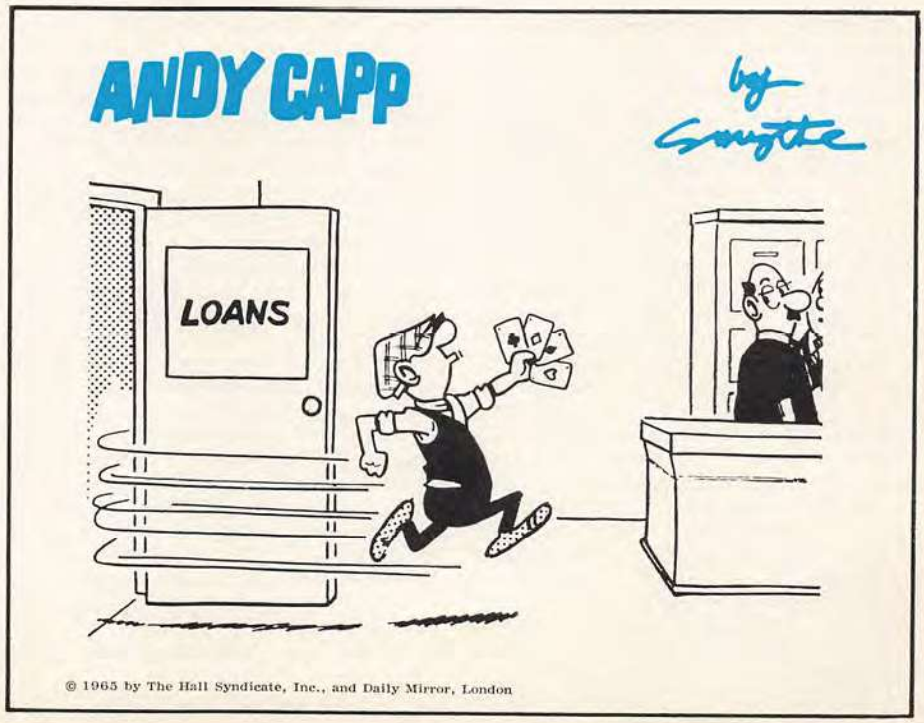
The setup is based on the general outlines of the French Resistance force during World War II, which is considered today the classic of underground organization. Along each route are posts of three to five S.S. veterans at distances of 30 to 35 miles. Most of the posts are disguised as travel agencies or export-import firms. Each post knows only the identity of the two on either side, so that in case a post is destroyed by police—or by Israelis—the line can bypass it and its neighbors, without breaking down. As in the French Resistance, there is no single mastermind—if there is no head, it cannot be chopped off. Finances are secret. Much of ODESSA's money comes from S.S. gold banked in Switzerland, and one would not be far wrong in guessing that a great deal comes from German industrialists with fond memories of Hitler.

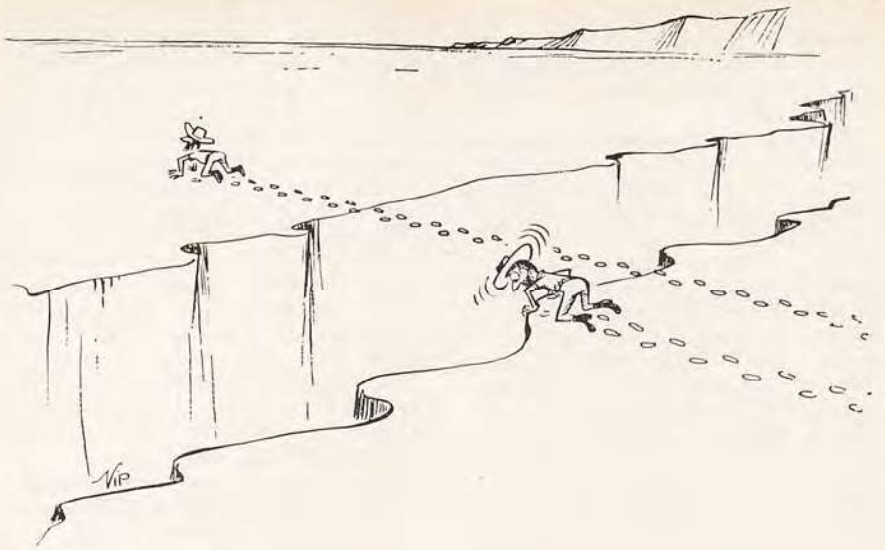
But we are ahead of the story. After 1950, when Zech-Nenntwich conferred with Adenauer, his hitherto effortless progress suffered a setback. In 1952 he went to prison for three months on a charge of swindling a rich widow, but he emerged as jaunty as ever and enjoyed a succession of pretty mistresses to help him forget his already broken marriage. During 1958-59 he himself joined in the export-import trade, doing business with Egypt and Syria. This stint was, no doubt, the service which ODESSA demands of its supporters from time to time, and it is the first evidence of a direct link between Zech-Nenntwich and the escape organization. Visiting Switzerland, he bought a house against the day, he told friends, when he would retire.

But suddenly, after the moral shock of the abduction and trial of Eichmann, the West German Government itself was galvanized into a belated campaign of tracking down and arresting war criminals, men who had managed to live respectable lives ever since the war, and who were now deeply aggrieved to be accused of murdering Jews so long ago they had forgotten all about it. One of these so "persecuted" was Zech-Nenntwich.

He had acquired a new girl friend, lovely Margit Steinheuer, a 25-year-old blonde about to enter the great adventure of her life. Zech-Nenntwich was close to 50, fleshing out, and losing more and more of his hair, but he still possessed the smooth, impersonal charm which made him so engaging and so enigmatic. Before he was taken away by the police, early in 1964, he told Margit to get in touch with ODESSA.

Zech-Nenntwich could not possibly have realized that by appealing to ODESSA he was asking the help of a monster able either to save him or to destroy him. Hans was showing his hand. Once he sought ODESSA, he had to go





through with its demands. He could not run to the British afterwards and say he had been misquoted. At his trial he admitted openly that he had been an undercover agent of the Nazis during the war and had fooled the British (he had also, of course, served the British purpose, just as they had served his). He denied war atrocities. His aplomb was shaken, however, when a middle-aged woman entered the witness box. Ravaged with ancient suffering, she still retained a certain fineness of feature which suggested she must have been pretty once. She was the girl whom Zech-Nenntwich had plucked, for his own pleasure, from the line of doomed Polish Jews, back in the victorious days of 1941. Yet she could not recognize the chubby defendant as he was today. What had brought her out of the past? "It was the name," she said. "I shall never forget the name."

Standing alone, Zech-Nenntwich might have struck for a way out with a flat denial. But with ODESSA behind him, he was not alone, and the arrogance of the S.S. man, whose deeds were not to be questioned, returned. "This is slander," he cried. "I saved her life. She would not be here if it were not for me."

Thus was his complicity in murder established. He was sentenced to four years in prison—not much for the slaying of 5,200, but more or less what one has come to expect from West German courts. For a man of Zech-Nenntwich's independent spirit it should have been a heavy burden. These are not years that a sensualist of his age can afford to waste. The spectators realized this and, when sentence was pronounced, strained to see his expression. It was a strange one. He smiled. Most men smile when sentenced, of course; the expression is not so much one of bravado as it is a nervous contraction of the facial muscles, the way a man appears to smile when he is hit by the bullets of a firing squad. But this was a real smile, as if the prisoner was keeping a private joke to himself.

Zech-Nenntwich spent exactly two nights in jail. At 8:30 on the evening of April 22, 1964, a warder peered through the peephole of the door to Zech-Nenntwich's narrow cell. There was a quiet form on the bed, covered by blankets. Closing the peephole, the warder passed on, and the corridor subsided into silence. Five minutes later another warder appeared—which was odd, because the guards usually passed at half-hour intervals. This warder's name was Dietrich Zeemann—ex-S.S. man. He opened the door and beckoned the waiting prisoner to follow him. Zeemann tiptoed ahead, unlocking doors and gates. Once he stopped to chat with a passing warder while Zech-Nenntwich flattened himself against the wall, around a corner. Outside the jail the fleeing prisoner found a Mercedes waiting, its engine running. There was a man at the wheel whom Zech-Nenntwich remembered as an old comrade. In the back sat Margit.

He changed swiftly as the car sped away. Margit handed him a Swiss passport and the not inconsiderable sum of 50,000 Swiss francs—$12,500. They headed for the airfield, just on the German side of the Dutch frontier, where Margit had chartered the plane only a couple of hours before. It was ready to take off, with the pilot so fascinated by the song of the chic and modern Honolulu-beach bikini.

At Braunschweig Prison, the night was nearly over before the immobility of Zech-Nenntwich's "body" caught the attention of another warder. At the alarm, the guards entered the cell and found a bolster on the cot, neatly wrapped in striped prison pajamas. On the wall Zech-Nenntwich had written: "Never say the game is up. There is always a glimmer of hope." The philosophy had served him well. So far.

Customs and Immigration at Basel, Switzerland, presented no problems. The Piper-Comanche pilot was paid off. On the other side of the entry barrier a man addressed them in German—real German, not the Schweizer-Deutsch of the country. "You must be hungry," he said. "We will have breakfast, and I'll tell you what to do next."

Over coffee and *croissants* the man gave them two rail tickets to Rome and two air tickets on to Cairo, with a stopover in Athens. "You will be met at each stop," he assured them.

All went smoothly to Rome. But as they were about to embark at the city's Fiumicino Airport for Athens there was a sudden explosion of police activity. *Carabinieri,* armed with submachine guns, appeared at all doors and fanned out through the hall. Possibly they were not looking for Zech-Nenntwich. Perhaps they were screening some visiting head of state. But he could take no chances. He saw a barbershop and rushed in. When the troopers passed through, his face was deep in lather. Margit, waiting nervously outside, screamed with laughter when he told her what he had done.

And so Hans-Walter Zech-Nenntwich made his way to Cairo, haven for wanted Nazis. A perfect jailbreak had crowned the brilliant career of the S.S. multiple agent-swindler-rapist-murderer. He could repeat for himself the succinct words of the Abbé Sieyès, who, when asked what he did during the horrors of the French Revolution, replied, "I survived." He could mingle here with Germans of his own ilk, men like the fiendish Dr. Hans Eisele, former medical director of Dachau and Buchenwald, who had escaped via ODESSA in 1958; Johannes von Leers, disciple of Dr. Goebbels; Wilhelm Boeckler, a notorious S.S. chief; S.S. Führer Bernhardt Bender, now in charge of Egyptian security police, and scores more. The two new arrivals checked in at the Atlas Hotel under the names of Hans and Margit Walter, and prepared to make a happy new life for themselves.

Back in Germany the escape was a sensation. Over East German television, Edward ("Slimy Ned") von Schnitzler, Zech-Nenntwich's former colleague in wartime London, said that it had been deliberately contrived by West German authorities because Zech-Nenntwich knew too many inside secrets of the Government party (which he undoubtedly did). The newspapers speculated on whether he had gone to Brazil or the Argentine. One paper asserted that he was in Switzerland in a special clinic run by ODESSA, where he was having his features completely altered (such clinics probably do exist).

Zech-Nenntwich thoroughly enjoyed reading these reports. He was able at last to shed the chameleon skin he had worn since the war began. Perhaps for the first time in his adult life he was able to relax and be himself. Soon he was attending parties at the fashionable Gezirah Club and meeting pretty girls from the German community. Inevitably he and Margit quarreled. To a loner of his type, people meant nothing when they were of no more use to him. In less than a fortnight Margit, in tears, was bound for Switzerland.

Even when Zech-Nenntwich was tracked down by the press, his aplomb was undisturbed. On May 5, two weeks after his escape, two reporters from the German weekly *Der Stern* knocked on his door. He greeted them warmly, congratulating them on their enterprise. They photographed him by the Great Pyramid, leering at a camel who leered back. He joked about the shaving incident in Rome.

And then, for all practical purposes, he killed himself. He told the reporters he had been aided by "an organization

of former officers of all shades of opinion, from gray to black," meaning the field-gray uniform of the Wehrmacht and the black uniform of the S.S. This was a startling enough admission to begin with. He then boasted that the same organization would soon spirit away other beleaguered true Germans.

The friendly interview continued, the spools of a tape recorder remorselessly committing it to history.

"Who made your escape possible?"

"Nobody in the prison itself."

"How about the warder, Zeemann?"

"No comment."

"And here? Were you expected by friends, or by former S.S. men?"

"Let us say—friends."

"You said there would be other escapes. Will you help those who committed war crimes?"

"No. The organization is interested only in those unjustly accused, real soldiers."

At the end, the two journalists thanked him and were courteouly escorted to the door. For a few days more Zech-Nenntwich continued in his condition of ecstatic happiness, until *Der Stern* hit the newsstands. The impact on the interested parties was positively schizophrenic. From every secret cell in ODESSA, to the Foreign Office in Cairo, to the seething nests of ex-Nazis in the Argentine's Mar del Plata, men choked over their coffee or cut their faces shaving. Or they heard the story on car radios and skidded.

Zech-Nenntwich thought he was merely expressing his gratitude to the boys back home. Touching his forelock to the squire came instinctively to him. But he had weaved and bobbed and ducked for so long that he had forgotten the rules. The one code of the S.S. that had been unbroken since 1945, and the secret of its power today is—silence. No matter how many war criminals escaped, no matter how many passed through the courtrooms into captivity, the fundamental secrets were kept. Thanks to this silence, Eichmann remained free for 15 years, and Dr. Mengele is free to this day. Literally thousands of men know what happened to Martin Bormann, but try as we might, the rest of us can only guess.

Suddenly Zech-Nenntwich was a profound embarrassment, not only to Cairo's ex-Nazis, but to Nasser himself. The Egyptian Government has always denied harboring Nazis. Everybody knew otherwise, but appearances had to be kept up. It was left, however, to the Cairo Nazis themselves and to ODESSA to eliminate this loudmouth. The job was done with brutal and terrifying simplicity. The doors closed against him. Nobody received him. In restaurants, backs were turned on him.

Stunned, alone, the man must have known sheer, naked terror. For him now, the Nazis' most terrible nightmare became fearful reality, the nightmare of the Israeli agents. Egypt, like Latin America, is laced with Israelis keeping watch on war criminals. In Egypt they are particularly numerous. The Jews come from the same Semitic stock as the Arabs. The two languages, Arabic and Hebrew, have the same base. Disguise is easy. As recently as early 1964, a well-known Cairo character known as Ibrahim the Storyteller turned out to be an Israeli. He was shot in a border gun battle and just managed to escape back to his own land. Since Eichmann, the Nazis have held these silent avengers in the greatest fear. Their only defenses are silence and solidarity. The Nazi community is held in line by the threat that if one breaks the rules, he will be left to the mercy of the Israelis.

Zech-Nenntwich's name was on the Israeli list. To a frightened man, any shoeshine boy, any blind beggar asking for *baksheesh,* any beautiful, emancipated Cairo girl at a cocktail party could be an Israeli agent. The pariah S.S. man did not dare remain.

Once more, Zech-Nenntwich disappeared, and by ironic justice his new disappearance seemed to have a touch of the Old Testament about it. He was cast out, like Joseph, into the wilderness. He was a moral leper. There was no place he could go except home. He flew from Cairo to Paris to Brussels, and there, in a final decision, opted for freedom from fear in preference to physical freedom, and took a train back into Germany.

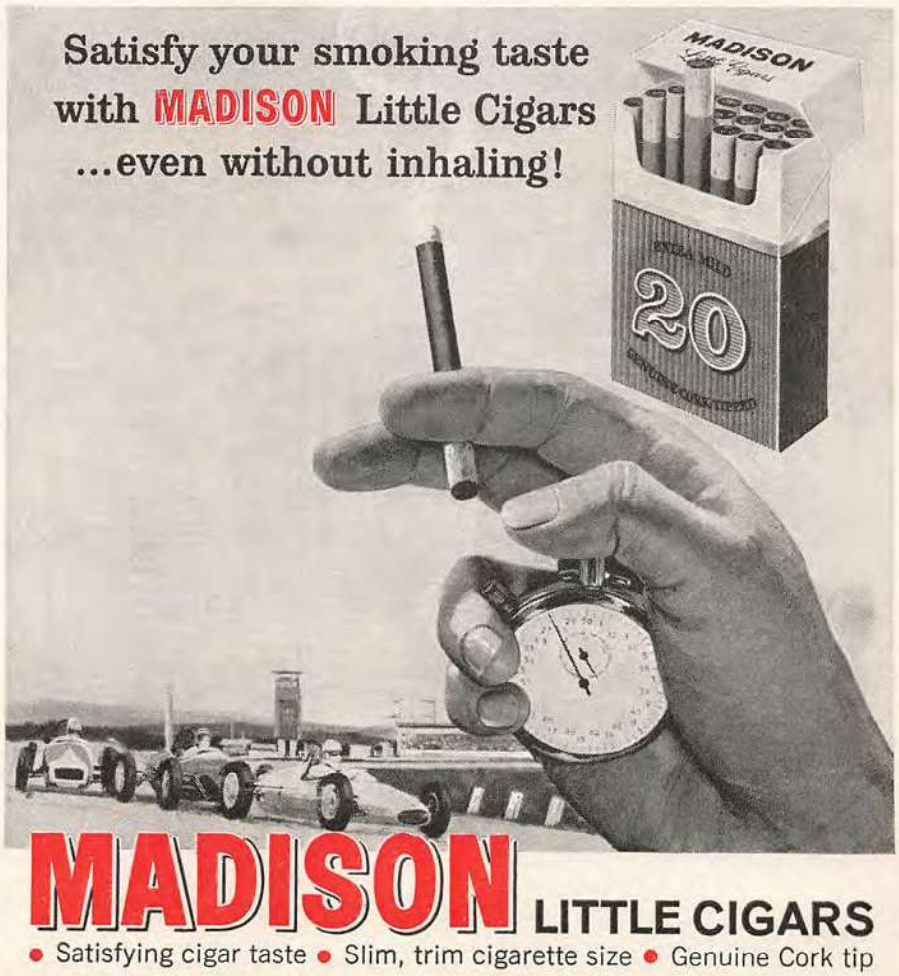
Even here he needed someone to turn to. Margit was gone. All he had left were the two reporters who had located him in Cairo. These he phoned and told where he was staying—at Bad Neuhar, a resort near Bonn. They found him in a splendid hotel room, because he still had plenty of money, but he was in terrible shape. He had lost nearly 20 pounds. His face, still tanned from the African sun, was gaunt, and he was suffering from diabetes. He mumbled, "Rather years in a German prison than fall into the hands of the Israelis." The reporters accompanied him to the Lower Saxony Justice House, where he gave himself up on August 7, just three and a half months after his sensational jailbreak.

Subsequently, Margit also appeared before the court and received a six-month sentence. Zeemann, the warder, arrested just after the escape, is still serving the 18 months he was given.

Zech-Nenntwich's sentence was increased, but not by much. He will be out in about five years, and will exert what remains of his charm to win his way back to favor. Perhaps he will try to ingratiate himself again with the S.S., or the Christian Democratic Party, or even the British. But he will fail. Zech-Nenntwich made only one false move in his life, but it finished him. Even his one love, the house in Switzerland which he bought as a retreat, is gone. The Swiss Government seized it and declared him *persona non grata* in Switzerland. Perhaps, in his solitary cell, as a veteran of B.B.C. broadcasting who is wondering what hit him, he may recall a closing quotation Winston Churchill used, during the Battle of Britain, in one of his great wartime speeches:

"The mills of God grind slowly.
Yet they grind exceeding small."

—Geoffrey Bocca



OUR SEESAW BATTLE AGAINST A "SILENT SPRING"

[*Continued from page* 47]

departments and agencies in the Executive Branch to implement the recommendations of the Science Advisory Committee. And the Department of Agriculture, armed with increased appropriations from Congress, is pressing its hunt for nontoxic and more effective means of controlling pests.

Congress has plugged the legal loophole that formerly permitted manufacturers to distribute pesticides "under protest" even though the Department of Agriculture had refused to license them. This year President Johnson, in his Message on Natural Beauty to Congress, urged further pesticide control legislation that will "clearly place the burden of proof of safety on the proponent of the chemical rather than on the government."

The above measures are only an outline of steps that have been taken by the federal government since publication of *Silent Spring*. Strong remedial measures have also been taken at state, county and city levels.

The strength of the federal government's action lies in its research, regulation, and informational activities. It is well to remember that federal lands and projects account for not more than 5 percent of the total pesticide products used in this country. The bulk of them are used by farmers, homeowners, gardeners, and commercial sprayers.

Now, three years after Rachel Carson's courageous book, the danger of pesticides is still with us. The volume of sales of chemical pesticide is still on the rise, and may soon reach the billion-dollar-a-year mark. With a challenge so complex, it is easy to equivocate about our danger.

Living with danger, we become accustomed to it and tend to lessen our vigilance to protect ourselves, our children and the planet we will bequeath them.

As a boy I had the unforgettable experience of fishing some of the most isolated, unspoiled high mountain fishing streams in northern Arizona.

Any man with similar memories would like to leave his sons a legacy of fresh water and abundant wildlife. But the fact is that when my children catch a fish in the Potomac River near our present home in Virginia, there is always doubt that it should be eaten, for the fish comes from contaminated waters.

Today, children live not only in the jet age, atomic age, space age, and age of technological miracles, but also in the pesticide age. It is a time when our streams, soil, drinking water, milk, meat, indeed, almost everything we consume, and even the air we breathe, is being contaminated by the residues of insecticides, fungicides, rodenticides, herbicides, and—as is becoming increasingly apparent—"peoplecides."

For the last two decades we have been applying millions of pounds of poisons that are wholly new to nature to kill insects, diseases and weeds. Dusts and sprays have been carried by the wind and leached from the soil by rain and spilled into our streams until they have reached the most remote points on our planet. Few organisms, plant or animal, are totally free of the residues.

One man who learned these hard facts well is Allan Sandvig, a dairy farmer near Wapato, Washington. Starting in 1946 with $976 saved during a hitch in the Navy, he bought 10 heifers to start a dairy herd. Scrimping and saving, he gradually put together a remarkable herd of 100 milking Holsteins delivering 3,200 pounds a day of Grade A milk. Sandvig was voted Dairyman of the Year in Yakima County, Washington.

Then, on October 28, 1963, state milk inspectors refused to pass Sandvig's milk; it contained, they said, residues of the pesticide DDT in amounts ranging up to 20 parts per million. This seems a small amount, but since man has the ability to store DDT in vital organs, the Food and Drug Administration has set a limit of seven parts per million of DDT in such foods as meat, apples and grapefruit.

No DDT at all—zero tolerance—is allowed in milk, for the simple reason that milk is the prime food of babies.

Sandvig's problem was vastly more serious than even he realized. The 20 parts per million meant the milk could not be fed to other animals, whose tissues would come to exceed the legal limit of seven parts per million in meat. All he could do was dump the milk, all 3,200 pounds of it, that day, and the next, and the next. He waited and waited, testing and testing, dumping and dumping, but the milk from his prize-winning cows continued to show contamination.

Two months after the trouble started, state inspectors traced the source of the DDT back to $10,000 worth of sweetcorn silage Sandvig had bought from a nearby farmer. The silage tested as high as 50 parts per million—so high that when Sandvig's cows ate the silage for only 11 days, they accumulated DDT and their milk was poisoned. But what help was this knowledge to Sandvig, who continued pouring his livelihood down the drain?

He tried everything to reduce the DDT levels in the milk, including special diet and chemical treatments. These were somewhat effective, but painfully slow. A year after the pesticide disaster, he was able to get the last of the contaminated cows back into production. He now milks 50 head, half of them from his old herd, half new ones. His production is only half what it had formerly been, and his loss is estimated at $80,000. He and his family are understandably disheartened. "We are back where we started 17 years ago," he says, "pinching nickels and dimes."

There are other perils. The threat of chemical pesticides to dairy farmers is matched by the dangers they bring to the seafood industry, assistance of which is a special concern of the Interior Department. We know from laboratory studies that fish and shellfish are peculiarly sensitive to many leading pesticide chemicals. Oysters, when exposed to one part DDT per *billion* per week, will concentrate it to 132,000 parts per billion. Such minute amounts of DDT as .007 parts per million will reduce the rate of growth of oysters to one-half that of those living in uncontaminated water.

Shrimp fishing is an $80-million-a-year industry in the United States, yet pesticides hang like a Damoclean sword over it, for shrimp have an almost unbelievable sensitivity to the chemicals. Laboratory tests show that as little as .6 part per *billion* of DDT in the water will kill

TRUE

"That's a funny bunch at the tavern. Imagine that guy offering you a dog biscuit!"

shrimp within 24 hours. And shrimp spend their first growing season at the mouths of the rivers that drain the treated croplands of America.

One of the nation's most severe pesticide trouble spots is the vast delta of the Mississippi River. The Mississippi delta is an accumulation of soil and material—including chemicals—drained from over half of the United States.

Consider the case of the fisherman plying the Atchafalaya River in Louisiana during the winter of 1963. The wake of his boat produced a strange sight. Fish came to the surface, thrashing about, floundering, unable to swim. They seemed paralyzed, as if some injury had affected their nervous system. The fisherman, whose livelihood depended on his catches, reported his sightings to Louisiana state officials. Soon other reports of dying and dead fish came from various points along the lower Mississippi River and nearby streams. The fish kill seemed to run from Memphis south to the Gulf of Mexico. Best estimates were that 5.2 million fresh and saltwater fish were killed, including shad, mullet, drum, buffalo and catfish, all commercially important.

This was the fourth consecutive winter of fish kills in the Atchafalaya and lower Mississippi Rivers. In 1960, over 3.6 million had been killed and in 1961 and 1962 over 275,000 had died each year. Now a truly alarming kill had occurred and threatened an economic disaster for thousands of fishermen and other workers, if not stopped.

Quick action was needed. Scientists from the Louisiana Division of Water Pollution Control, the U.S. Public Health Service, and our own Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife went in, took samples of dead and dying fish and ran tests. The studies eliminated disease as the cause of death, along with such possibilities as low oxygen content, sudden temperature changes or other unfavorable environmental conditions.

The Public Health Service took samples of the river water and mud. Analysis showed significant amounts of toxic chemicals. About the same time, other chemists discovered residues of aldrin, dieldrin and endrin in the bloodstreams of the fish in amounts that were clearly lethal. Aldrin and dieldrin, like endrin, are pesticides of the hydrocarbon family, as such related to DDT. They are among the most dangerous, toxic and long-lasting compounds made by man.

From the laboratory findings, it was determined that hydrocarbons, particularly endrin, had been accumulating over a long period and been stored in the fats of the fish. With the approach of cooler weather and the cessation of feeding activities, the fats were reabsorbed by the fish and the highly concentrated chemicals released in the bloodstream. Paralysis, followed by death, came quickly.

Where did the endrin come from? This is still open to question. Searches led to a chemical plant in Memphis which makes endrin and which, in the opinion of the Public Health Service, has polluted the river by improper disposal of wastes from its manufacturing processes. Some wastes had been deposited in the Mem-

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"You told me to tell the story in my own words, didn't you?"

phis city dump in barrels which broke, allowing the wastes to leach into the soil and into the river.

Endrin had been used by the millions of pounds throughout the South in efforts to control the cotton boll weevil and the sugarcane borer. It is eminently possible that rain washed the chemical into streams which carried it into the Mississippi—a process easy to establish in theory, but difficult to prove.

Despite the harsh lessons of the 1960, 1961, 1962 and 1963 winter fish kills, in mid-January, 1965, endrin was still causing severe problems in the lower Mississippi. An inspector in Memphis discovered a deposit of 8,000 pounds of the highly toxic agricultural pesticide in a city sewer. It was caked up to three feet thick along a 3,400-foot stretch. A representative of the U.S. Public Health Service warned Memphis officials that if endrin reached the Mississippi River "it would create a tremendous health hazard." Memphis sewers dump into the Mississippi.

Memphis ordered the sewer sealed off and a bypass sewer built around the contaminated stretch. But as this is being written, the one manufacturer of endrin in Memphis continues to produce it.

One of the least savory aspects of the Mississippi River situation was the finding of pesticide residues in the finished drinking water of New Orleans—thankfully in amounts less than dangerous. The pollution of drinking water is not, however, a phenomenon exclusive to the great Southland. Sampling of reservoirs in Massachusetts has turned up residues 14 times the legal DDT tolerance allowed in food.

Even the naturally wild areas of our country are becoming dangerously contaminated. The hunter in the field flushes a ringnecked pheasant. He takes aim, leads his target, squeezes the trigger and a gorgeous game bird falls to earth. He is pleased. What a meal the bird will make—and it does. He feasts. But that night he reads in his newspaper about the dangers of pesticide residues in wild meat. Maybe he shouldn't have eaten the pheasant. He writes the Department of the Interior to ask.

What do we tell him? Should we give him a little scientific lecture about the chain of life on earth? We could report Miss Carson's testimony before a Senate subcommittee that toxaphene, another hydrocarbon, was found in Big Bear Lake, California, at about .2 parts per million, that minute plankton in the water concentrated it to 73 parts per million, that fish eating the plankton were found to have 200 parts per million and that the pelicans eating the fish had 1,700 parts per million stored in their fat. What if a person ate the pelican?

But the hunter asked about pheasant. We could tell him that 322 out of 469 specimens of woodcock analyzed in recent years by Interior scientists were found to contain residues of heptachlor, still another hydrocarbon. We could tell about the residues found in blue grouse in Montana after application of DDT, or the destruction of robins, bluebirds and many other species following aerial spraying.

Our correspondent is interested in pheasants. We therefore describe an "approved" spraying of rice fields in California, after which pheasants were found to contain 2,000 parts per million of pesticide residues.

There is no doubt that every day a great many hunters and fishermen are eating fish and game containing residues far in excess of the legal limit allowable in domestic meats. This is a matter of grave concern, and has even given rise to the question of whether thousands of acres of prime wildlife habitat ought to be closed to hunting—a consequence no one wants to contemplate.

The more we study pesticides, the more astonishing are the findings. *Silent Spring* merely hinted at the possible sterilizing effects of pesticides when it described birds like the bald eagle laying eggs which never hatched. Further research at our Patuxent, Maryland, Wildlife Research Center shows that male ring-necked pheasants, when fed a daily diet of pesticide, turn into small brown imitations of hen pheasants.

We know less of the effects of pesticides upon human physiology than upon animals, but the evidence we do have is profoundly disquieting. Not only have hundreds of occupational workers died from prolonged contact with pesticides, and thousands of people been sickened after using them, but the human, like the fish, accumulates toxic pesticides in the fatty tissue of his body and releases them—rapidly—during periods of stress.

The matter was laid on the line by Dr. Wilhelm C. Hueper, chief of the environmental cancer section of the National Cancer Institute, at the Congressional pesticide hearings conducted by Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. Dr. Hueper reported that a number of pesticides have caused cancers in animals, and urged their removal from the market until their toxic effects on man can be ascertained. To date, this has not been done. In the ledger of our struggle against poisons, the lack of action here must be considered a major loss.

In balance, there are major gains. If, since publication of *Silent Spring*, the dangers of pesticides have increased, so have our weapons with which to combat them. In eradicating the screwworm from the southeastern United States, valuable experience was gained for use in attacking other pests.

The screwworm is the parasitic larva of a large fly which lays its eggs in the flesh of cattle and other animals. Damage to livestock from the worm was estimated at between $20 and $40 million annually in the United States.

Research which began in 1938 under Dr. E. F. Knipling (now Director of Entomological research in the Department of Agriculture) ultimately determined that male flies could be made sterile if irradiated with cobalt-60. First field tests were run on Sanibel Island, two miles from the Florida coast. They showed that the screwworm population could be reduced by release of 100 sterilized males per square mile per week. The worms mated and eggs were laid—but they never hatched.

A similar operation on the mainland offered a mammoth problem in logistics, for 20 million sterilized males were needed each week. Since it is difficult to separate males from females, 40 to 50 million flies had to be irradiated weekly. A large airplane hangar near Sebring, Florida, was turned into a marvelously efficient plant for producing sterile screwworm flies. Larvae were carried through their feeding life into the pupal state, then borne through an irradiation chamber on a moving line of stacked trays suspended from a monorail.

Designed, built and equipped on a

crash basis in nine months, at a cost of under a million dollars, the factory was opened for production in July, 1958. By the next spring 50 to 60 million flies a week were being placed in cardboard cartons and dropped from planes.

All summer long the "bombings" continued. By November, when the program was halted, the screwworm had been eradicated from Florida.

Readers of *Silent Spring* will remember its report of the pathetic and futile efforts to eradicate the gypsy moth in the Northeast and the fire ant in the South through massive aerial sprayings of hydrocarbons. Birds, fish and other wildlife died, while the insects continued to flourish.

Today, exciting new methods of controlling these pests are being tested. Take the moth. The female flutters along the ground and over low plants, but it cannot truly fly. In order to mate, it releases from the tip of its abdomen an intense attractant. The strong-flying male, sensing even minute amounts of this scent, flies upwind to the female to mate.

For years this female sex attractant was obtained for experiment by rearing thousands of hand-collected pupae and extracting the sex lure by soaking the tips in benzol—an extremely expensive process. Then in 1960 M. Jacobson and his co-workers at the Entomology Research Division of the Department of Agriculture prepared the sex lure synthetically. Called "gyplure," it can be synthesized cheaply and placed in small plastic funnel-mouthed traps which are dropped from planes into moth-infested regions. So powerful is this synthetic attractant that one ounce of it is equal to the scent of 300 million females. As testing continues, hopes are high that the gypsy moth can be controlled without further damage by aerial spraying.

After tremendous losses of fish and wildlife from the use of highly toxic poisons to eliminate the fire ant, research has found a successful alternative method which employs insecticide-impregnated ground corncobs. With the new bait, we are now able to kill the ants with one-seventh of an ounce of insecticide per acre, leaving no residue and creating no hazard to bees, fish or wildlife.

Spurred by Rachel Carson's insight, government scientists are developing chemical sterilants that are specifically effective against other insects. One, methyl eugenol, wiped out fruit flies on Rota, a small Pacific isle near Guam. Another chemical sterilant freed a Caribbean island of houseflies. Similar sterilants indicate effectiveness against mosquitoes and boll weevils.

Prior to *Silent Spring*, we as a nation had been blindly relying on the potent chemicals that were born during and following World War II. Because many species of insects rapidly developed resistance to the new chemicals, dosage rates had to be increased and the side effects became more damaging than ever. Thanks to that marvelous book, we are moving away from biocides—those chemicals which, if unchecked, can erase virtually all life from the environment—in favor of controls that have no serious effect beyond the target against which they are applied.

A wise approach to pesticide use was suggested by British scientist Sir Julian Huxley, in a letter to the *New York Times*. "A spokesman for one of the pesticide manufacturers," Sir Julian wrote, "demanded that any judgment on the role of pesticides in the recent mass death of fish in the lower Mississippi should be delayed until more information had been obtained. I should have thought the more sensible course would have been to delay the use of known toxic substances liable to drain into the river until more information was available."

The issue at stake is not the need for the use of chemicals to control pests or to serve other needs of mankind. That argument is a straw man which diverts the controversy into unproductive channels. The basic question is: "How can pesticides be used without harm to man and the living natural resources upon which he depends?" We have far to go before we can answer that question. Meanwhile, our health and habitat are critically endangered, and we would enforce what measures can be taken now to keep pesticide damage to a minimum.

In my opinion we must:

1. Severely restrict the use of DDT, chlordane, dieldrin, endrin and similar pesticide compounds that are known to concentrate in the tissue of living organisms, and completely abandon their use at the first practical moment.

2. Regulate and inspect all steps in the manufacture and sale of pesticides, including labeling and disposal of wastes.

3. Compel the use of nonbreakable containers for pesticides; insist upon the printing of symbols for poison on labels.

4. Abandon use of broad-spectrum toxic pesticides in all but the most extreme circumstances, in favor of less poisonous selective chemicals which strike at specific pests and do no harm to wildlife or man.

5. Continue—and accelerate—our search for improved means of controlling pests through natural enemies, mechanical devices, sterilants and lures, and through land-management practices.

6. Increase research to determine the precise effects of existing pesticide residues on man and other animals, and seek means of eliminating residues from food, water, soil and all living things.

7. Expand our campaign of education until every American is thoroughly aware of the dangers of pesticides and can protect himself and his family from unintentional or accidental injury.

At a time when 112 million Americans are living in dense urban situations, no man, nor municipality, nor industry is "an island," with any justifiable right to demean the common resources that all must share. A large part of our population consists of innocent bystanders, but they are seriously affected by pesticide use. We cannot minimize the investments and effort necessary for effective pesticide control, but, as has been documented extensively, the penalties for not doing so have become unthinkable.

—Stewart L. Udall

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BARBARIANS ON BIKES

[*Continued from page* 35]

Luckily the Angels didn't ride or raid that day, but we weren't surprised by the threat. Angels in Oakland had already fondly shown us the "armored car"—a 1948 Chrysler limousine fitted with a corrugated iron turret and a .30 caliber machine gun. The Angels are still ready to ride and rampage, a bit more warily, perhaps, than before, but with no less bravado or disdain for the law.

The biggest and—its 60-odd members say—the toughest of the Hell's Angels chapters is the one in Oakland, a grimy, industrial city across the bay from San Francisco. From their hangout, an East Oakland beer joint called the El Adobe Club, the Oakland Angels range on their Harleys throughout the state.

Weekend evenings when they're not making a run, the Angels crowd into El Adobe to drink beer, swap tales of past adventures and plan new escapades. "For Christ's sake, Dottie," roars Tiny, the Oakland Angels' six-foot, six-inch sergeant at arms, to Dottie Darling, co-owner of El Adobe, "gimme a beer. I'm dying of thirst!" And Tiny plops his 270 pounds down on a barstool.

The other Angels clomp in: Magoo, tall, wild-eyed, a gold earring dangling from his left ear; Terry the Tramp, wearing a scraggly mustache and black hair flowing to his shoulders; Jimmy, with a red swastika band on his arm; Ronnie, Clean Cut, Jimmy, Fat Freddie and a dozen more. The Hell's Angels are no kids. Tiny, the oldest, is 31; Ronnie, the youngest, about 22. With them are some of the Angels' women: Jackie, only 19, slim and pretty; Jan, Tiny's girl, a shapely brunette, and Jean, Ronnie's dark-haired wife.

Then Sonny Barger, 26-year-old president of the Oakland Angels, sweeps into the El Adobe's parking lot on his gleaming 1965 bike, kicks down the stand and strides into the bar amidst greetings from his men. We introduce ourselves cautiously to Sonny, who eyes us coolly, though without malice. Stick around if you want to, his nod seems to say, but don't get out of line if you want to stay healthy. This is Angel turf.

A lean six-footer with hard eyes and the face of a rebellious Christ, Barger, who has been president since 1958, runs the Oakland Angels quietly but firmly. He makes the important decisions on runs, sees to it that his boys pay their weekly bail bond payments and speaks for the chapter. In return, the Angels take good care of Sonny, buying him a new Harley-Davidson every year, paying the rent on his house and giving him what he calls a "substantial" monthly salary.

Although his only other known income is $55 weekly in unemployment compensation, Sonny pulled out a thick roll on a recent Friday night, waded through three hundred-dollar bills and half an inch or so of twenties to find a $5 bill to loan Magoo to get into a crap game. "Yesterday was payday," Sonny told us casually, tucking $905 back into his ancient Levi's. The Angels foot the bill for Sonny's upkeep cheerfully. "Oakland is God's country," says Jimmy. "And there's God," he adds, pointing to Sonny.

Secure in their tight little society, the Oakland Angels reject all outside authority. Jobs are temporary nuisances to be dropped at will. The police are occasional enemies to be flaunted and outwitted whenever possible. "The last plainclothesman who came in here got a beer bath," says Mouldy Marvin, the newest of the Oakland Angels.

Bathing a cop in beer is an example of what the Angels call "showing class." Definition, according to an Oakland Angel: "Showing class means you're double cool. You're not square and you don't care what squares think. Showing class separates the best from all the rest."

When the Frisco Angels made a run on Vallejo in 1956, "they came into town real slow," Sonny Barger recalls, "in formation, showing their colors, real cool." Then the Angel leading the run spotted a row of 50 cycles owned by the reputable Oakland Motorcycle Club lined up against the curb. "He just gave the first bike a shove with his foot," Sonny remembers fondly, "and everyone of those bikes fell down like a row of goddam dominoes. Man, that's showing class!"

Not all efforts at showing class are quite so harmless. Three years ago in a Sacramento tavern, two Angels pulled an 18-year-old blonde off a barstool, ripped off her jeans and panties, and held her on the floor. "The victim was menstruating at the time," said the attorney general's report. "Her sanitary napkin was removed

HOW ANGELS TALK IN THEIR PRIVATE HELL

The peculiar argot of California's motorcycle-mounted highwaymen reflects their unique and distorted view of the world about them. It is coarse, colorful, yet strangely expressive. It forms a part of their ritual and distinguishes a true Angel from a square.

Chopper: A motorcycle with the front brake and fender removed, wheel fork extended forward, and handlebars set high.

Citizen: A nonmember; a square; a cyclist who belongs to the American Motorcycle Association.

Colors: The death's-head emblem of the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club.

Crash: To pass out drunk; to have an accident.

Garbage Wagon: A stock motorcycle with standard parts and fittings intact, and loaded with saddlebags and chrome, as distinct from a chopper. The club's bylaws forbid a member to wear his colors while riding one.

Hog: A Harley-Davidson.

Legal: Conforming with club bylaws or customs; a member's "legal" name is his club name as, for example, "Tiny from Oakland" or "Little Jesus from Sacramento."

Mama: A promiscuous girl willing to "pull a train" (see below).

Originals: Levi's that haven't been washed in three years. A member's originals are "baptized" at his initiation when all members urinate on them.

Outlaw: A cyclist not affiliated with the American Motorcycle Association. Only outlaws are eligible for Angel membership.

Participate: To aid a member in a fight by ganging his opponent.

Pull a Train: For a girl to have intercourse with each one in a line—a train—of Angels.

Red Wings: U.S.A.F. flight insignia, enameled red, signifying the wearer has committed a sexual perversion on a menstruating woman; black wings indicate the victim was a Negro.

Run: An all-day or weekend trip to a town.

Show Class: To do anything malicious or shocking, usually illegal.

Snuff or Get Snuffed: To kill or be killed.

Turn Out: To be initiated as a member; in the case of a girl, to pull a train for the first time.

and the third individual committed cunnilingus upon her." This was the ultimate in showing class, an act the Angels term a real mind-snapper.

As all this shows, the Hell's Angels are hardly rebels with a glorious cause. By and large, they're emotionally warped misfits. Some misfits "solve" their personality difficulties by withdrawing hermitlike into themselves. But the Angels aren't like other loners. Instead, they've adjusted to their problem by banding together in a group that turns morals upside down and loudly and showily makes virtues out of what the rest of the world considers vices.

Together on their racy motorcycles, the Angels experience a power and authority few of them could ever hope to command as individuals. But in talking to them you learn that these vagrant knights of the freeway are haunted inwardly by the knowledge that they can't really hope to win against the massive weight of conventional society.

"We're losers and we know we're losers," one Angel confessed in an unusually perceptive mood. "But, by God, we're losers who are going to make a scene on the way out."

Outlaw motorcyclists are hardly newcomers to California. In 1947, some 750 riders swarmed into the tiny town of Hollister over the July 4th weekend, overwhelmed the seven-man police force and turned the main street into a drag strip. Aroused townspeople ineffectively tried to force them out, and 50 persons were injured in rock-throwing skirmishes. Only after three dozen armed special officers came to the rescue was order restored—a full 36 hours after the cyclists first wheeled into town. The Hollister raid—so lawless and, with the war barely over, strangely reminiscent of the Nazis—received considerable national attention and inspired a movie classic called *The Wild Ones* that starred Marlon Brando.

A year after Hollister, once again over Independence Day, 1,000 cyclists descended on Riverside, California. They gunned their machines through town at will, peeled off in sorties against the police and showered the cops with firecrackers. When Sheriff Cary Rayburn cornered one bunch of invaders and ordered them out of town, they contemptuously slapped him around, ripped off his badge and tore his uniform.

Another grinning pack halted the car of an Air Force captain in the middle of town. When the officer honked his horn, the cyclists clambered onto the hood and stomped it in, smashed every window, slugged the officer and pawed his terror-stricken wife before letting them go with a warning not to honk at pedestrians.

By 1950, the outlaws who were to become the Hell's Angels were barred from —and in turn rejected—all existing motorcycle clubs. The American Motorcycle Association geared up a successful drive to disassociate legitimate, law-abiding cycle groups, which had gained the endorsement of most police officials, from the outlaws. "We felt the disreputable cyclists were possibly one percent of the total number of motorcyclists at the time," says Linton A. Kuchler, executive secretary of the American Motorcycle Association. Over and over the Association repeated: "Only one percent of motorcyclists are hoodlums and troublemakers."

The public took note. So did the one percent. In 1950 at Fontana, in San Bernardino County, veterans of the runs on Hollister and Riverside met to draft the charter and bylaws for the first Hell's Angels chapter. This became the "mother" chapter and issued charters to chapters in other California cities. The founders wanted to drive home hard one point: The Hell's Angels were outlaws and proud of it. To emphasize this, they stitched a diamond-shaped patch that read "1%—er" on jackets that also bore the winged death's head design they took as their symbol.

The Korean war swept many of the Angels into uniform, and the organization ground to a near standstill. But in 1955, two years after the war ended, California police got evidence the Hell's Angels were reorganizing in force. Plagued by an epidemic of motorcycle thefts, Sacramento police raided an abandoned house used by the Angels on the bank of the Sacramento River. In a crudely dug basement they found enough neatly sorted parts to start a motorcycle shop. Half a dozen leading Angels were jailed for theft, but by the summer of 1957 they were loose and ready for the biggest run since Riverside.

The target was the tiny town of Angels Camp, which had been the setting for Mark Twain's short story, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,* and is famous now for an annual jumping frog contest. Several hundred Hell's Angels and members of other outlaw clubs picked Angels Camp to demonstrate their riding prowess before some 3,000 other cyclists who were gathered for A.M.A. sanctioned races in conjunction with the frog-jumping.

After buying up the entire beer supply of four bars, the Angels charged toward the A.M.A. camp on the far side of town. On the way, some Angels took the peak of a hill at over 100 mph. and rode blindly head-on into a group of cyclists. When the wheels stopped spinning, two riders lay broken and dying in a tangle of mangled machines.

In 1961, the action moved to the little town of Rodeo on San Pablo Bay, northeast of San Francisco. Located on U.S. 40, the town is easily accessible from Vallejo, Sacramento, Martinez, Oakland and San Francisco, all of which had sizeable Hell's Angels chapters. In Rodeo, the Angels found a congenial atmosphere which included a couple of friendly bars always eager to serve another round to the free-spending Angels.

A San Francisco seaman and a local longshoreman, drinking in one of the Angels' Rodeo hangouts in April, 1962, saw a Hell's Angel corner a middle-aged woman, strip off her clothes and roll playfully with her on the sawdust dance floor while other Angels laughed and shouted encouragement. The woman finally managed to gather her clothes and escape.

One of the fun-loving Angels was Burney Sharp, at that time the object of a manhunt by Contra Costa County deputies who had a warrant for his arrest

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on charges of possessing stolen goods. Just before closing time, two deputies walked into the hangout and found 15 carousing Angels. Burney Sharp was at the bar.

"You sonsofbitches aren't going to pinch me," said Sharp, and he bolted for the door. When the deputies tackled him outside, he went down slugging and kicking. From inside the tavern somebody shouted: "Let's kill the bastards," and the Angels came streaming out.

One deputy was slugged from behind with a beer bottle. The other collapsed as a heavy pool cue was whacked across his spine. Feet and fists rained on the lawmen as they slumped to the ground.

Disgusted with what they had witnessed now and earlier, and afraid that the deputies would be beaten to death, the seaman and the longshoreman charged into the fight on the deputies' side. Both were slugged to the ground and kicked in the head, but neither they nor the deputies were badly injured—yet.

The next night when the longshoreman and his wife left another club in Rodeo, the Angels were waiting. One casually fingered a sharpened screwdriver. "You're a fink," he shouted at the longshoreman. "You're a dead sonofabitch." The Angels moved in and the longshoreman went down with a half a dozen cuts streaming blood from his head, body and legs. Two girls with the Hell's Angels crowd caught his wife and pushed her through a plate glass window. Fortunately, the woman wasn't seriously hurt. But only a fast ambulance and 31 sutures saved the longshoreman from bleeding to death.

Although the violent side of the Hell's Angels has received the most attention, California police say their real lawbreaking genius lies in stealing, stripping and cannibalizing motorcycles. Attorney General Lynch complained in his report that "there are no means of identifying [motorcycle] accessories, and a field check of serial numbers on the motorcycle is usually negative because of the difficulty of detecting any evidence of alteration." Yet there still is no questioning the Angels' skill at cycle thievery.

The Angels deny this officially, but Oakland members privately boast how some guys once stole a motorcycle parked outside a bar, stripped it, divvied up the parts and returned to the bar before its owner even knew it was missing. Says Sacramento patrolman Leonard Chatoian, himself a motorcycle buff: "I don't know a single Angel who can't take a cycle apart in less than two hours. And I don't know a professional mechanic who can do the same thing in less than three."

Not even police motorcycles are safe from the Hell's Angels. An Angel was at a drive-in one day when a cycle cop pulled up, cut his motor and walked toward the entrance. The Angel sprang onto the motorcycle, flipped the switch on before the engine stopped sputtering and roared off leaving an enraged and embarrassed officer in the wake. This cycle and another belonging to the San Francisco force are said to be hidden in the garage of a Bay Area Angel.

Like the desecration of the young blonde and kicking down the row of opposition cycles, these exploits, in Angels' terms, also "show class." To achieve this goal, an Angel has to do something daring, different and attention-getting. Wearing Nazi badges and medals is another example. "Just because I wear a swastika on my arm doesn't mean I'm a Nazi," says Jimmy from Oakland. "It's just to get people shook up."

To further shake up square citizens, Angels often greet one another with a vigorous kiss on the mouth. "What the hell," says Tiny, "French men kiss each other and nobody thinks anything of it, so why can't we?"

The Angels' raffish dress also gets them a lot of attention. Far from wearing the uniform black leather jackets and helmets of fictional motorcycle outlaws, the Oakland Angels vary widely in their outfits. Only the Levi's are standard, usually worn two pairs at a time, the outside pair a greasy, raggedy pair of "originals"—Levi's which haven't been washed in at least three years. Jackets range from bomber-style olive drabs and athletic jackets to a red, orange and yellow rug with a hole cut in it for the head. It's true that some Angels wear leather, but they are the exception.

Most of the Angels' jackets are decorated with a wide variety of items, such as Ronnie's miniature kewpie doll, Jimmy's and Skip's Nazi medals and insignia and Sonny's Planned Parenthood button and "Stamp Out Communism" badge. Last year, Jimmy and Tiny designed a patch consisting of the letters DFFL, standing for "Dope Forever, Forever Loaded," and worn in close conjunction with the numeral "13." Angels say this merely means the wearer was "born unlucky." Cops claim it stands for the 13th letter of the alphabet, "M," meaning marijuana. Both could be right.

To an Angel, the more shocking an act in public, the more class it shows. A Hell's Angel in Rodeo once picked up the front half of a dead cat which had been sliced in two by a train and tucked it beneath his jacket with just the head visible. At a local coffee shop, he petted the head tenderly, told the waitress the animal was feeling poorly, and asked for a saucer of milk. Touched by his concern, the waitress brought the milk. The Angel pulled the cat from his jacket, its entrails dragging, and shoved its head into the saucer. "Here, kitty, drink your goddam milk!" he shouted.

Showing class can also mean accepting a wild dare. On a foray into northern Mexico a few years ago, a group of Angels went foraging in the desert hills for food. One found the rank carcass of a fox. Somebody suggested, "Hey, we ought to eat this bastard!" The Angels roasted the ungutted, unskinned carcass over a bonfire and each swallowed a chunk. Mass

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"I'll be okay in a minute. I was listening to Yogi explain something Casey said."

vomiting followed immediately. "I flashed till I couldn't stand up," says one of the Angels who was there, "but you've got to admit eating that fox showed class."

One belief that binds the Angels together is that "there are only two kinds of people in this world—Angels and people who wish they were Angels," according to Magoo. "All my life, I wanted to be an Angel," he says. "If you're an Angel, you got it made." New member Mouldy Marvin recently spent five days in jail on a disturbing the peace charge because he refused to accept probation. His reason: "The first thing you know the law would have wanted me to drop out of the Angels. They can take their probation and stick it. I'd do five years before I'd take off my colors."

"Don't think it's easy to join the club," says Marvin. "A guy can't just come up and say 'Yoohoo, I want to be an Angel.' Hell, it took me over a year to get in." Qualifications are purposely vague. If a would-be Angel hangs around the group long enough, and lets it be known that he is interested in joining, he becomes a "prospective." A month or more later the members meet to consider him. If one member casts a blackball, he must explain why before a second vote, which must be unanimous. If two members cast a blackball on the first vote, the prospective is automatically rejected.

Women play a central role in Angel life, and there are only two kinds: "Mamas," who hang around the group for thrills and pay their way with sex; and the "old ladies," who are wives or girl friends. The "old ladies" definitely are not common property. Hands off or there's a big fight. Mamas are something else again. They are passed around freely, within the club and to favored outsiders.

But mamas are hardly the most desirable females around. Magoo sadly recalls what happened when he ran out of gas on a trip to Bakersfield with Beverly, the chapter's most recent mama. "Do you know," he says, "I couldn't find a single gas station attendant who would give me a free gallon for a go at Mama Beverly." In Sacramento, an Angel once auctioned off a mama in a bar. Top bid: 12 cents.

In contrast to their riotous runs, the Oakland chapter's rules for meetings "are stricter than those of any other club," boasts Tiny, the sergeant at arms. With a solemnity that belies his reputation as a beer-guzzling hell-raiser, Tiny keeps a tight rein on the chapter's Sunday night meetings, levying fines of two bits for talking out of order, $1.25 for "insulting an officer," $5 for fighting.

A great deal of violence takes place at Angel parties. But it's good-natured roughhousing in contrast to the barbarism of runs. The object is to get wildly drunk without "crashing," the Angels term for passing out. Jimmy, who crashed at a party in Sacramento, said he woke up to find that "my sun glasses were painted black, I had dirty words written all over my face, and my Levi's were on fire." Frequently when an Angel crashes, the other members urinate on him. "That's just to teach him not to crash," says Tiny. "We're all friends and brothers. I don't say I've never crashed," says Tiny, "but my claim to fame is that I've never been caught crashed."

Hell's Angels spend a lot of time and money in court. "I've been arrested for everything but first degree murder," Sonny Barger told us one day last spring, "but they only convicted me on one rap—possession of marijuana." At the time he was free on $27,500 bond on an assault-with-intent-to-commit-murder charge that still hasn't come to trial. Says Dorothy Connors, the Angels' Oakland bondswoman: "These boys are the backbone of the bail bond business. Ordinary customers come and go, but just like clockwork the Angels come down to my office each week to make their payments. They really pay the overhead."

When they're not in jail, the Oakland Angels work at a wide variety of jobs, some well paying. Tiny earns $150 a week as credit manager for a television dealer. "The boss offered me a store of my own if I'd cut my hair and shave off my beard," he claims, "but I told him I wouldn't do that for 50 stores." Two other Angels work at a General Motors assembly plant, one as an inspector.

Jimmy, on the other hand, manages to get along by "picking up a little here and there." Not long ago, police got the idea that Jimmy had picked up 200 tires and a truck from a racing tire shop, and they arrested him and Clean Cut. But they beat the rap. It was Clean Cut's first arrest, ending his status as the only Oakland Angel who had never been in jail.

After the riotous 1963 Porterville run, Angels engaged in a series of violent sorties up and down the state, including the rape of an Oakland woman at gunpoint before her three children, an assault on two girls in a cafe in Sacramento and a raid on the town of Willits over Independence Day, 1964.

Then, after an Angel from San Bernardino was killed last summer pulling out on Highway 99 in front of a truck-trailer, other Angels around the state decided to assemble over the Labor Day weekend to raise money to ship his body back home to his mother in North Carolina.

It was this run that brought the full wrath of Attorney General Lynch upon them. Early on Saturday more than 400 Angels and other outlaws converged on Monterey and settled at Nick's Bar outside town. That night, the party moved to the beach, where the Angels gathered girls and beer around huge bonfires. "Just good, clean fun," Oakland's Terry the Tramp insists.

At three in the morning, two girls, 14 and 15 years old, who had been hanging around Nick's earlier in the evening, came down to their party, accompanied by five men. The Angels offered the men beers, and the two girls disappeared into a swarm of Angels.

A little later, screams from the girls brought sheriff's deputies and military police charging onto the beach. The officers said they found the girls hysterical—the 15-year-old completely nude, the younger girl wearing only a blouse. The girls said they had each been raped by "five or ten" Angels, none of whom they could identify.

The next morning, though, the girls

[*Continued on page* 80]

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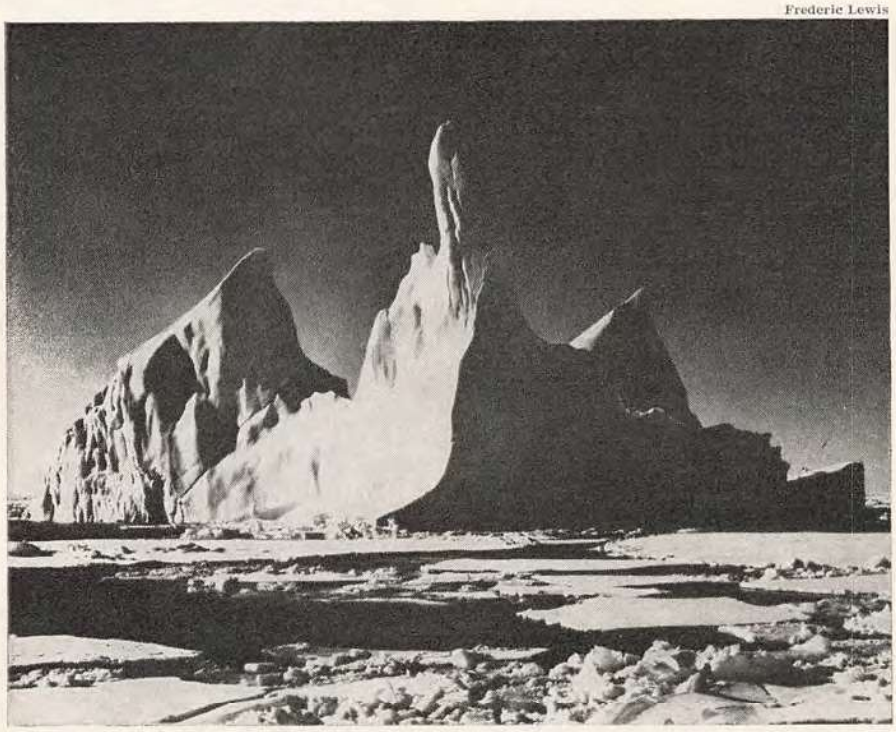

Giant prowlers of the sea, icebergs can bring fear to even the bravest of seamen.

Cooling questions for a hot summer day. That's what we've received from Don Dexter of Denver, Colorado, who, though now far from the sea, is an ex-merchant seaman. Don, who allows that he has seen a few icebergs in his time, asks us to check up on a few matters pertaining to King Neptune's mighty ice cubes.

How far can icebergs travel? What's the biggest iceberg ever sighted? How many ships have been sunk by icebergs since the *Titanic*?

Icebergs from Greenland, where the North Atlantic ones come from, can travel astonishing distances. One was spotted at 31° north, which is about the latitude of Jacksonville, Florida. The real record holders are those that have been seen off Bermuda and the Azores, which would put them about 2,500 miles from home.

Of course, the bergs don't get that far in any one year. North Atlantic distance record breakers have been making their ponderous way as long as three years before finally dissolving. The Antarctic variety, sticking to colder seas, may hold out for ten years. Since these southern bergs are out of shipping lanes, and therefore seldom observed, nobody knows for sure just how far they might travel, but icebergs from the Antarctic have been seen as far north as the latitude of Buenos Aires.

Greenland icebergs rarely measure more than a mile to a side, but 50 miles is a fairly common length for those from the Antarctic. The record for size goes to an Antarctic berg. This particular one was reported by the U.S. Navy icebreaker *Glacier*, in 1956. It measured, by careful computation, 50 by 208 miles—bigger than the state of Massachusetts!

Only one major ship has been sunk by an iceberg since the *Titanic* went down, and the disaster curiously paralleled the earlier one. The *Titanic* was a new ship, hailed as unsinkable. So was the *Hans Hedtoft*, a new Danish craft which embarked from Greenland on January 29, 1959. She had a double steel bottom and an armored bow and stern, as well as the latest radar and navigational equipment. Experts scoffed at the misgivings of a Danish member of Parliament, Augo Lynge, who had opposed building a vessel for operation in Greenland waters during the winter months, when the danger of icebergs is greatest.

Just as Lynge feared, the "unsinkable" craft collided with an iceberg and went to the bottom. Unlike the *Titanic* disaster, there were no survivors of the *Hans Hedtoft*. All 95 passengers and crewmen died. Ironically, one was Augo Lynge.

Q: We were studying "Old Ironsides" in school and could not find out if the ship was really covered with iron plate or not. Could you enlighten? *Gale W. Newton, Glasgow, Mont.*

A: It was not. Its real name was the *Constitution*. It gained its nickname "Old Ironsides" when American sailors during the Revolutionary War saw British shot bounding off its solid oak sides during an engagement with the British ship, *Guerriere*.

Q: Will a double yolked egg produce twin chicks? *Earl Jensen, Glendive, Mont.*

A: In normal situations double yolk eggs are not used for hatching purposes. It is theoretically possible for a double yolk egg with two fertile embryos to produce twin chicks. The possibility, however, of both chicks being normal is very remote.

Q: Why don't the chocolate chips in cookies melt in the oven? *Kenneth E. Signor, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A: They do, but the dough around the chocolate chips provides enough insulation to prevent them from losing their shape.

Q: Is it true that each of the tartan plaids represent a particular Scottish clan? *Lama S. Patton, Leadville, Colo.*

A: No. At one time tartan plaid, a worsted cloth woven with alternate colored stripes and bands to form sets of checkered patterns, did distinguish various clans of the Scottish Highlands. However, this type of cloth became popular the world over and once large manufacturers began turning out their own versions so much confusion was thrown into Scottish heraldry that the exact origin of many of the patterns still hasn't been figured out.

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Q: Where did the Republicans' elephant and the Democrats' donkey originate? ***Monty C. Jennings, Mansfield, Pa.***

A: Thomas Nast, a famous political cartoonist of his time, originated these popular party symbols for *Harper's Weekly* in the 1860's. An ardent Republican, he drew the elephant to symbolize his party's largeness and strength; and for the Democrats he drew the donkey in order to represent them as always kicking up a lot of fuss. These animals still play their roles in politics today, but with less definite symbolism.

Q: Where and what is the Trail of Tears? ***D. M. Elliff, Lincoln, Nebr.***

A: It is the route between Georgia and Oklahoma over which the Cherokee Indians were driven with such force, horror and suffering that that name was given it. More than a quarter of the Cherokee nation, 4,600 men, women and children, died in the move which took place, by order of the state of Georgia, during the late 1830's. Georgia resented the fact that the Cherokees were on some of its best land, so the state badgered the U.S. Government into literally transplanting the entire Cherokee nation in a single move.

Q: Could you tell me how bull horns are made into horns for calling hounds? As I remember, they have a series of holes bored into them to produce different tones. ***Sherm Swim, Pocatello, Idaho.***

A: The hunting horn is made by preparing a mouthpiece similar to a bugle or trumpet on the small end of the horn. The finished horn is blown in a manner similar to a bugle, and according to record, none have been made with a series of holes. The varying tones are strictly a lip job.

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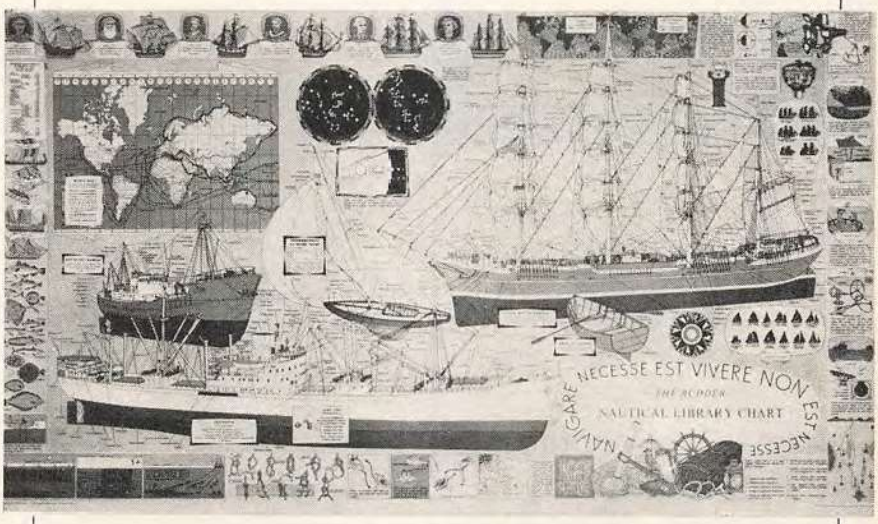

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[*Continued from page* 77]

picked out four Angels as their attackers, including Mouldy Marvin and Terry the Tramp from Oakland. Newspapers across the state headlined: "Hell's Angels Rape Teen-Agers" and State Senator Fred Farr of Carmel demanded a statewide investigation of the Angels.

Stirred to action after years of apathy, California law officials began their investigation. But then came an ironic twist. Shortly after the investigation got underway, the four Angels were released. The girls—one of whom was seven months pregnant—changed their stories again. They decided they couldn't identify the "rapists" after all, and, according to Lynch, "further investigation raised questions as to whether forcible rape had been committed."

Though the case that had aroused the state collapsed, the investigative wheels had started rolling and nothing could stop them. Sheriffs, police chiefs and highway patrol officers compiled a mountain of evidence on the Angels' bloody path across the state in an effort to identify the club and destroy it. And in the spring Lynch issued his report.

Along with information on the Angels came recommendations on how best to handle them. "The only thing members of the Hell's Angels understand is unrelenting firmness in law enforcement backed by sufficient show of strength to implement it," said one chief of police.

The attorney general's report candidly recognized such action would be a change. He conceded that the police and courts shared the blame for what had been going on by being lax in ferreting out Angels and in judging them when they were caught.

As a first step in the crackdown, the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation recorded on punch cards, for quick sorting, descriptions and "rap sheets" of every known Angel. Currently, the Bureau is arranging with local police department's and sheriff's offices for a quarterly or semiannual exchange of detailed intelligence reports.

The objective is to fill out the bare facts of police records with information that usually isn't recorded unless a suspect is arrested: Changes in appearance and dress, new hangouts, new associates. In this manner, the Bureau hopes to be able to warn the Los Angeles Police Department that, for example, a black-bearded San Francisco Angel has shaved his beard, dyed his hair blond, and was last seen on the way to L.A.

Since Monterey, the police have been on the offensive—and have racked up a few victories. Following a lurid series of articles that appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* describing boozing, pornography and mayhem in the clubhouse of the San Francisco Angels, the San Francisco police raided the clubhouse and arrested 31 Angels and 15 of their girls on charges ranging from assault with deadly weapons to possession of marijuana. (As an extra dash of spice, the police said they also found "one couple having intercourse.")

More significant, pressure from law enforcement officers has taken some of the joy out of the Angels' weekend runs.

This past spring, Angels from the Oakland, Richmond, and northern California chapters rendezvoused in Collinsville, population 25, a fishing resort on the Sacramento River 50 miles northeast of San Francisco. With sleeping bags and girls on their bikes, and wine, beer and chow stashed in an olive drab pickup truck, the Angels were primed for a wild weekend. While one bunch settled into the local bar and started drinking, more restless Angels caroused noisily on a riverbank pier. The party was just getting warmed up when a dozen police cars careened into the parking area and discharged 16 deputies and highway patrolmen—carbines, shotguns, and submachine guns at the ready.

"We had a report there was a riot going on out here," said a lawman.

"There's no riot," said Sonny Barger. "We're just having a little fun."

"Sorry, boys," the sheriff's man said after a conference with the owner of the bar, "we've had a complaint, and you'll have to go."

Sonny paused for a moment and looked first at his men and then at the heavily armed lawmen. "It's not worth it," he shrugged. "Let's cut out."

So the Angels saddled up and rode out of Collinsville, jeering and casting defiant looks at the officers. At every town boundary and county line, a new set of patrol cars picked up the escort until the Angels wound up right back where they started—in El Adobe.

As matters stand now, the Angels are keeping fairly quiet. It's impossible for a group of more than four motorcyclists to venture on a major road without word being flashed to highway patrol headquarters and thence to every police and sheriff's department on their route. In San Bernardino County, where the club was founded, the sheriff's department reports that members no longer wear their colors in public.

Nonetheless, the Angels are only biding their time and vowing there will be more runs in the future. And here at El Adobe, Sonny Barger, Magoo, Tiny and all the rest sit through the night, brooding, singing a ribald anthem and shouting defiance at California's armed might.

"We have to be more careful now," they concede, "but there's no police force in the world strong enough to wipe out the Hell's Angels."

—Chuck Alverson & Donald Moffitt

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

BROOKIE BONANZA IN THE BOONDOCKS

[*Continued from page 39*]

and other predators. If you've never heard of the Sutton, don't be surprised. Few people have.

I learned of it first in 1958 from Stan DeLuce, who runs the air service out of White River, Ontario.

"I'd like to take you and Johnny up there sometime." (Johnny is John Calkins, businessman-photographer and my companion on many a trout exploration trip.) "The trout run big, and you can take just about all you want. The average fish is two and a half to three pounds, but the record is 11. The river is heavily populated with trout the year around, but beginning late in July, sea-run brookies start coming up from Hudson Bay to spawn. In August they throng the stream, and they run bigger than the natives."

This kind of talk goes to a man's head. A river where the *average* fish is a trophy. A river where you just *might* run into a giant!

"You're killing me!" I said. "I couldn't start any sooner than now."

Stan shook his head reluctantly. "Right now the Sutton is off limits. The waters there are reserved for Indians and the handful of other locals. It's in the Hinterland."

I'd heard of this near-impenetrable wilderness area and knew it had been closed to nonresidents for years. My spirits took a dive. All that beautiful talk—

"But there's a rumor of opening it up," Stan went on.

For a long time, that was the situation. Here, apparently, was one of the great, unspoiled trout rivers of the continent—and no way to fish it.

Good news finally arrived in 1963. The Sutton, Stan told us, was now open. It was too late to arrange a trip that year, but try to keep us out in 1964. Furthermore, the advance notice had fascinating overtones. The Department of Lands and Forests and the Department of Indian Affairs had decided on a unique experiment: instead of turning over the area to a white operator, they had decided to put the four Chockomolins brothers in charge.

The Chockomolins are Cree Indians who live by trapping and hunting, just as their ancestors had done for generations. Now, under the guidance of Indian Affairs, they would turn their natural talents to tourism, thus giving them a new source of income. The mere idea added spice to the adventure.

Let's skip for a moment the preliminary arrangements, the long bush plane flight over territory both fascinating and forbidding, and get into that first memorable day on the Sutton—Monday, July 27.

There were four of us in the party: Johnny Calkins of Manistee, Michigan, Bob Crowell and Storer Lunt of New York City and myself. We had gone to bed the night before in a comfortable log cabin in the Chockomolin village at the lower end of Hawley Lake, wondering if the Sutton could possibly live up to its advance notices. In its 70-mile run from Hawley Lake to Hudson Bay, the river drops 350 feet. Did this mean falls and portages? The maps showed markings indicating swamp and muskeg. Did this suggest mucky bottoms and cloudy water? Could this possibly be the kind of trout stream one conjures up in his dreams? Where was the catch? We fell asleep pondering unanswered questions.

By 7 the next morning we were eating breakfast, and by 8 our canoes were loaded with gear, lunch and extra clothing. There had been a frost earlier and the air had a nip in it.

Johnny and I were in one canoe. Our guide was Bert Sutherland, a big, handsome Cree with a Scotch name, and the rounded muscles and impassive face of a Sonny Liston. Bert was the only man in the village who spoke English and therefore was interpreter for the party.

For the first seven miles the Sutton was a wide, slow-moving river, a shallow extension of Hawley Lake. The bottom was gravel, the water clear. Then the river changed with dramatic suddenness. The channel narrowed, the water deepened and waves formed as the Sutton swung around a point of land. Bert turned off the outboard and said, "Get your rods ready."

I needed no urging. I had already tied on my favorite fly, the largest Michigan Hopper in my box, a creation with a yellow-yarn body, dun wings and a red tail.

Bert thrust a pole into the gravel on the outside of the bend where the bank was highest and the current deepest, holding the canoe firmly in place. I stood up, whisked out no more than 15 feet of line, and let the first cast drift over toward the swiftest part of the current. At the count of three—no more—there was a swirl and a smash. My rod tip came down in a sharp bow. The feel in my rod hand suggested a kind of irresistible fury like nothing I had known before.

The fish ran some 50 feet before I could collect my wits and cautiously begin braking with my thumb. Then the trout was running toward the canoe and I was frantically hauling in line, holding the rod as high as I could reach, trying to keep the tip safely bent. For a space it fought near the surface, 15 feet off the bow, and I caught glimpses of a wide back and deep sides. Then the brookie was off again and all I could do was let it go.

When my right arm began to ache with the unaccustomed strain, I switched the rod to my left, bringing the fish slowly toward the canoe as the rushes at last became slower and more aimless. Then Bert had my prize in the net, and was holding it up for my inspection. Breathing deeply, I took a good look at my first Sutton River brookie. It was a sight to race the pulse. The coloring was as brilliant and well defined as any trout I'd ever seen—red spots with blue halos on the sides, vermiculations along the back, salmon-colored fins rimmed with pure ivory. The trout was deep-bodied and wide with the mature jaws of a scrapper who had won its growth over the years in reaching its 20-inch length and three and a half pounds.

During that quarter hour of action all awareness of my surroundings had disappeared, and only now was I able to relax and look around. Johnny, who had been flipping a large white mayfly toward the opposite bank, was playing a trout the same size as mine. Bob Crowell, some 20 yards upstream, was taming the final surface flops another lunker.

"Can you beat it?" Johnny murmured in awe.

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No, if the rest of the week was anything like the first encounter, you certainly couldn't beat it anywhere. I tried to remember . . . Johnny and I on the Gravel, the Rapid, the Pukaskwa, always seeking virgin water, always after the incomparable brook trout. We were the first to go down the Pukaskwa all the way to Lake Superior, a mountain torrent that drops 700 feet in 50 miles. We had encountered hot action in the pools and rapids, but we caught no fish as large as the first three we battled on the Sutton. Our first quarter hour was worth all the years of waiting.

Planning had begun six months earlier. A stream of letters and phone calls gathering information: The Chockomolins would charge $26 a day per guest, and this would include canoe and motor, guide service and lodging. We would bring our own food and Indian women would prepare it. Round-trip flights would be about $200 apiece. There were scores of details to settle, each one whetting our appetites for the adventure that lay ahead, all leading up to Saturday, July 25, when Johnny and I met our two New York friends at the airport in Sault St. Marie for the 180-mile drive via the new Trans-Canada Highway over the hump of Lake Superior to White River, Ontario.

Sunday morning, at Stan DeLuce's air base on Tukanee Lake, five miles north of White River, we piled our duffel, food boxes, camera gear and tackle on the dock and waited while Stan sat in his office tuning in on the weather reports.

As we waited, we were impressed all over again with the caution shown by the operators of bush planes. They insist that the weather be favorable and the ground visible, not only at the destination but all along the route.

"If you ever came down in the Hinterlands," Stan said slowly, "it would take a week to locate you."

Later, as we flew over the desolation, we could understand why. Some years back, a bush plane *had* come down in the Hinterland. A million-dollar air search by many planes followed, but the lost plane was never found.

The first leg of 150 miles from White River to Nakina, on the Canadian National Railway, was over wild but familiar ground. The land was rugged and wooded, interlaced with streams and winding lakes. Off in the distance I could see streams I had fished—the Nagagami, the Pagwa, the Osawin. There were signs of industry—the copper mine at Manitovadge, neat little patches of pulpwood cuttings near the streams. At the base outside of Nakina, our pilot, Arnold Hunt, waited for more weather reports, then took on gas for the big hop of 350 miles to Hawley Lake. We flew at 3,000 feet, and with every mile the country sliding back beneath our wings became stranger and more forbidding. Land and water merged in intricate patterns, and we knew that what looked like firm ground was impassable mush above the permafrost.

We passed over two great rivers of the Far North winding eastward to James Bay—first the Ogoki, then the Albany—and here the terrain was more reassuring. There were trees along the rivers, high ground was impassable mush above the posts and camps for trappers and sportsmen.

Beyond the Albany, desolation took over again, with swamp and muskeg everywhere you looked. Now and then there were clumps of stunted trees on patches of slightly higher ground, and each clump was oddly pear-shaped, with the blunt end of the pear on the northwest. We figured that the queer pattern was a product of prevailing winds out of the northwest, blowing seeds southeast.

Then at last we were flying over the upper end of Hawley Lake, and once again the terrain was reassuring. We were in forest land once more. The lake itself was a long, sparkling pendant with high banks and rocky islands. All this was like coming to a fertile oasis after uncounted miles of nightmare.

I noted with interest that halfway down its 30-mile length, Hawley Lake pinches in to a narrow gorge.

"General Omar Bradley fished this gorge for trout some years ago," the pilot told us. "He hooked a five-pounder and the guide wanted to net it for him, but the general said nothing doing. He wanted the satisfaction of knowing he'd tamed his own fish."

Ten minutes later we were circling over the Chockomolin village, a scattering of log huts on the east bank, where Hawley Lake funnels down into the Sutton River. At the dock we met Joe Chockomolin, a tall athletic-looking Cree; his brother Louis, his brother-in-law Bert Sutherland, and a crowd of youngsters and women.

That night we went over our tackle, rigging a couple of rods apiece, and the next morning we traveled seven miles downstream to that first encounter with Sutton River trout.

"Bert," I asked our guide as we left that first bend to continue on downstream, "is the fishing as good down below as it was there?"

"You'll see," he replied.

We were entering a rapid. Bert sat in the stern, one hand on the outboard throttle, a spruce pole in the other hand. The big freighter canoe picked up speed. Bert cut the gas to idle, gave a quick shove on the pole, and deftly steered the craft between rocks, meanwhile hoisting up the propeller to protect the blades.

"Any falls?" I yelled. "Any portages?" I was thinking of that 350-foot drop to Hudson Bay.

"No falls," Bert said. "Plenty rapids."

We flew swiftly down the troughs into a long quiet pool.

"Fish here," said Bert, a man of few words.

The canoe was big and steady enough to permit both Johnny and me to stand while casting. I got a fish on my third cast and so did Johnny. Once again I felt the thrill of something big that conveyed shock to my wrist and forearm. Ten minutes later a fat brookie was in the net—19 inches and slightly under three pounds. Johnny's was an inch longer and a quarter pound heavier. Over in the other canoe, Storer and Bob, fishing the lower part of the pool, were also in business. They held their catches up for us to see—twin brothers of the pair we had caught. Weren't there any trout under two and a half pounds in the Sutton?

As we coasted toward the lower end of the pool I looked down into the clear water from standing height and could see spooked trout darting upstream. Magnified by the water they looked like giants in a hatchery pool.

TRUE

"I want to sue him for malpractice. He pulled my wife through."

We didn't stop to work on them but shot another rapid, a short, swift white-water joyride into a long, narrow pool. This time Bert used no words at all—he just nodded. For luck, I changed my fly to a big gray streamer and worked it out toward a rock jutting up in the center of the pool. A half dozen casts yielded nothing and I was about to try somewhere else when I noticed the boil of a feeding fish just behind the rock.

Johnny noted it too, and deftly laid a big Marabou alongside the upper end of the rock, beating me to it.

"Robber," I growled and he just laughed.

As the Marabou floated past the lower end of the rock, a broad back bulged out of the water and a streamlined, husky form cleared the surface of the water as it took the fly on a downward dive. The line ripped out. Then the fish went to the bottom and sulked as Johnny kept the rod tightly bowed. To help shorten line, Bert let the canoe drift toward the fish. When we were almost over the spot the fish took off and began fighting. First it went under the canoe, and there stood Johnny with the rod tip buried in the water below the gunwale of the craft. Bert deftly swung the canoe around.

With an expelled breath Johnny changed the rod to his left hand, shaking the cramped fingers of his right. Since when, I thought, did brook trout run so big that a man's wrist and fingers ached with the strain?

The trout came in at last. A four-pounder—our biggest fish up to now. Bert took a quick look and said slowly, utterly without excitement:

"The sea trout are in."

Sea trout! A forerunner of the salt water invaders that come up the Sutton in August. Johnny and I examined it eagerly. The markings were the same—red spots, salmon-pink fins rimmed with silver and square tails. The only noticeable difference to me was a silvery cast to the skin, and somewhat fainter markings. But to Bert there was no doubt at all. This individual was a sea trout.

"A week from now," Bert said, "sea trout by thousands—every pool."

I was almost glad it wasn't a week from now. How could the fishing possibly be better?

The four of us took 50 trout that day, and according to Bert a dozen of them were sea-runs. We had lunch on a grassy shelf three feet above stream level. The guides brought out food boxes and canoe chairs, built a fire for tea, then proceeded to fillet enough trout for lunch. The meat was a bright salmon pink, richly colored. Fat fillets of fried trout, bread and jam, hot tea and sugar—an unforgettable first lunch on the Sutton.

As we were resting after lunch, I wondered aloud at the size of the jackpine and balm of Gilead trees that covered the low hills above the river. Some of them were 40 feet tall. It was odd to see such lush timber 50 miles north of the muskeg wastelands we had flown over, and so close to the treeless barrens just to the north.

"Bert," I asked, "how far down is the permafrost here?"

For answer, this man of few words got out a paddle, walked up the slope a short distance and shoveled off the caribou moss and dirt until the tip of his paddle struck the iron-hard layer of permanently frozen ground. It was not more than a foot and a half down.

"Do all these trees and bushes have to grow in that thin layer of soil?"

"Yes."

"Let's try something," Johnny said suddenly.

He selected a jackpine scrub three feet long and about three inches in diameter and sliced it off near the base with the camp ax, then examined the annual rings. As nearly as he could tell, there were 75.

The question came to mind—if it took 75 years to grow this scrub, how many centuries did it take to grow a 40-foot tree?

We returned to our cabin in the village that night, and the next morning loaded our canoes with tents, sleeping bags and food for three nights on the river. We were impatient to explore more of the Sutton and perhaps meet that record-breaking sea trout head on, in some crystal pool. We were eager, too, to learn more about this land and its people.

Our guides were Bert and Marius, a younger Chockomolin. Marius spoke no English, but we had learned the night before that he could play a stud poker hand with anybody and was no slouch at cribbage.

Before we started out, Bert showed us a row of four tobogganlike sleds with curled-up bows, powered by 8½-horsepower engines driving half-tracks. They bore the trade name Ski-Doo.

"We use these for trapping," he said. "With a Ski-Doo we can cover 150 miles a day. We have only one Husky left; when he dies, no more dogs."

Farther up the hill between two cabins we noted an odd sight—copious stands of reddish sphagnum moss hanging from a clothesline.

"What on earth is that for?" I asked.

"Diaper pads," Bert said dryly. "Soft on baby skin."

"How long have Crees been trapping on the Sutton, Bert?"

Bert shrugged his massive shoulders. "Joe's grandpa ran the Hudson's Bay store at the mouth," he said. "Fifty-sixty years ago."

And before that? I knew that the Hud-

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son's Bay Company began establishing trading posts hereabouts in the 1670s. There can be little doubt that Sutton River Indians have traded with the white man for more than 200 years.

"A polar bear came into the village one spring," Bert volunteered irrelevantly, "looking for food pretty far from water."

That morning we fished down the river in leisurely fashion, picking up standard three-pounders in that first bend and more fish in all the pools we had worked the day before. We were all impatient to get to new water, hoping to meet the vanguard of the big sea-trout run.

"Look at those ice marks," Johnny said, in awe, pointing to big scars on the spruce and aspen fully 15 feet above the level of the stream.

I looked, and marveled. The annual ice breakup had sheared off all growth for at least 15 feet above water level, leaving the banks clear of overhanging limbs. There should be little trouble with back casts on this obliging stream.

We camped early that evening on a triangular shelf of grass overlooking one of the better pools on the river. Here the Sutton swept westward in a bend several hundred feet wide. There were two deep channels, one in the middle of the river and the other along the outer edge, and it was possible to wade in the shallows between the deep runs, cast into fast water, and pick up a good trout almost anywhere. Thus far today, the four of us had caught 40 trout ranging from two to three and a half pounds, keeping just enough for supper.

While we were pitching tents, Bert and Marius quickly built a waist-high table out of spruce poles and opened up a big three-burner gasoline stove—a necessity in this country to conserve wood, especially farther down the river where there were no trees.

"Tomorrow," Bert said, as he began laying corn-meal-dusted trout fillets in a big frying pan, "we'll go downstream. Some fine pools. And we'll visit Joe's winter camp."

The next day after pancakes and bacon, we took off from our campsite, roller-coastered down a rapid that fell 15 feet in a city block, and came to a pool that I'll never forget.

Below the rapid, the river widened into a shallow bay, and beyond the bay was a narrow, swift channel.

"Hot spot," Bert said.

According to our plan of taking turns in the good pools, we waved Bob, Storer and Marius into the hot spot, while we waited in the shallows. They yelled their thanks and went on ahead, into the narrow channel. As we waited for the action to commence, Johnny and I began making long casts beyond the shallows to where the river deepened.

The first time my streamer reached the edge of deep water something smashed it and I yelled to Johnny: "Here we go again!"

Almost at the same moment, Johnny's mayfly hit the water, and he called back, "Same here!"

By this time we had both switched to lighter tackle. I had traded my nine-foot bamboo rod for a custom-built seven-footer with a 2X leader. Johnny had a similar outfit.

I have no clear recollection of the next three-quarters of an hour. Battling those avid, fast-water Sutton River trout on light tackle left no moment for reflection. It was unbelievable, crazy. When we weren't playing a fish the water was boiling with missed strikes. After it was all over and the surface had quieted down, Bert informed us that we had caught and released nine trout, several of them sea-runs, the biggest three and a half pounds.

We hadn't run into the outsize lunker yet, but what a circus! And where else, I wondered, did a man find fishing like this?

While this was happening, Bob and Storer had been vainly whipping the deep channel black and blue, changing flies and trying again, without ever getting a rise.

"Sorry," we called as we passed on to the next rapid.

"Not at all," Storer replied courteously. "The pleasure is ours."

"Now we go to the winter camp," Bert told us.

We beached our two canoes on the east shore, followed a trail for a quarter of a mile to a clearing in the forest, and came upon a scene that wiped out in one instant a hundred years of history.

In the clearing were two wigwams fully 25 feet high, built entirely of pine and spruce poles. Four taller poles formed the framework, and in between these, slightly shorter poles made solid walls. The outer surface was entirely covered with thick sod and moss. A 10-foot-long entry way, also sodded over, jutted out from one side of each wigwam.

We stooped to go through the entryway and walked into the dimly lit interior. It was about 20 feet across, big enough, Bert told us, for a family of six. A thick layer of caribou moss covered the floor. At one side of the room was a sheet-iron stove and a stovepipe.

"Joe and Louis and their families live here in the winter," Bert said. "One of their trapping and hunting camps."

"Is this the kind of home the Crees built before the white man came?" I asked Bert.

"Yes."

Solidly walled wigwams, snug quarters for ma, pa and the kids in 50-below weather—constructed entirely out of materials at hand. When the first traders came here two centuries ago, this is the kind of scene they encountered.

In the clearing outside were two high, covered platforms with ladders leading to them.

"To keep the mice out of the food," Bert explained.

Over to one side of the camp was a slaughtering pit with a framework of poles, where the Chockomolins brought their moose and caribou for skinning. Along one side of the pit was an immense pile of grayish-white hair. It was caribou hair, scraped from scores of hides.

I could picture the life of the winter camp . . . scraping and tanning moose and caribou hide . . . cutting and storing meat . . . skinning beaver and otter, marten and mink, and stretching the hides . . . Louis fashioning a toy sled for his youngest . . . mother and the older daughter cutting and stitching hides into moccasins and jackets.

From the litter scattered around the camp, Bob and Johnny came upon two incongruous items—an empty ginger ale can and a lady's white evening slipper with two-inch heel.

"What the hell, Bert?" Johnny asked.

Bert's eyes twinkled.

"Indian women read the magazines too," he said.

We were reluctant to leave this fascinating glimpse of an ancient way of life, but the hour was well past noon and we were hungry. Back on the shore we stopped in the warm July sun for a lunch of sandwiches and tea. So far, in two and a half days of fishing we had caught some 120 trout, the biggest four pounds.

"I still want that picture fish," Johnny murmured, half to himself. It was a prophetic wish.

After our lunch break, Bob and Storer went downstream with Marius. Bert pointed the other way.

"Try the next bend above," he suggested. "We haven't fished it yet."

While Bert started the outboard and shoved upstream, I tied on a small gray fly that Bert had eyed approvingly earlier. "They like gray," he had told me. "Fish it dry."

When we reached the bend, Bert stopped the outboard and held the canoe near the west bank.

Rising in the bow, I whipped out not more than 20 feet of line and let the fly settle gently to the surface. Near the opposite bank, where the channel was deep, I could plainly see in the clear water the shapes of boulders in the bottom. While I was noting these facts and preparing to make a longer cast, something gently sucked in the fly and began moving the line slowly away from the canoe.

"I'll be damned," I mumbled. "Never saw a strike like that."

"Sometimes big fish act that way," Bert warned.

The fish slowly swam across the bow, going upstream, taking line deliberately but also irresistibly, as though not the least bit concerned about the outcome. About this time Johnny caught a glimpse of the trout and yelped:

"This may be the one! Don't let him get away."

The trout swam upstream, taking line as it pleased, then made a wide circle toward the far shore, deliberate, stately, powerful. I began to sweat a little with nervous tension. I still had my light rod and 2X leader.

Suddenly, I realized that my brookie was headed for the boulders and that if it ever got into the crevices it was good-bye fish. I began swinging the rod tip to the right. The fish was within a couple of feet of the rocks. I pulled harder, giving no line, fearing the sudden slack that meant a lost prize.

Slowly the big fellow turned its head in obedience to my swing. And now it gave two or three sharp pulls, bending the rod almost double, in a desperate effort to reach the rocks . . . and still the leader held. Eventually we landed our biggest fish yet—slightly over 23 inches long and five and a half pounds in heft, a handsome sea-run monster. And, incidentally, the biggest brook trout I've ever taken on a fly.

On our trip back to camp, we marveled at the skill of Bert and Marius in handling pole and outboard against the rapids. Under full power they would nose up the white water between rocks. At the exact moment when a rock might endanger the propeller, they would shut off the motor and swing the prop out of water, at the same time holding the canoe with the pole. With mighty thrusts of the pole they would shove the canoe forward into deeper water and simultaneously pull the starter cord. Invariably the motor would roar into power at the first pull, and the big canoe would be forcing its way onward again.

That night we totaled our take for the first three days of fishing—149 trout, the smallest about two pounds. Tomorrow we would break camp and fish back upstream, covering about half of the 25 miles back to the village.

The next morning by 9:30, we had our gear packed and our canoes loaded. The air was chilled by a clammy mist and for the first hour and a half fishing was slow, but by noon the Hudson Bay fog lifted and the sun broke through.

By this time it seemed that we had exhausted every possible fishing thrill, but one incredible hour remained, and this time the honors went to Storer and Bob. We had reached a deep, wide pool that we later dubbed "Bert's gymnasium" because of the acrobatics that were to take place there. Bert, who was now guiding their canoe, pulled close to the west bank. Johnny and I were at the opposite bank, some 30 yards away.

We were the spectators, and what we witnessed was one of those rare moments in an angler's life when the fish were on a voracious binge—they literally wouldn't let a fly reach the surface of the water. I've seen younger fish go crazy like this before but never big trout of two to four pounds. It was a sight to shock the senses.

I have no idea how many trout they caught and released. I can only remember for sure one insane moment when Bert swung his net and scooped up Bob's fish, then lunged far over the gunwale, almost tipping over the canoe, and swept up Storer's catch. Two trout—seven or eight pounds' worth—in one net!

We camped that last night on a bench of land 15 feet above the river, spotting our tents on a layer of caribou moss so thick that air mattresses were unnecessary.

Just before dusk Bert spotted something standing in the grass near shore.

"Timber wolf," he hissed. "I'll get my gun."

I caught a glimpse of it—a big, gray brute, shoulders showing above the grass. Bert hurried toward it, going swiftly and quietly, hugging the edge of the trees, but the wolf had caught our scent. We never saw it again.

Friday, we had one more great day of fishing, returning to the village that night with a tally for the five days of something over 200 trout and memories that will remain as long as we live.

Because of strong winds and overcast we had to wait until Monday morning to return to White River, so we spent our time exploring the camp and talking to John McWhirter of the Department of Lands and Forests, who was stationed on Hawley, making surveys of lakes and streams in the area. From John we learned something of the possibilities of the country:

Just 200 yards west of the Hawley Lake narrows are two small lakes containing trout running from three to five pounds. You can walk to these lakes.

Spruce and Pine lakes, 12 miles west of Sutton River, are loaded with outsize walleyes. Two miles east of Hawley is a lake without a name containing big northern pike.

In addition to fishing, there is goose and moose hunting in the fall.

We made note of these items for future reference, but our minds were on that first 30 miles of the Sutton River: No portages. Wide, deep water. Gravel and boulder bottom. Clear banks. High and dry campsites—a joyride to big brook trout, with skilled guides. Is there another such river anywhere?

—Franklin M. Reck

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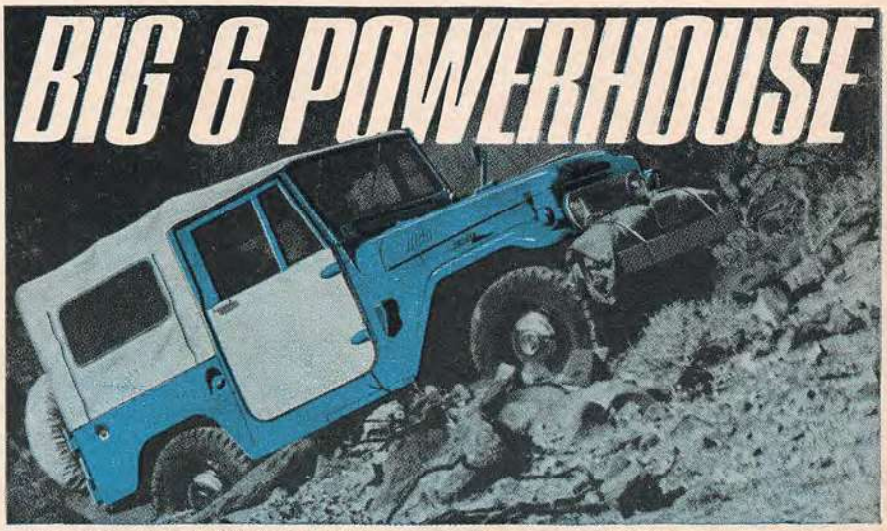

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HOW TO HOODWINK CANNY CREATURES

[*Continued from page* 29]

corn. But this was a narrow field. It needed broadening.

Mouth-blown *predator* calls were now catching on. Unless someone had seen it work at that time, he wouldn't believe you could call a smart animal like a coyote. It was a magic kind of thing. I'll never forget my first experience. I was going from our Michigan home to Tucson, via Texas. In Laredo I happened to meet local game warden C. E. Whitenton. He took me out for a ranch drive.

"Ever see an animal-call work, like on coyotes?" he asked.

I was the big outdoor expert with the large lip. "Don't believe such nonsense," I warned in my best professional tone.

Presently he got out, leaned across the car top, fished a little whistle from his pocket and started making the most awful dying-rabbit squalls. I smirked. Shortly a tawny dog came trotting down the ranch trail toward us. Another ran in from the side. Suddenly it hit me: they were *coyotes!* I was speechless. It was a lesson I'll never forget.

This was in 1954. Soon hunters coast to coast were calling coyotes, foxes, bobcats, raccoons, hawks, owls and other creatures. And now the first predator-calling records appeared for use on the scattering of players around the country. These were, of course, recordings of man-blown calls.

"I was making my living as a private pilot," Johnny Stewart likes to recall of his start in the caller business. "On a cold January morning about 4:30 one of our pet chickens awoke me with pitiful cries. I jumped up, grabbed a gun and ran out. A raccoon had injured the chicken so badly we had to kill it. The next week we were away and the coon got the other."

Stewart was mad. He procured another chicken and tied it in the coop. He placed his shotgun by his bed, waited for the chicken to call him. And as he lay waiting the idea that bloomed into Stewart Wildlife Recordings was born.

"It suddenly struck me," Johnny told me, "what a trick it would be to record the distress cries of that dying chicken. This would be the most realistic calling sound ever. Human errors would be eliminated. Here was the absolute McCoy."

The idea so excited him he got up and trailed a recorder microphone on a long cord out to the coop. The coon didn't return. But Johnny was now so fired up he was ready to quit flying and bet everything on his big idea.

Unbeknownst to him, others were experimenting modestly with authentic sounds, too. But not with his perseverance and imagination. He fixed up an old truck painted to blend with brush, dubbed it the "Traveling Brushheap," used it (and still does) as a laboratory from which to start recording his new sounds. He dug into the mechanics of the players, intent on a design for cutting down the record and speaker noise which might spoil the illusion of live sound for a sensitive animal.

Over the past several years he has spent endless hours, days, weeks patiently lugging a tape recorder, sitting up nights with caged animals, scouring the countryside for creatures maimed by predators and crying out in distress. Today he has on records everything from squealing baby javelinas—real yummy to bobcat and lion, provocative also in fetching adult javelinas ready to fight—to a chittering meadowlark bedeviled by a fox, a fawn run to earth by coyotes, a quail caught by a coon, an owl and a crow fighting. He has designed his own player unit, refining it in great detail from much field experience.

There are of course other outfits on the market. Wightman Electronics of Easton, Maryland, one of the very first, still offer their *Call of the Wild*. The *Game Caller* is sold by Electronic Game Calls, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin. In Birmingham, Alabama, M. L. Lynch, well known for his turkey and other calls, offers an electronic unit. Lowrance Electronics Mfg. Corp., Joplin, Missouri, has an idea simmering, not yet marketed as this is written, for an electronic caller using endless tapes instead of records. Burnham Brothers, Marble Falls, Texas, have such a call; light and inexpensive. These firms sell their own records, too.

Distress cries, sounds like mouse squeaks to arouse predators—that's only one slant. A crow-owl fight arouses rescue instincts in other crows and owls, sadistic instincts in curious hawks. Lovemaking sounds can be used to call animals.

A good example of this occurred on a jaunt Johnny and I made last December. For years in south Texas, but nowhere else, deer have been "rattled up." The hunter carries a pair of deer antlers split from the skull, bangs and clashes them together. Bucks, hearing the sound, rush in either to get into what they think is a fight between two other bucks over a doe, or else to run off with the waiting doe while the other two fight. Rattling, strictly a Texas tradition, is quite an art. Johnny and I had discussed putting the sound on a record, with an expert manipulating the antlers. We felt it should work anywhere, properly used. I'd urged him, and he'd done it.

Now we set up in the live oaks at dawn on the YO Ranch near Mountain Home, Texas. Charlie Schreiner, owner, is an expert rattler himself (I once saw him rattle up nine different bucks in a couple of hours). Johnny and I put on camouflage suits, hung the speaker properly and hid behind a pile of brush. We had cameras, not guns. He started the record.

I closed my eyes, listening. I could see two wild-eyed bucks slamming together. Then one pawed the ground, stamped its feet, hooked a brittle bush. Surely no buck hearing this faked fight could resist.

"Pssst!" It was Johnny.

I flipped up my lids. Here came an eight-pointer all bristled up. Head low, it stopped and eyed the speaker, puzzled. I snapped the shutter. Up went its head. Johnny moved to get a better camera sighting. The buck wheeled. But it still didn't want to leave. Thoughts of love and battle had it befuddled.

You don't have to live in the wilderness to call animals.

"I get lots of letters," Stewart says, "from people who are using electronic calls and records within big-city limits and on city outskirts. It is amazing how many red foxes, bobcats, raccoons, deer, coyotes and so on live close to cities."

He hopes eventually to get the price down on his unit. Actually none are at present too bad. Player-and-speaker outfits by the various makers sell from $75 to $130. Most of the firms offer instruction booklets free. Records average about $2.50, with some specials going for around $4. A poorly made player and speaker, even though cheap, is no bargain because record and speaker noise ruin the effectiveness of the calling, particularly at high volume. Poor records, of which there are at present too many, are even worse.

Last fall, Johnny and I made a coyote-calling trip along the Mexican border. One afternoon, in three "sets" we called up 11 coyotes. During one of those sessions I was sitting perhaps 30 yards from Stewart. As the record wailed its agony, I saw a big coyote break out of the brush a good 200 yards away at a dead run. I glued my eye to him, got my rifle ready.

Suddenly from behind me I heard feet slapping the hard dirt in a pelting sprint. I could actually hear toenails rattle. I spun my head, face covered by my camouflage net. I saw a second coyote virtually on me, racing oblivious toward the hidden speaker. My unconscious reaction was to try to roll aside. Before I could react, the animal leaped across my legs and tore on, passed Johnny, who rolled it over with a shot. At the rifle sound, two more flared from brush 50 yards out and really scratched gravel getting the heck gone. It's experiences like this that put the vinegar in this sport.

It was his first mountain lion that gave Stewart the biggest belt. And for a few seconds he thought the "belt" was going to be literal.

Johnny was set up in a thick area of prickly-pear cactus along the Mexican border. He had a camera stashed so he could take his own picture from behind, the shutter trip on a long extension. He was figuring on a bobcat at best when he heard a small prowling sound. A bobcat comes sneaking in, not running like a coyote or fox. Eventually he saw movement behind a screen of cactus. Presently, with astounding litheness and silence, a big lion seemed to float from the cactus patch. It stood looking, then in sudden snarling ferocity rushed the low-wailing speaker hung in a bush.

Johnny flung up his gun. "I swear I could feel his teeth in my neck," he says.

The lion skidded to a stop, spat at the speaker as if in contempt. Then it turned and walked haughtily away.

"I was so surprised—hell, scared—by the whole performance," Johnny told me, "that I forgot to shoot."

Probably few of us will ever summon a lion. But regardless of where one lives, there is always some hot-eyed creature ready to come running to the electronic mesmerizer. It is indeed a charmer.

—**Byron W. Dalrymple**

SUPERCOLD—OUR HOTTEST NEW SCIENCE

[*Continued from page 36*]

The patient did. For the first time in years, his hand was his own.

Doctor Cooper and his assistants checked the man's reactions and muscle control in various other ways. Finally, satisfied that he was right on target, Doctor Cooper proceeded to the second phase of the operation. He increased the flow of supercold gas. The cannula tip cooled down to about −58°F. This temperature would produce a permanent lesion, or dead spot, in the thalamus. The spot would be almost perfectly spherical, its size depending on the temperature and the length of time it was applied. After about three minutes, Doctor Cooper withdrew the cannula. The operation was over. The patient was up and walking a day later and home four days after that, his parkinsonian symptoms abolished.

Variations of the cryogenic cannula, or "cold knife," are used today in hospitals all over the world. They are used not only to relieve involuntary movement disorders but also in other operations where it is necessary to destroy hard-to-get-at tissues, as in certain kinds of cancer. Their safety margin is so high (unlike a scalpel, for instance, they cause little bleeding) that some operations which used to be 10 percent fatal are now almost as safe as a haircut.

The cold knife is an example of the unexpected developments emerging from the strange science of supercold. The beginnings of this science go back to the early 1900's, but only in the past decade have its odd principles moved from the laboratory into practical applications on a big scale. Its bailiwick is the chilly range of temperatures from about −50°F down to −459.7°, the point called absolute zero, where all molecular motion stops and no colder cold is possible.

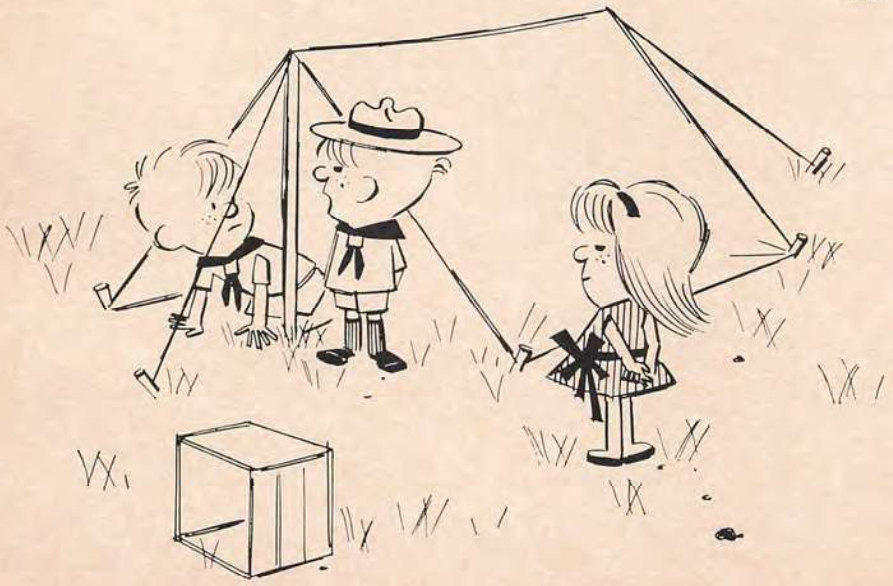
From this frigid world have come some startling scientific advances, and more are on the way—not only in medicine but in dozens of other fields. Some of these advances will be so fantastic that you'll have trouble believing them. Incredibly powerful magnets . . . cheap electric power . . . fantastically efficient insulation for a house or a coffee flask . . . suspended animation . . . superpowerful space fuels. Cars powered by flashlight batteries. This is the world of supercold.

It is a world that has stirred the imaginations of hardheaded businessmen the nation over. "We can't predict exactly where we're going," says Elkins Oliphant, news director of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, "but we know it's going to be exciting getting there." It will probably be profitable, too. The cryogenics industry sold more than half a billion dollars' worth of supercold gases and equipment last year and expects to be collecting a cool billion a year by the end of this decade. As one Wall Street stockbroker told a group of investors: "Want a hot tip? Buy cold!"

Before World War II there were few cryogenic laboratories in this country, and most of them were hidden in obscure corners of university physics departments. Today there are at least 250 such labs, many of them financed or operated by big companies such as Air Reduction, Union Carbide, Westinghouse and General Electric—and the U.S. Government. In 1954 the total U.S. production of nitrogen gas, the supercooler used in the surgical cold knife and in dozens of other cryogenic applications, was about 2½ billion cubic feet. Ten years later, in 1964, it was some 67 billion. That's how fast cryogenics is growing as a science and a business.

Excitement is growing, too. You feel it in the labs. These are not the neat, orderly labs you sometimes encounter in more established fields of science. They are cluttered, crowded, seething with growth and change. "We can't keep up with ourselves," said physicist Dr. Edward Blanchard one morning as he led me through Air Reduction's lab at Murray Hill, New Jersey. "There's something new to build every week." The concrete floor was littered with metal pipe, elec-

TRUE



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"Not getting a charge out of life? Feeling bored, listless. . . ."

tric cable and tools. The cavernous room echoed with the sounds of hammering, men shouting. In the midst of the turmoil a scientist in a smudged lab coat stood and frowned into a bottle of pale-blue liquid oxygen, contemplatively munching a liverwurst sandwich.

Physicists managed to cool some gases down to their liquefaction point almost a hundred years ago. (It's done by the same principle your home refrigerator uses: gas is alternately compressed and allowed to expand. Cryogenics is literally superrefrigeration.) But the birth of modern cryogenic science is usually credited to Heike Kamerlingh Onnes, a Dutch physicist working at the University of Leiden early this century. In 1908 Onnes did what nobody before had been able to do. He made a few drops of liquid helium. Helium has the lowest liquefaction point of all gases: roughly seven degrees above absolute zero, or −452°F. At that temperature everything else is solid. Oxygen and nitrogen look like salt. Oil and alcohol have long since frozen into glassy immobility. A rubber ball will shatter like a crystal goblet. A sheet of iron is as brittle as a window pane. Nothing flows, nothing moves in that unimaginable cold except helium.

It looks like water—clear, colorless. But it doesn't act like water. It doesn't act like any other liquid known to science. If you cool helium a few degrees below its liquefaction point, it doesn't change to a solid like all other earthly substances. Instead it changes to a weird new form of matter called "superfluid." It will flow through pores so small that no gas can get through. It would leak out of a good automobile tire in a matter of minutes, though the same tire can hold air under pressure (and could hold gaseous helium) for years.

It has other odd properties. If you put it into an open container, it will climb up the sides, flow over the rim, run down the outside and drip off the bottom. It will keep doing this until the container is empty. As one scientist puts it: "Superfluid helium is so damned fluid it will flow uphill rather than keep still."

Does superfluidity have a practical value? None at present. Says Air Reduction's Doctor Blanchard: "Maybe some day somebody will find a use for superfluidity. At present it's mostly a nuisance." What it does do, however, is illustrate the fact that matter at cryogenic temperatures doesn't behave like matter in the warm world we live in. The cryogenic world isn't just a colder world. It's a different world entirely, one in which the laws of nature as we know them are repealed or turned inside out.

Superfluidity is only one kind of superbehavior exhibited by matter in this startling world. There is another kind. Governments and corporations the world over are spending millions of dollars a year to come to grips with it. It is called superconductivity.

Onnes was the first to notice it, and at first he couldn't believe his eyes or his instruments. He was studying the resistance of metals to electric current. Other scientists before him had noted that, the more you cool a metal conductor, the more freely electric current will pass through it. Onnes wanted to carry the experiments to colder regions of temperature, down to liquid-helium levels. He suspected that the resistance would continue to drop as he approached absolute zero, finally leveling out at some point.

He was not quite right. He had a small electrical circuit rigged up in such a way that he could gradually supercool it, and he set up instruments to measure the resistance in the conducting loop. As he had expected the resistance continued to fall off as he got down into the −400°F range. Onnes, who was used to being correct and enjoyed his status as the world's top cryogenics expert, contentedly made a few notes and continued to cool the circuit.

Abruptly, the resistance dropped out of sight. It fell to zero.

Onnes gaped. He called in assistants. He checked and rechecked his instruments. He redesigned the entire experiment. He went through it again and again. But no matter what he did, the result was the same: at a certain point of temperature near absolute zero, certain metals have no resistance at all to electric current.

Nobody knows today whether it was Onnes himself or an assistant who thought up the final demonstration of this fantastic phenomenon. Whoever he was, he rigged up a circuit of supercooled, superconducting metal and started current flowing around it from a battery. Then he bridged the circuit, to make a closed ring out of it and, at the same time, disconnected the battery. *The current kept flowing around the ring without any power source.*

"My dear fellow," a noted British scientist is said to have remarked to a colleague who told him about this, "you are telling me that this Dutchman has invented perpetual motion. You are mad, sir."

But two years later Onnes showed up in London with a superconducting metal ring in a bath of liquid helium. He had fed current into this ring more than a year before and had cut off the power source. Incredulous British scientists made measurements of the magnetic field around the ring. There was no denying it: a current was indeed flowing—round and round, forever.

Nobody did much about the phenomenon for decades. It was too expensive to consider for practical applications. Onnes's first quart of liquid helium cost about $50,000 to make. But today volume production has brought the cost down to about 50¢. And today superconductivity *is* being used. Not always in the way the Dutch physicist envisioned. At IBM, which is interested in superconductivity as an aid to making smaller, smarter, faster computers, some lab personnel began thinking of ways to make something else almost as important: a better Martini. This particular group liked the coldness of Martinis on the rocks, but didn't like the dilution of the drinks caused by melting ice cubes. Their solution: Martini rocks. They mixed a batch of Martinis and froze it into cubes in liquid gas. These they put into the festive goblets instead of ice cubes. Recalled one of them later, in a voice that trembled with emotion: "It was the coldest, the driest, the most sinister—man, it was almost immoral."

A primary use for superconductivity is in magnets. Theoretically there is no limit to the power of an electromagnet. The power of its magnetic field depends on the amount of current you blast through its coils. But there is a practical limit. The more electric current you feed into an ordinary copper conductor, the more fiercely it heats up, because of the copper's resistance to the current. Powerful research magnets require so much water to cool them that they can only be used late at night when other power- and water-users in the region are in bed. A huge magnet at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for instance, develops a magnetic field of 126,000 gauss. (For comparison, a toy horseshoe magnet might have a field strength of 100 to 500 gauss; and a junkyard electromagnet used to lift automobiles might range around 10,000.) To make a conventional copper magnet as powerful as MIT's is so expensive that there are only a dozen like

it in the whole world. The MIT brute occupies space the size of a house. It eats nearly 2 million watts of power, and more than 300 gallons of water per minute must be flushed through its coils to keep them from melting.

But now magnet-makers have superconductors to work with. Ordinary #14 house wire—the wire that is probably bringing juice right now to your reading lamp—can carry perhaps 15 amperes of current safely. If your wife tries to draw more through it by plugging in a toaster, TV set, iron and hair drier on the same circuit, the wire's resistance will make it dangerously hot. Superconducting wire of the same thickness can carry over 30,000 amps without even noticing it.

"You see the beauty of it," says Greg Monito, cryogenics chief at Westinghouse. "Not only does the superconductor carry vastly more current, but almost all the current you feed in gets *used*. It doesn't get weakened by resistance and dissipated in heat. Now we can make magnets with all the power of those brute-force, water-cooled monsters—but small enough to stand on a desk top." Power source of these new cryogenic magnets: ordinary automobile batteries. Once such a magnet gets going, the power can be disconnected, and the current keeps running through its unresisting coils. The only operating expense from then on is that of keeping the coils refrigerated to liquid-helium temperature.

Westinghouse, RCA, General Electric and other companies have all built compact little battery-fed cryogenic magnets whose field strength equals or surpasses that of MIT's 2-million-watt brute. "Now we dream of making much more powerful cryogenic magnets," says Monito. "Half a million gauss, say, or more. But there is a problem, a supremely frustrating one." The problem stems from two devilish facts. Fact one: when a superconductor gets into a magnetic field above a certain strength, the superconductor's electronic properties are altered, and it abruptly switches back to being a high-resistance conventional conductor. Fact two: every time you run current through a wire, you create a magnetic field around the wire.

These twin facts were brought home to early cryogenic-magnet makers in highly dramatic fashion. A magnet would be switched on. High-amperage current would sing through the supercold coils. Then, suddenly, the coils would switch out of their superconductive state. With vastly more current flowing through them than they could possibly handle, they would explode. Molten metal would splatter all over the place, and often the entire magnet would be wrecked.

For a long time this frustrating situation put a ceiling of about 25,000 gauss on cryogenic magnets. But in the mid-1950's scientists turned up a new breed of superconducting metals, among them an alloy of niobium and tin. This metal doesn't switch out of its superconductive state abruptly when exposed to a magnetic field, but eases out gradually as the field strength increases. Thus, cryogenic magnets in the 100,000-gauss range became possible. The search is now on for superconductors that will stay that way in still stronger fields.

And the big point is that now, with cryogenics, small labs can afford to buy and operate 100,000-gauss magnets—labs that couldn't dream of acquiring monsters like MIT's. This has paved the way for all kinds of new research in magnetics.

For example, some biologists believe magnetic fields may influence life processes. You can put your hand in a magnetic field and feel nothing. But since nerve and brain impulses are electronic in nature, there's some basis for thinking a powerful magnet could affect them. The United States Navy warns its personnel working around superpowerful magnets to avoid the magnetic fields—which are relatively small—as much as possible. Researchers at the University of Illinois exposed groups of mice to strong magnetic fields and reported that some groups lived 20 percent longer, ate less, were more active and developed cancer only half as often as unexposed mice. Biologists at Michigan State report that a magnetic field seems to speed the clotting of blood. Research in "magnetobiology" is moving ahead now that small, powerful cryogenic magnets are available.

These same magnets may lead to a new, cheap way to generate electric power. General Electric, among others, is experimenting with the new system. It's called magnetohydrodynamics, but the name is more complicated than the idea. "Basically," says a GE engineer, "what you do is blast hot ionized gases through a magnetic field. By putting electrodes at the right place in the gas duct, you can get a very strong electric current flowing from the gas into the electrodes."

Engineers like the idea because it involves few moving parts. But until recently there has been a major problem. A power plant such as this requires a very powerful magnet to work well. With a conventional electromagnet, much of the plant's power output would have to be siphoned off just to keep the magnet going. With a superconducting magnet, once the current was initiated in its coils, you'd need power only for refrigeration. Some engineers think this idea may one day bring you electric power for about half what you pay today.

Superconducting magnets may also spawn a new breed of small, incredibly powerful electric motors. "Obviously," says Westinghouse's Greg Monito, "if you can rig up a system where you get a powerful magnetic field with only a small power input, you've got the theoretical basis for a beautiful little motor. The problem, of course, is figuring out some uncomplicated way of maintaining the cryogenic environment around your motor." The U.S. Army, for one, has handed out a number of "study" contracts to electronics companies, hoping they'll come up with workable answers. If they do, theoretically a vehicle the size of a car could be powered by a couple of dry-cell batteries. Instead of stopping every now and then for gasoline, as you do today you'd fill up periodically with liquid helium.

"It is hard to think of any area of science where cryogenics won't play a part,"

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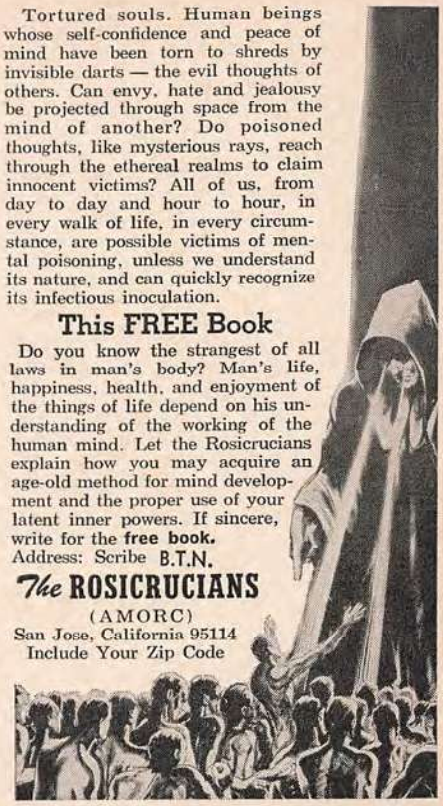

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says engineer Jim Perry of Air Reduction's Hofman Laboratories Division. It has played a part in some interesting areas of non-science, too. Perry recalls a hot summer evening when he and some friends invented a glorious new way to beat the heat: whisky "Popsicles" frozen in liquid nitrogen.

Scientists at another large company contributed one more idea to the forward march of civilization: vanishing money. This lab group was accustomed to having coffee and doughnuts sent up every morning from a neighboring luncheonette. The man who delivered the snack was a surly individual who grumped about having to make change. One day they gave him the correct change: a few dollar bills and three quarters in a tin can. They warned him not to touch the quarters, which, they said, had been accidentally dropped in liquid oxygen and would cause a severe skin burn if handled before they warmed up. He looked at the coins in the bottom on the can and went away grumbling.

A while later he came back, holding the can and looking angry and bewildered. "Whatchoo try'na do to me?" he howled. "These goddam quarters *melted!*"

The scientists pretended to be mystified by this odd turn of events. Actually they weren't. They'd minted the quarters themselves. They'd made wax impressions of a real quarter, poured mercury into the mold and frozen the discs in liquid oxygen. Mercury is a metal that only becomes solid below −38°F.

You probably won't see vanishing money or whisky "Popsicles" on the market in the near future. But you may soon see new brands of fantastically efficient insulation. When supercold gases are being transported or are standing around awaiting use, they must be kept in superinsulated containers; otherwise they will quickly evaporate. Whole new approaches to insulation have had to be developed: wrappings of new plastics and metal-impregnated films that permit almost no passage of heat. "We've made a 100-quart container to hold liquid hydrogen at −420°F," says Hofman's Jim Perry. "Our calculations show we can pour liquid gas into this container, seal it up and still find some in there, still liquid, two years later."

An ordinary vacuum bottle wouldn't hold liquid hydrogen for more than a few hours. This is the kind of difference you're going to see in insulation resulting from the cryogenics industry's research—not just better insulation, but *nearly perfect* insulation. "Applied to housing," says one scientist, "these new techniques could conceivably cut a man's winter heating bill to a fourth of what it is today." The techniques are too expensive for household use now, but could come within the average homeowner's reach in a decade. Even more startling is a statement made recently by Linde's cryogenics engineering chief, Roger Thompson. Cryogenic insulation developed by his company, he said, is so efficient that it could keep coffee hot in a container for 100 years.

Cryogenics companies right now are too much engrossed in their work with supercold to be interested in making hot-drink containers. But it's got to come eventually; you'll take off on a week-long hunting trip with a big jug of hot coffee in your car. It'll still be piping hot when you draw off the last cupful at the end of the week. If there's any left over, leave it in your cabin till next year. It'll still be hot.

Another thought-provoking development is the work of the American Red Cross on superfrozen blood. With ordinary refrigeration methods, whole blood lasts only about three weeks. The disadvantages of this are obvious and sometimes tragic, especially in emergency operations where a rare blood type must be found in a hurry. With blood lasting only three weeks, it isn't possible to build up emergency supplies in useful amounts.

Now the Red Cross and other blood suppliers, working with cryogenics experts, are experimenting with methods of freezing whole blood at liquid-nitrogen temperatures, around −320°F. Tests show that 97 percent of the red corpuscles survive the freezing-thawing process without damage, and experimenters hope that within the next five to 10 years cryogenic blood banks for storing rare blood will be established.

"There are problems in super-freezing biological materials such as blood," says Ted Eselgroth, cryobiology chief at Union Carbide's Linde Division. "One problem is that salts come out of solution during freezing. This upsets the chemistry of the material and kills it. Another problem is the formation of ice crystals. These can wreck the structure of a cell."

There are two main ways to overcome these problems. One is to put in special additives that prevent crystal formation and hold salts in solution. Another is to control the rate of cooling. Some substances behave if they're frozen slowly—one degree Fahrenheit a minute. Others must be frozen fast—sometimes faster than 100 degrees a second. Under certain conditions, even plain water can be quick-frozen into a glassy, amorphous solid that isn't actually ice. It has no crystal structure or grain. It is simply solidified water.

Using these techniques, scientists have begun exploring the idea of supercold-storing body parts for use in transplanting operations. At the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York, for instance, Dr. Irving Busch has superfrozen live rat kidneys in liquid nitrogen. Thawed, the kidneys in most cases function normally in living animals.

The dairy and beef industries have been working with nitrogen-frozen bull sperm since the 1950's. About a third of all breeding operations in the dairy industry are now handled by means of superfrozen sperm. This isn't as much fun for the bulls as nature's untidy old method, but it means a prize bull can now spread his output all over the country—resulting in constant improvements in beef and milk. Like the human variety, a bull's sperm can live at air temperature only an hour or two. "Frozen bull semen has lived as long as eight years," says Eselgroth. "That's the longest period anybody has tested, as far as we know. There may be no real limit."

At the National Institutes of Health, Dr. Louis Diamond froze protozoa (microscopic one-celled creatures) at about −200°F, back in 1961. When he thawed out some of them in 1964, they came back to life and went about their business as though nothing had happened. At the University of Minnesota, Dr. William Manax and other researchers are studying ways to prevent damage in more complicated higher animals during freezing and thawing.

All this predicts a distant day when an astronaut will be supercooled, placed in

TRUE

"That's Nicholson. Wonderful surgeon . . . lousy bedside manner."

suspended animation with all his life processes stopped. He'll travel to some distant planet, automatically be thawed out, conduct his exploration, refreeze himself and return home a century after he took off. He'll still be virtually the same age he was back then. Among the crowds waiting to welcome the young astronaut home will be an old codger of about 80—his grandson. Another anticipated, far out use of suspended animation has scientists contemplating sending supercooled patients with incurable diseases into outer space, there to orbit the earth until a cure for their disease is practicable.

But the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has some more immediate uses for cyrogenics.

Supercold gases are being used to simulate the vacuum of outer space, for tests of spacecraft equipment. It's impossible to get all the air out of a chamber by mechanical pumping, so space engineers use a technique called "cryopumping." Liquid helium is circulated across metal plates inside the chamber. The plates get so cold that the last dregs of air in the chamber solidify on them, just as water vapor frosts on metal on a winter day.

"We've created a nearly perfect vacuum in a chamber this way," boasts an engineer from Boeing Company's Aero-Space Division in Seattle. "Normal sea-level air is about 10 million million times thicker than what's in that chamber."

Kamerlingh Onnes, who helped start all this, was an enthusiastic reader of science fiction. One of his favorite tales is said to have been an account of a journey to Mars. The fictitious rocket ship was "blown" through space by means of liquified air, which was heated during the journey so that it turned back to gas. Since gaseous air occupies about 800 times as much space as it does when liquid, the heating and re-gasifying process resulted in tremendous expansion and thrust. Onnes liked to talk about this fanciful tale, among others. He speculated about it as a possible future use of his beloved cryogenic science.

Onnes would be pleased to know that the United States Government today is testing a prototype of exactly that kind of space engine. The gas-thrust idea is the basis of what will be this country's first—and perhaps the world's first—nuclear-powered spacecraft. NASA's Project Rover in Nevada is designing the new engine. Liquid hydrogen, colder than −400°F, is pumped through the outrageous heat of a nuclear reactor. It turns to gas almost instantly and blasts out of a nozzle at a temperature of 3,000° to 4,500°F. The thrust is so violent that engineers have had trouble keeping test engines bolted down.

"There are a lot of other science-fiction ideas around the cryogenics business today," says Oliphant of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association. "Hundred-year coffee flasks, suspended animation, magnetobiology. You can call them science fiction if you want. But big companies are spending big money on the chance they aren't."

—Max Gunther

I FOUND GOLD IN A STONE AGE LAND

[*Continued from page* 43]

to establish peace in the primitive area.

The first thing the Australian administration does when it opens a new area is to try to persuade the tribes to stop their interminable fighting and killing. If his reception seems hostile, the patrol officer will buy a pig and shoot it with a .303 rifle to show the "magic" power wielded by these strange white spirits from another world. Even this does not always convince the more belligerent tribesmen and some patrol officers, prospectors and missionaries have suffered agonizing deaths in New Guinea.

We were warned to take guns into the jungle with us but decided against it. Not that I can't handle them. I was born in Jerusalem, and I was shooting it out with our Arab neighbors at the age of 14. Before I came to Canada, I worked for a safari company in Africa.

But we felt we would be safer going as friends, bearing gifts, medicine and goodwill, rather than guns. I never regretted this decision, but I think Raymond did once, a couple of months later.

The government "station" at Porgera consisted of a bungalow occupied by Chris Vass, the 22-year-old Australian patrol officer, and a cluster of grass huts for his native policemen from the coast. Raymond paused there just long enough to hire Norobet as his interpreter.

Heavyset and aged about 30, Norobet is a member of the largest tribe in New Guinea, the Chimbu, whose existence was unknown to the white man until 25 years ago, when its people were found living in a great valley where existing maps showed only mountains.

Norobet had learned simple carpentry and pidgin, a weird form of basic English, at a mission school and had been sent to a newly opened area as an evangelist. But somewhere along the line he had lost his religious fervor and joined the first police patrol into Porgera.

With Norobet as guide, Raymond struck off from Porgera into the bush, heading for the spot where the aerial photographs had persuaded him the gold should be. He established a pace that had even Norobet gasping, and before nightfall, under the suspicious eyes of a circle of naked tribesmen, drove in a stake establishing our claim to about four square miles of the Porgera's headwaters where we hoped to find gold.

The gold Ken Forster told us existed in Porgera was alluvial gold—gold particles swept down the rivers and creeks and obtainable by panning. Raymond reasoned that these tiny nuggets must be washed out of a lode higher up in the mountains and it was this lode we wanted to find.

After sending Norobet back to the station with a cable for me saying, "Area pegged letter follows," Raymond spent the next few weeks working upstream, examining each creek for gold traces which would lead him to the lode.

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Exploring this wild country was a laborious business. Before he could take rock samples, he had to find the rock beneath the matted undergrowth. Soaked and chilled by the daily rainstorms, living mainly on sweet potatoes and steadily observed by watchful natives, Raymond chopped for four weeks without finding one good gold-bearing sample.

But then he found a rock formation shaped differently from the others nearby that looked to him as though it might contain a gold-bearing vein. Like a madman, he started hacking in this "dike" with his geological hammer. And there at last were beautiful chunks of gold-bearing rock.

"That was the happiest day of my whole life," he told me later.

But for me, back in Port Moresby, it was a time of great strain. When I finally received Raymond's detailed letter, I hurriedly filed our claim, bought 800 pounds of supplies and took off for Porgera. Nothing I had read had prepared me for the rugged country beneath as we flew in. There is a saying that God created New Guinea from the land he had left over on Saturday night, before resting on the Sabbath. It could be true. I have never seen such mountains: so steep and so closely crumpled together, so densely covered with forest.

I hardly recognized Raymond. He had grown a wild beard and he looked like a hermit just out of 20 years in hiding. But he had 50 bags of rock samples that we sent to Port Moresby to be assayed. He thought they looked good, but we would not know for weeks yet. Even then we would have to wait for a government hearing to decide whether our claim should be granted.

Chris Vass helped us to recruit carriers and with Wangi and Norobet at my side I set off on my first "walk" through the jungle. I was glad enough to reach Mangabé's pig house that night, but when we woke the next morning with curious pigs snuffling at our ears, I told Raymond: "Let's get the hell out of here and find another hotel."

A day's walk from Mangabé's place brought us to the "compound" of another Ipili named Pawé, the most colorful and probably the richest man in the tribe, who insisted that we stay with him so he could keep an eye on us. During the following days, we went on long excursions through the thick jungle to explore the west side of our claim.

It was while staying with Pawé that I began to get to know the Ipili. I soon realized that nature is cruel to these poor little brown people. Their lives are dominated by hunger and the hostile climate. Separated from us by countless centuries of human progress and knowledge that has passed them by, they have never invented the wheel or discovered iron. Their only tools are stone axes and bamboo knives. Fear is always present: fear of the arrows and spears of the neighboring tribe across the ridge; fear of sickness and sorcerers; fear of sex, which is their strongest taboo; fear of the spirits who fill the air around them.

Their diet of sweet potatoes leaves them hungry most of the time. They scarcely ever taste meat—pigs are too valuable to be eaten on any but the most important occasions. There is practically no game in New Guinea and in these mountains the rivers are too fast for fish. The Ipili hunt any animal they can find, however small. We once saw a young hunter shoot a mouse with his bow and arrow and share it with two companions.

This scarcity of protein seems to limit the size of Ipili families. Even men with four wives may have only seven or eight children during their lifetimes. And the same lack of energy is reflected in the barrenness of their lives generally; they have no art except a few primitive scratchings on their spears and arrows. The only things we saw them make were their stone axes and nets of bark fiber. These nets, together with a few leaves hung behind, protect their modesty but do nothing to protect them from the cold. And it does get cold up in those mountains, even though New Guinea is in the tropics. The mornings are sunny and hot—up to 90 degrees—but every afternoon the clouds close in and the rain begins, great soaking torrents of it, lowering the temperature to the point where even we in our heavy sweaters and raincoats were chilled through.

Pawé's father had been a great warrior and Pawé himself, now about 30, had killed several men in tribal battles in his younger days. As a prosperous gold miner, he was anxious to learn all he could about the ways of the "white fella" despite his mistrust of our activities.

His niece Areza, a girl of about 16 or 17, used to hang around our hut, but never far from Pawé's watchful eye and ready axe. She had an almost Oriental beauty and I couldn't take my eyes off her. Eventually, Pawé suggested that I settle down in Porgera and marry her. He told me she would cost 15 pigs or 100 Australian pounds (about $240).

We could ill afford such a sum and besides, said Raymond, it would take too many months of scrubbing to erase the thick layer of smoke and dirt from her beautiful body. The Ipili have enough water in their rivers for a whole continent, but they never wash.

Pawé made it plain that I could have Areza only if I stayed in Porgera for the rest of my life, because in sex matters the Ipili are more orthodox than the strictest Victorians. Premarital intercourse is unknown and death is the customary punishment for adultery—in the seven months we were there five women suspected of straying were hacked to pieces by their husbands' axes.

The sex taboo is so strong that men seem afraid of women and avoid them most of the time, as if they were dangerous. Husbands and wives never sleep under the same roof, but come together on rare occasions in secret places in the jungle. We used to hear women calling out for their husbands to join them in these hiding places.

Vanity among the Ipili is strictly for men only, and while the women work, the men sit around for hours smoking bitter-tasting green tobacco leaves in their long bamboo pipes and tending to their appearance. They chew flowers to extract a juice to paint their faces. They wear pig's tusks in their pierced noses and decorate themselves with pearl and cowrie shells, symbols of wealth from the coast they have never seen.

But wigs are their biggest pride. They cut off the hair of their women and children—even their dead—to make huge wigs. Some are round; others are as much as three feet wide, and look like extra-thick buffalo horns. Whenever Raymond's beard or hair grew too long I would shear it off and exchange it for a bagful of sweet potatoes.

The men decorate their wigs with flowers, feathers or opossum fur. Mangabé even turned up one day with a strange new decoration in his wig: two red labels from empty cans of Argentine corned beef we had discarded.

Despite the fascination of tribal life, after a couple of weeks at Pawé's we found the constant rain, lack of food and our failure to find gold were taking toll of our energy and spirits. We needed a change and decided to build a proper base camp at the top of an 8,000-foot mountain.

There we found an isolated Ipili clan headed by a wild, bushy man called Dilipa. He built us a house with the aid of his three sons, Igi, Ibu and Kule. In four days, using grass, leaves and wood and without a single nail, they completed a two-room "bungalow" with two fireplaces, windows and all.

Dilipa had never seen money, but we paid him at the government-set rate, which came to $3.40, plus rice from our stores. A week later, Igi set off on a two-day walk to the station, where a New Zealand missionary had by now opened a store, and came back proudly wearing his first pair of pants.

One morning a strange Ipili appeared at the door of our new house and told us that he had seen a lot of gold in the Payila River, three days' walk across the mountains. Raymond decided to go for a look. Fortunately, he took Wangi with him. Aged about 16, Wangi originally came from Payila and knew the area. He was an orphan, and we had found him living alone in the jungle so we had adopted him as a sort of mascot.

Few of the Ipili in Payila had seen a white man and when Raymond materialized among them, a group of young warriors surrounded him, brandishing their bows and arrows.

"I kept going," Raymond told me later, "but one fellow followed me with a big club. He was hostile so I tried to surprise him. I suddenly told him *'Ulya mande beluba!'* (Ipili for 'Bring me sweet potatoes') and he was so confused that he disappeared into the bush.

"But they were still angry, and I wished I had a gun. When Wangi suddenly told me we had to get out of there, I rushed away up the ridge with three carriers. We'd never have made it if Wangi hadn't stayed behind and argued with the Ipili until they calmed down."

Raymond found the "gold" in Payila all right. It was worthless pyrites, or "fool's gold." To compound that disappointment, we had another problem to deal with.

The Ipili, who were suspicious when we arrived, seemed to be growing hostile and resentful. Finally, we realized why. They feared we were going to take the gold from their rivers.

Not long before, the government had sent a mines department official into this Stone Age tribe to try to persuade Mangabé and Pawé and a few dozen other men to stake claims along the Porgera and its creeks and to pan for gold. I say "persuade" because at that time these people had never seen money or even the things it could buy. They had no interest in the shimmer of gold.

But then the Bank of Australia sent a buyer who gave the Ipili cash for their gold, and a New Zealand missionary set up a store. As soon as the Ipili saw what they could buy with their money, a gold rush began. Pawé showed me his bank book with deposits of $2,000. Naturally enough, their traditional hostility to strangers was intensified by their anxiety to guard their gold.

We worried about their increasingly unfriendly attitude. Our food was always stolen when we were away from camp, and we had noticed mutterings and general withdrawing from us. We explained that we weren't interested in the river gold but only in the gold "in the stone" (in the mountain), which they couldn't take out in any case. During this time, we were also troubled by the lack of an assay report from Port Moresby.

While we worried and waited, and dazzled by the ease with which we'd made our original gold find, we decided to trek down the Porgera River to where it joins the bigger Lagaip. If we were lucky, we'd find a spot where the river slowed enough to drop gold carried in the current. There we could mine by dredging.

We didn't know what we were letting ourselves in for. By the time we returned, I had lost 30 pounds.

Instead of the usual band of 60 to 80 carriers, we started out with 12. Raymond had his heavy geological instruments so we couldn't carry much canned food. We intended to live off the land as the natives did.

The sharpshooters among our carriers walked at the head of the line with their bows and arrows, ready to pick off the many poisonous snakes that hung from the trees and slithered across our trail.

If you can imagine hauling yourself up a 1,000-foot roof covered with a foot-deep layer of slimy mud you have some idea of what our journey was like. Our hands were torn and bleeding from hanging on to trees and branches, and I could never have made it without frequent help from Norobet and the carriers.

Two weeks later, we reached the Lagaip and more disappointment. The river roared and swirled along much too fast for any gold to settle.

This river was the limit of Ipili country. Across the Lagaip were the Hewa, a small tribe of about 1,000 people who had never had any contact with white men. By now, we badly needed food but our carriers were afraid to enter enemy territory. Fortunately, there was a boy with us whose mother was a Hewa through a rare mixed marriage. The carriers sent him ahead to try to assure us a friendly welcome, and we crossed the long, rickety bamboo bridge swinging above the gorge.

After a four-hour climb, we encountered a group of strange, withdrawn-looking people with odd, fixed expressions. They were the Hewa standing in front of their 50-foot-long communal house built on stilts. Eight or 10 couples lived here together, sharing it with their children and pigs.

The Hewa stood thunderstruck, much as we might if we were suddenly confronted with people from Mars. They gazed at us blankly—their faces never show their emotions—and their rocklike silence worried me.

Raymond tried to joke with them. He patted them on the belly as he had done successfully with the Ipili and tried to shake hands.

[*Continued on page* 96]

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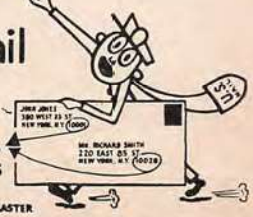

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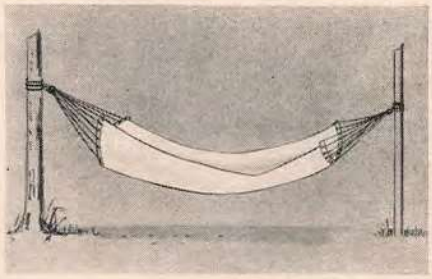

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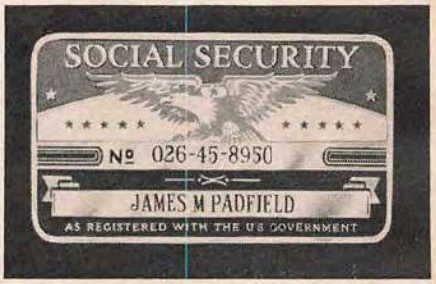

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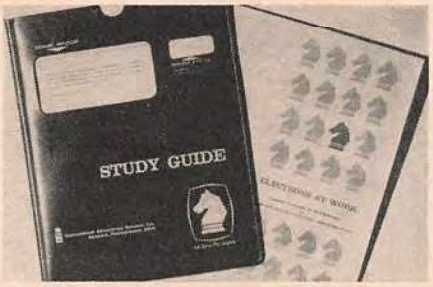

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[*Continued from page* 93]

The men fingered their bows and the women hung back as if hypnotized. We had never before seen such tension.

"Stop it, Raymond," I said. "That isn't going to work here."

I felt strongly that if we made one false move we could all be killed. But I had an ace up my sleeve.

I quickly set up my tape recorder, held the microphone up and got Gambi and Kindané, two of our Piawe carriers, to sing the Ipili song. Then I played it back. The Hewa didn't get it. It was too far from their experience for them even to grasp it as magic.

I told Gambi to talk to the boy who spoke Hewa and when I played this back an old man finally realized what was going on.

His eyes rolled in wonder and I made the boy talk to him. When the old man's voice came back full volume over my recorder the young warriors behind him suddenly broke into wild laughter.

At last we were safe. In no time I had all the men around the recorder singing, then listening in amazement as I played back their voices.

We stayed with the Hewa a couple of days, eating an unsatisfactory diet of sweet potatoes, and then began our return journey, determined to make one last effort to find a quiet spot suitable for gold dredging.

When we finally pitched camp, our carriers made an earth oven and threw in a bird they had caught. Along with it went several pythons the carriers had shot with their arrows or snatched from the trees during the day. The Ipili are terrified of poisonous snakes and though they kill every one they see, they never eat them. But pythons are a delicacy and the Ipili carry them wound around their arms and shoulders.

By now Raymond and I had no canned food or rice left and we were hungry enough to share the carriers' meal. Sweet potatoes taste something like chestnuts and we didn't mind eating them. But they are not very sustaining and, like the Ipili, we were ravenous for meat.

As a sort of *hors d'oeuvre* we had little yellow grubs and black grasshoppers that the carriers found in rotten tree stumps. Raymond claimed the shrimplike grubs were the larval stage of the ubiquitous grasshoppers; whatever they were, I didn't like them as much as the python that came next. A well-done barbecued snake is pretty tasty.

When we arrived at the junction of the two rivers, we had a shattering disappointment. We panned gold out of the water easily enough, but the swirling, turbulent current prevented any settlement of gold to the bottom. So we had to abandon our hope of a dredging operation there and we turned back toward Porgera.

There good news waited for us. Our samples had shown good weights of gold, well worth making a mining investigation. At last, we had accomplished the first stage of our venture. We had found gold and we held a valid claim. Now we needed backing from a big company. But first I wanted to come to an arrangement with Joe Searson, the Australian prospector who had beaten us into Porgera. He had staked an area across a creek from ours. Raymond believed our seam of gold continued through Searson's property. We were already negotiating with a company in Sydney and Searson agreed to join forces.

After weeks of negotiation we gave the Bulolo Gold Dredging Company a two-year option under which they would explore our claim further to see whether the gold deposits were extensive enough to make mining them worthwhile. If at the end of this time, the company goes ahead and establishes a mine, it will pay us a healthy sum outright and give us a five percent share in the new company.

Our search was over. Everything now depended on what the mining drills discovered about the extent of our lode. Raymond and I could do nothing about that. But there was one last act I was determined to see in our New Guinea drama.

I went back to Porgera and was struck by how swiftly their gold was changing the lives of our Stone Age friends.

Gradually, the Ipili were replacing their leaves and wigs with pants and queer-shaped hats of all colors. Rice and biscuits were beginning to supplement their sweet potato diet.

The first road ever seen in those mountains was slowly being built from the airstrip to the mining area, four new stores had been opened and an Australian was even planning to build a "pub" in Porgera.

One of the stores was owned by Pawé, whose quick native mind will make him the leading Stone Age capitalist of the region. Norobet wanted to come back to Canada with us but settled for a chauffeur's job in Port Moresby—pictures of cars in our magazines fascinated him and he used to charge the carriers sixpence to look at them. We arranged for Wangi to enter a teachers' school on the coast.

As our Cessna climbed away from Porgera, Raymond and I looked back at the "mountain of gold" that may one day make us rich, and at the rapidly fading figures of our Ipili friends waving farewell from the airstrip.

Now we have one more year to wait before the mining company option is up. The first results of their core drills show that the gold in our claim goes deep in some places and that silver is present in good quantity. But getting it out will be immensely difficult. Raymond, now doing his French military service, and I, now in the U.S., wait impatiently and hopefully for the results of each new test. A year from now we could be partners in a million-dollar gold mine—or we could be looking for someone who wants to live in rugged country, among primitive people, in conditions of unceasing hardship to mine a claim we know is full of gold.

—Hillel Rivlin

TRUE

"He says his bachelor dinner is still going strong!"

MY SHADOW RAN FAST

MY SHADOW RAN FAST
MY SHADOW RAN FAST
MY SHADOW RAN FAST
MY SHADOW RAN FAST

[*Continued from page* 52]

explanation, I was taken out, fingerprinted, photographed and thrown back into the cell. My demands to be allowed to use the telephone were ignored.

In the morning, however, the official attitude had changed. I was told there had been a mistake, that I would not be held. Then I was driven back to the school, where I finally heard the whole story.

It seemed that my picture, which now graced the law enforcement "mug books," had been pointed out by the victim of a recent robbery. Without bothering to verify where I had been at the time in question, the officers had hauled me off for a "positive" identification. After this "positive" identification had been made, the police sleuths had informed the school I would not be back—that I had been booked for an armed robbery that had occurred three nights previously. Three nights previously, the dean of the school informed the police, I had distinguished myself as high-point man in a basketball game before a thousand witnesses.

I thanked the dean, but he was not as grateful as I was. The school had been "embarrassed," he told me. I ascertained it had not been "embarrassed" by my performance on the basketball team. I packed my toilet articles and took off.

"But where shall I tell your father you have gone?" the dismayed dean demanded.

"If he's interested enough to inquire, tell him there is a little saying about 'having the game as well as the fame.' He will understand. For you, I'll simplify it—I'm going to get a gun, Pop! Go phone the cops and tell them *that!*"

I got the gun, all right, a government-issue .45-caliber automatic.

I went on a spree of robberies that made my fumbling first efforts seem like Sunday school sessions. In three nights, with an interval of several days between forays and first with one partner and then with another, I robbed some 15 places in five counties.

It all came to a sudden and absurd end one night. Howard, a friend, was with me, and after the evening's festivities had ended, we had a flat tire on a lonely road. Our automobile was equipped with a spare, but no jack. So I hailed the first pair of headlights coming down the road. And saw, too late, they belonged to a police car.

Even then we might have made it, since the two officers apparently had not heard about the robberies. They obligingly lent us both lug wrench and jack and even helped change the tire, commenting that it was indeed an "unlucky night" for us to have a mishap on such an isolated stretch of road.

Just as I handed back the tools, my description crackled in loud and clear over their car radio. My gun was in our car 20 feet away, and the two officers miraculously seemed not to connect me with the description. They were about to leave us when an interruption came from another direction. Howard, who had been alternately pacing or sitting on a stump biting his fingernails, suddenly found his voice and began squirting at both ends. Tears streamed down his face, and his pants were wet, as he sobbed out a tale of woe to the two startled cops about my having lured him into a life of crime. "This was my very first job, and I won't never do nothing like this again," he blubbered.

So it was, that on July 2, 1941, with my father standing at my side in the courtroom, I heard Superior Judge Clement D. Nye solemnly intone:

"You are hereby sentenced to serve the term prescribed by law, for second-degree robbery, in the state penitentiary at San Quentin. Said term, as prescribed by law, shall be for a period of time of not less than one year, nor more than life. You are hereby remanded to the custody of the sheriff, to be by him delivered to the warden at the state prison at San Quentin."

A ring of gun towers, like medieval battlements. A ponderous mass of steel and concrete. San Quentin Prison. The colors surprised me. Prisons are invariably depicted gray, but San Quentin was a sort of dusty, light pink. The prison-train car had been transferred to a ferry, and as the boat neared the landing point, the sun went behind a cloud and the sparkling waves grew dull, to a dirty pewter. I stared at the prison walls, now looming close ahead. They, too, had lost their color.

Then came the gray—my prison uniform. Across the back pockets of gray pants, over the left breast pocket of gray shirt, across the back of the shirt, on the back and the inside of the gray prison jacket was a number: 66836.

I was 66836. There was no longer an entity called Wilber Power Sewell or Bill or Sewell. I was to answer roll as "six-six-eight-three-six." That was "who" I was. Shaved head, grey uniform, a number.

One afternoon, about a month later, I was summoned from the jute mill, where I had been put to work, to the office of the captain of the guard. I went in cautiously, positive in my own mind I had done nothing to merit any punishment. The captain motioned me to a seat. Very unusual.

"Here's the letter you wrote to your father last night," he said. "I'm giving it back to you. I don't think you want to mail it." Then he handed me the front page of *The Los Angeles Times.*

DEATH TAKES HARRY SEWELL
Heart Disease and
Nervous Exhaustion
Fatal to Former Judge

I was literally stunned. Instead of being returned to the jute mill, I was locked in my cell so that I could be alone. I thanked the captain, numbly, but he was entirely unsympathetic and unfriendly. When I read the rest of the newspaper story I found out the reason.

The long article, which traced my father's career in great detail, called my prison sentence "the shock of his life." It listed me as the chief of his "many troubles and worries."

Soon after, as I started work in the jute mill, some shave-headed "fish" (a new prisoner), one of the smart squirts who had not yet had his first fight with a con, pointed at me as he passed.

"That guy's a judge's son," he jeered. "Pretty boy, ain't he? His old man sent my brother up in '34. . . ."

The loom clattered. The awful rhythm repeated itself in the nerves of my body. Recently, I had heard that endless clicking turn into an evil snicker in my head repeating, "They gotcha screwed, they gotcha screwed, they gotcha screwed." Today, it was saying, "Your father's dead, your father's dead, your father's dead. . . ."

"I'll take absolutely nothing from nobody. No more. *Never.*" I heard my voice shouting. "Now what the hell can you do about *that?*"

In one wild sweep, I ripped the cloth from my loom, stopping the evil clatter in a tangle of cords. Heavy wooden shuttlecock in hand, I leaped down and raced along the aisle toward the fish-scum who had jeered at me.

I was on him like a lion, snarling, using all my strength. He went down under the onslaught. I was astride him. I lifted the heavy shuttlecock over my head with both hands and brought it smashing down with every ounce of sinew I could put into the blow.

Then I was loose again, tearing up looms, running through the place like a madman. The screws, trained, keen and experienced, arrived, a dozen at a time. They broke up the cheering section. But I was the only one they grabbed, grabbed hard and marched out.

Bone-crunching hands gripped me as I was marched out of the jute mill into a portion of the main yard, my feet barely touching the ground as my panting escort took me at a trot into the north cellblock. They took me through a pair of solid steel doors. We arrived at an elevator, entered to ascend past the top tier and got out on the fifth level. Here were two rows of cells. Death Row and Solitary. I was taken into Solitary.

So this was The Shelf, as it was known to the cons. The cell, about four-and-a-half feet wide by 10 feet long and seven high, contained a steel bunk, without a mattress or other bedding, and a toilet, lidless and seatless. That was all.

Except me.

I lay on my back on the slab, thinking little, feeling nothing. This was my total reaction. After a while I slept. After a while I awoke. All was the same. Silence—thick, heavy, dull. There should be some mechanical sound from somewhere, I thought, some distant hum from the elevator. Something should drift up from the prison that was pulsing far below. But there was nothing. I clicked my fingernails against the concrete wall to be sure I had not lost my hearing. They clicked. I coughed. So much for that.

"Sewell."

I must have dozed off. I was dreaming—someone was calling my name.

"Sewell." It was no dream. Someone was saying it. Someone was patting my shoulder, gently. I sat up—wide-awake, started to my feet. Stopped.

I was looking straight into the eyes of Warden Clinton T. Duffy.

Without warning, everything came to a halt. Like a swift elevator suddenly stopped, it took my breath away. I had been longing for the sound of a human voice and a chance to speak out. Now that it was here, I could only sit staring dumbly.

"Are you all right?" the warden asked gravely, his penetrating blue eyes searching mine.

"Yes—yes, sir," I replied, clearing the cobwebs of disuse from my throat. "Just surprised to see you—to see you here, sir."

"I make unscheduled trips to every part of the prison to keep abreast of things," he said matter-of-factly. "You are here as punishment because you cannot keep the rules. You are a danger to yourself and to others. Punishment is necessary; brutality is not. I do not tolerate brutality. It rarely occurs anymore, but I want to know whenever it does. Have you been mistreated?"

"No, sir. I have not been manhandled."

"While I am here I will tell you that the man you hit in the jute mill will recover. You know that young fellow has an I.Q. 65 points lower than yours? According to your tests you are supposed to have some intelligence. Why don't you try using it instead of brawn? I know your record, perhaps even better than you do." His voice was softer, but even more positive. "I also know the law. *I* tell you, you can get out in as little as two years. But you would have to do a tremendous amount of fixing inside yourself before I'd recommend it."

Hope, in spite of me, began to totter on unsteady feet. Bitterly, I slammed it down again.

"Why the goddam hell should I? There isn't one soul on the face of the earth that gives a damn. . . . Nobody cares. . . ."

When Warden Duffy spoke, I knew at last that my long descent had ended. My life was not over. It was just beginning. He called me by my first name. And the only thing he said was:

"Bill—*I* care."

Several days later my cell door was unlocked and I was released from The Shelf. The jute mill was waiting for me. Along with my release order, Warden Duffy had left a message with the sergeant.

"The only way to proceed from place to place here is to earn your way—either up or down. You earned your way to Solitary. Now, let's see if you can earn your way out of the jute mill."

The jute mill was waiting, but its evil snickering was gone. I had something real, something other than self-pity, to think about. Time, the unmoving axis of every convict's existence, began for me to pick up speed.

Soon afterward, I enrolled in the University of California extension courses that were advertised on the prison bulletin board and in our weekly newspaper. The courses had been available and advertised all along, but for the first time I began to see something in the world besides my own squirrelly self.

The first load of study assignments staggered me. In an effort to discover what made mankind tick—and me along with it—I had enrolled in beginning psychology, philosophy and comparative religions. A long list of books to be covered in the course of instruction was augmented by required outside reading and suggested material. All were available from either the prison library or the University. Degrees, grades, class standings interested me not at all. What I was after were answers. It was a matter of survival.

My studies began to pay off. I was transferred out of the jute mill. The tedium that I had endured for six months was gone. Gone forever, I determined.

With no advance notification I was sent to the education department and instructed to brush up on my typing. I regained my old speed quickly and even improved on it. Then I was transferred again. To the administration building . . . outside the walls.

I was taken to the second floor of the building and was assigned the desk next to a young convict who was typing at a tremendous rate of speed. The guard told me this man would explain my duties. He was called "Hook," presumably because of his overly large, broken nose. After the guard left, Hook stopped typing.

"So you have the second highest I.Q. in the joint!" This was his salutation. He looked quizzically at me.

"I didn't know that. How do you know it?"

"Meet number one." His face was transformed by a homely, friendly grin as he held out his hand.

"We're only two points apart," he said, as we shook hands. Then, indicating the pile of manila folders on his desk. he explained:

"All that info is contained in these records. You're not up for parole consideration now, as you doubtless are aware." Another grin, "But the grapevine had it that you were being assigned here, so I looked you up."

There was still another change in store that day. I was told to collect my personal effects from my cell; my sleeping quarters were being transferred. I followed the bull to a portion of the prison known as the Old Spanish Cellblock, a section of the original adobe edifice constructed in the 1870's. I was directed to one of the dormitories, each set up for occupancy by 16 men. The dormitory at Preston had seemed forbidding, but after San Quentin's two-man barred cell, this one looked good. Here three large rooms were connected by low archways. Plumbing had been installed. We could shower every day instead of only twice a week.

I knew most of the cons here and saw that Hook was just moving in, too. It was after we had showered and were almost asleep that Hook said:

"Wilber. Wilber Power Sewell. That's a hell of a name. What do they call you—Will Power?"

"Call me *Bill,*" I instructed him firmly. "I don't even know

your name, outside of 'Hook.'" I was dozing off and barely heard his sleepy reply.

"Chessman—Caryl Chessman."

Now my days passed swiftly. I worked in an office with a pleasant view from an unbarred window. Chess, as I came to call him, finished his weekly work quota by Wednesday afternoon. But instead of taking off, he would help me complete my work so we could both take off on Thursday. We became good friends. In our off-duty hours we formed the San Quentin Debating Team, which met and defeated many university squads. When I thought up a radio playhouse for presentation of dramatic skits over the prison network, it was Chess who pitched in, doing most of the writing.

Together, we discussed many things, including my attempts to find a philosophy of life. It was an invaluable help to have a confidante with such a quick, facile mind and genuine sense of humor.

Chess was headed one way and I another. But it would be less than accurate for me to tell this without stating, unequivocally, that the Caryl Chessman I knew so well from 1941 until he was transferred out of San Quentin in 1943, convicted of armed robbery, was a man physically, mentally and emotionally incapable of committing the sex crimes for which he was eventually tried and executed.

Members of an all-male society do talk about sex, you know. Exhaustively. Chess's ideas, experiences and aspirations were on a par with those of the other solid cons who form the backbone of any prison population—normal, healthy and not overly imaginative. When you live with a man 24 hours a day for almost two years in the close confinement of a prison, you get to know him far better than most men know their brothers. And if someone tells you your brother is a sex deviate, you damn well know whether he is or not.

Caryl Chessman was no sex deviate. Not then, not ever. He shared not only with me but with the vast majority of the men in prison, contempt and disgust for rapists and perverts.

Chessman had a strong personality and a brilliant mind. His resourcefulness and persuasion are now a matter of worldwide knowledge and perhaps a specific and stinging memory to the individuals who finally accomplished his execution. Accomplished it, I might add, without ever allowing him the lie-detector tests he sought for 12 years and which, he declared, would prove his innocence.

The following six months in San Quentin were "easy time" compared to the slow and agonizing initial half year in the jute mill. My studies and my work were enough to keep me busy, but in addition there were the debating team, the radio theater and *San Quentin on the Air*, the new weekly program broadcast across the nation. Warden Duffy always made a brief talk and usually emphasized the importance of rehabilitation. I had the privilege of acting as the prison master of ceremonies.

I turned 21 and hoped I was truly coming of age. I had made my first appearance before the parole board and, as expected, was denied consideration.

But while much had transpired inside, I felt the outside world was going on without us. Our country was now at war. There had been great excitement and rumors after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. There was wild talk of convict "suicide squads" and impending Japanese air raids on the West Coast. Warden Duffy and his wife had gone on the prison network at that time, squelching the rumors and settling some of the unrest. Now, aside from the occasional visits of the Red Cross blood bank, it was apparent that the war was going to be won or lost without us.

During 1942 I had an idea for another program to be broadcast on the prison radio network. It was called *Interview Time with Warden Duffy*, and on it the warden answered questions submitted by the prisoners and read to him by me. The program helped raise morale in the prison, and morale had become a big problem with the war going on outside.

Going over future programs with the warden took time, and he let me come to his home for these discussions. That was how I met Mrs. Duffy, "Mom," a staunch backer of the warden's progressive ideas, a lady who had just as much faith in the men as her husband did. These two warm, honest people gradually became my family.

In July, 1943, my second application for parole went in.

When I stood before the Parole Board, five serious-faced men around a long shining table with manila files on it, Warden Duffy appeared with me. The warden addressed the board, movingly, with eloquence.

Some of the words came through my numbed senses, ". . . gave unstintingly of his time to bettering relations between the inmates and the state . . . 14 and 16 hours a day . . . this is the true rehabilitation we refer to, but don't often see . . . this is not only a recommendation, gentlemen, this is an opportunity. . . ."

He had stopped speaking. I was dismissed from the room. Warden Duffy stayed on. Another 15 minutes and he came into the waiting room outside of his office. He handed me a brown sealed envelope. With shaking fingers I tore it open, drew out the pink slip of paper inside.

California State Board of Prisons and Paroles. It was a printed form with only a few blanks for handwritten names and numbers. I read on:

"Your application for parole is hereby *Granted*. Effective, *October 11, 1943*."

In 90 days I would be free.

It was my last night in San Quentin. The 90 days had passed. In the morning, I would be going out. My friend Chess had been transferred to Chino, the minimum security institution near Los Angeles. It was no trick to escape from unwalled Chino, as Chess promptly proved. Yes, Chess had gone, apparently with no apprehensions about the outside world and his future role in it.

But what about me? Where was I going? What was I going to do? What the hell was I, anyway? Me, with my brand new concepts, traits and emotions, all formed in the violent, contradictory womb of San Quentin?

I was a few days past my 23rd birthday. Every man that age has some twenty years of precedents he can remember—background directing him toward some definite goal. The Duffys' son was studying to be a doctor. If my family had stayed together I would have been working toward my degree in law. I thought about it without regret, merely noting that regardless of what background a man might have, at least he had something. Lawyer or filling-station attendant, it didn't matter. What mattered was that he had accumulated experience and precedents on which to base future judgments, actions and reactions. I had nothing to reach back to in my mind for guidance. My family, and all it represented, was gone, irrevocably, through death and desertion. Wilber Power Sewell, when first heard of, was a brash squirt, mad at the world, refusing to be tamed, resentful, defiant, fighting and useless. That individual had disappeared forever. Whatever made him tick had died behind the walls of San Quentin.

Now, two years and three months later, that number again would be traded for a name. But who was this stranger coming out with that name? I had been born, full-grown, within the walls of San Quentin. *The experiences that had forged this new man hardly were conducive to getting along anywhere but in here.*

What it boiled down to was that *here was a manufactured human being, and I was its imperfect creator.*

My very fallibility, however, washed away my apprehensions, leaving only the excitement. Because I was so very far from perfection and so very young, I couldn't help but look forward to that ride.

"Hey, World. Don't stop turning. I want to get on!"

For the first six weeks of my freedom I worked in a shipyard and then, with Warden Duffy's recommendation, I had been able to enlist in the Merchant Marine. Now, I was on a Liberty ship that toiled slowly from Fremantle, Australia, to join a convoy at Colombo, Ceylon.

After a nine-day voyage we pulled into the harbor at Ceylon and dropped hook about a mile from the nearest merchant ship.

"Now, Coach?" someone yelled to the bosun, as the ship was secured. With his "Okay," about 30 men plunged into the harbor waters for a swim. This was standard procedure when an American ship arrived in these waters. On previous stops, I had been able to pick up a little money by betting that I could dive off the boat deck, the flying bridge or some promontory in the rigging. One day I collected $60 for a 60-foot dive, but I sub-

sequently ran out of both promontories and takers. On this day I had plunged in and was content to let the cooling sea wash over my sweating body, as I swam close to the side of the ship. Before long, however, I noticed that every time some of the men scrambled up the Jacob's ladder in order to dive back in, a few remained on deck and pointed down to the clear water. Even while swimming, the sea was remarkably clear, but from the deck a man could see much farther down, probably to a depth of 50 feet. In those depths lurked sharks, doubtless attracted by the refuse of the convoy.

"Okay, everybody out. Captain's orders!" The bosun's command had been predestined. Lingering, despite the danger of sharks, we stroked over to the Jacob's ladder, clambered aboard, grousing all the way.

We gathered mournfully on the fantail and cursed the long gray shapes darting beneath the surface. We were still in our trunks, but it was hard to tell when the sea water quit dripping and the perspiration began. The shark-warning flag was flying from the ship now, and a no-swimming broadcast had been beamed out from shore to the skippers.

Just then several pairs of eyes focused simultaneously on something in the water halfway between us and the next ship. We identified the object at the same time.

"Hey, there's someone out there."

It was a man from another ship. "I'll get the captain's permission to lower a boat," the bosun said and was off to the flying bridge. Better hurry, I thought. It was obvious to me that sharks or no sharks, the man couldn't make it. Now almost every pair of eyes on ship was straining toward the swimmer, as if to support him until the boat reached him.

"No boat. I can't believe it." It was the bosun's breathless voice coming up behind us. "That's what the lunatic on the bridge told me—'No boat.' "

"Whaddya mean 'No boat'?" Several voices pounded indignantly. "Dincha tell 'im?"

"Of course, I told him. What the hell do you think? 'No boat will be lowered, is that clear?' he says. I says, 'Do you mean to tell me you're going to let an America sailor drown?' And he says, 'If he's that stupid, let the dumb sonofabitch drown.' Those are his exact words."

"Can't you put a boat down anyway?" I asked.

"Not against captain's orders, I can't."

"Well, what are we gonna do, let him drown?"

The bosun didn't answer. He was a good man; he had been at sea before I was born. There was no sense in arguing with him, there was no time for arguing with the captain. We had sometimes referred to him as "Captain Bligh" because of his disciplinary actions. But this was preposterous. Gradually, every eye had been turning in my direction. This was a fine time to be an authority on swimming.

It was a long dive from the fantail, long and wide, flattening at the end so I wouldn't go deep. In my anxiety I started off at a killing stroke that would have been fine in a 100-meter sprint, but I had a good quarter of a mile to go and back, if time—and the sharks—would permit. I forced myself to a pace that could perhaps save us both.

The man lasted until I reached him. "I gotcha, man. I gotcha." I gasped. He didn't hear me. Fortunately, he was beyond getting me in a strangle hold. I pulled him to me, slung my left arm across his chest and gripped him by the right armpit. Then I started back. Head lolling, he trailed behind me, the water supporting most of his weight.

It was a lonesome return trip. And a long one, allowing plenty of time to be scared. All the time there was the threat of violence coiled beneath the surface—heavy, thick, oppressive. It penetrated every second of existence . . . the potential threat of sudden, ferocious annihilation.

A cheering section was above us as my right hand hit the Jacob's ladder. In one motion, I grabbed and tucked my feet to the lowest rung and remained there for a couple of seconds with my non-sharkproof butt still in the water. As a bosun's chair splashed beside me, I pulled the unconscious man's head and shoulders through it, draping him unceremoniously across it, belly down.

"Haul away," I yelled and scrambled up the Jacob's ladder with all of the agility of a rhesus monkey.

"I've nothing but good news for you, Sewell," the bosun said by way of preamble. "Captain wants to see you, minute you come aboard."

"Like this?"

"Like that."

"Lead on, Bos."

The bosun led off to the flying bridge and I followed, still breathless and dripping. News of anything out of the ordinary is all over a ship in a matter of minutes, so by the time we arrived at the flying bridge quite a party had suddenly found some task to perform nearby.

The captain was six feet tall and weighed about 140 pounds. His thin, deeply tanned and wrinkled face was livid.

"I understand you went in swimming after I ordered all men out of the water. Is that right?"

"Well, I didn't just go in for a swim, sir. I went in to . . ."

"Did you or did you not go into the water after I specifically ordered everyone out?"

"I did go in, sir, but it was an emergency. A man was drowning and . . ."

"And you knew it was against my orders when you went in, did you not?"

"I would not have gone in, sir, if the man could have made it alone. Or if you had lowered a boat."

"I am not in the habit of giving an explanation with my commands. I told the bosun and now I will tell you—if a man is so stupid that he doesn't know whether he can make the swim from one ship to another, then he deserves to drown. . . ."

I was weary to the point of exhaustion. I had been afraid—and to be afraid, no matter how reasonably, makes me angry. I refused to go on the defensive when I knew I was right.

"You'd let an American sailor drown when you had the power to save him? Well, I'm glad I got him, and I'd do it again. I've seen men locked up for 10 years for less than . . . attempted murder."

"You can't talk to me like that." His voice was shrill.

"You old sonofabitch, I just got through talking to you like that," I pointed out. "I've heard that the captain is God on his ship. But you're not my God. Now just what the hell do you think you can do to scare me? That's been tried, Buster, by experts."

The captain strode away, so I left. Down below in the crew's quarters I found the rescued sailor. Wrapped in a blanket, he was sitting on a bunk, drinking hot coffee, his lips still blue from shock. He stretched out a hand and tried to stand up when I came in. I sat down beside him and had coffee, too. In a matter of seconds the cabin filled with men. They had the latest from the bridge.

"Kay-rist, you should see old Bligh. He put out more orders about you in 10 seconds than he's done during the whole damn war," one man volunteered.

"He's got you changed from the 4-to-8 watch (the best working hours) to the 8-to-12 (the worst)," said another.

A third man spoke up. "He's taking away all your overtime pay—what you've already earned."

I lay down on my own bunk. I had gone after the sailor at 4 o'clock; it was now almost 6. The talk among the men continued at mess. I must have dropped off to sleep, for it was almost 8 o'clock when the bosun entered.

"The captain won't put a boat down to take the guy back to his ship. The kid's worried to death because when we all pull out for Calcutta in the morning, he'll be marked AWOL."

The bosun was a good man. He had again gone to the captain with a plea for help. Permission had been denied. The captain had even refused to signal the other ship so they would know what had happened and could send a boat for their man.

"The kid's going to try to swim it alone in a life jacket," the bosun said. "I can't let him do that, but I don't have the right to tell him not to."

"When I'm reincarnated, I hope it's as a dolphin," I said. Shortly after dark, the young sailor and I went quietly over the side and down the Jacob's ladder again with a small party of silent well-wishers to see us off.

This time the swim was much easier. The sailor was wearing a life jacket, and while I pushed him with what is called "the tired swimmer's carry," he helped by sculling and kicking as

he lay on his back. At last we were there. Another Jacob's ladder, another hull, strange faces on the deck watch. But they looked good to me.

Within a few minutes after we climbed onto the fantail deck, the sailor was summoned by his captain. I remained in the crew's mess, drinking coffee and wearing borrowed dungarees, for about an hour before the captain sent for me. I was braced for anything.

"Well, we're certainly in your debt, young man," he said and shook my hand. "My seaman has told me what you did. Your conduct is in keeping with the highest standards of the United States Maritime Service. Now, I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Yes, sir."

"Is it true your captain refused to lower a boat to rescue my man?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know he refused?"

"The bosun asked him when we first saw that your man couldn't make it. The bosun came back and told us that the captain had refused to lower a boat. The captain told me so, himself, later."

"What were his words to you?"

"He said he wasn't in the habit of explaining his orders, but he wasn't going to lower a boat because 'if the man is so stupid he doesn't know if he can make it from one ship to another, he deserves to drown.' "

"Were there any witnesses to this conversation?" The captain, a stocky, wide-shouldered man, looked grim.

"I'll say there were—I mean, yes, sir."

I was put under examination, direct examination, cross examination and redirect examination. Finally, the captain said:

"Now, is there anything you have told me that you don't have personal knowledge of yourself?"

"He didn't actually tell me he was going to change my watch. Or that he was going to take all my back overtime pay. I just heard that. But the new watch list has been posted, and I have been changed, so I suppose he'll take my pay, too."

"Not by a damn sight, he won't. Now, pay attention to what I say. It is very important to you. When you get to Calcutta, go to the American Consul's office and prefer charges. I will go there and make a statement on your behalf and prefer charges of my own. Do you have that straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Now, I will put down a boat to take you back to your ship. You understand there is a correct way of getting things done. I had to question you thoroughly and find out what was witnessed and what was not and exactly what was said. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir . . . and sir . . ."

"What is it?"

"Before you make any statement for me, perhaps you should know what I told the captain." I then related my part of that notable conversation on the flying bridge, sparing none of the words I had used earlier. This captain only smiled and said:

"That's fine. See you in Calcutta."

I left the ship at Calcutta feet-first. My captain had made a practice of giving me every dangerous job that came up, until inevitably I ended up with a compound fracture of my left ankle. But my luck changed for the better in the Calcutta hospital. The captain of the other ship and the American consul between them secured me my back pay and a commendation for saving a man's life in shark-infested waters. And I got friendly with one of my nurses, a friendship that ripened, when I was discharged from the hospital, into a 10-day erotic binge.

When the 11th morning dawned, I realized that I had more than made up for my two years of prison celibacy. I checked out of my hotel, leaving a note for my nurse friend, and bought a ticket to the other end of India—Bombay.

There, I joined The Bombay Cricket Club of India. The swimming pool was an extra inducement; once the cast on my injured ankle was removed, water exercise would help me regain the use of the leg. Meanwhile, I enjoyed the sun and the company.

During my first visit I noticed a little Indian girl of about 12 taking a competition swimming workout with her coach, who was, it developed, her father. After he heard I had qualified for the United States Olympic water polo team in 1940, he invited my comments on his daughter's progress. With the directness that has often been my undoing, I took him literally. I suggested she had a long way to go before she could be considered serious competition.

He was startled and indignant. He announced curtly that I was looking at the champion woman swimmer of India. And he was telling the truth.

He was realistic, however, and after his momentary chagrin, suggested that perhaps I could achieve better results. Here, the inner discipline I had acquired at San Quentin proved helpful to both of us. I initiated a program of coaching; she took direction with enthusiasm and within a week showed marked improvement in form and against the stopwatch. A short time later, the coach of the male swim team asked me to visit his training sessions. The Indian swimmers were competent. What they lacked was the aggressive, all-out drive that is characteristic of American athletes. But they were willing and good sports; they needed only to be shown. Shortly afterward, the Bombay officials of the All-India Olympics—they were holding their own games in 1944, since most nations were at war—asked me to take on the job of head coach. This was a project that appealed to me. I had always been competitive, and at this period of my life, I needed to go all out for a project. Finally, three months after my injury, the cast was removed from my ankle. Until then, my swimmers had taken me on faith; now it was time for me to prove myself in the water. It took weeks to get my withered leg back in action, but I did manage to satisfy the crew as to my ability. The Bombay swimming teams, both men and women, went on to the games in Calcutta, swept away all competition and brought home all trophies.

I got restless in India however, and took a ship across the war-torn Pacific to Manila. In the hideously damaged city, I found a gymnasium that was untouched. I paid a visit there one afternoon and for a small fee was allowed to work out. As I tried to regain my former timing on the light striking bag, a well-dressed Filipino came over to watch me.

"Have you ever fought?" he asked.

"Some."

"My name is Rafael Apeng Reyes. I am matchmaker for Manila Square Gardens. If you are going to be here for a while, perhaps I could make you some money as a main-eventer."

That's how it began—one of the world's shortest careers as a professional prize fighter. Weighing 185 pounds, I was matched against everything from middleweights through heavyweights. Unfortunately, I won all my bouts, mostly three-rounders, and mostly by knockouts. Then, as K. O. Billy Sewell, I fell victim to delusions of grandeur. It was my idea to ask for a bout with Art Acosta, a real pro light heavyweight. The match was arranged. I launched an intensive two-week training program. The night of the fight was to me Madison Square Garden. Art Acosta, dancing in the opposite corner of the ring, might have been Joe Louis.

And well he might. Acosta was clearly unimpressed by my flurry of leather; he caught everything on his gloves and forearms that I had to give. Suddenly, I realized I was sitting down—my opponent was skipping away from me to a far corner. Overhead, the bright lights were dancing.

". . . three, four . . ."

The referee was counting me out! I managed to get up, pushed him aside and rushed at Acosta. The referee caught me and wiped my gloves against his shirt while he peered into my eyes. Then he let me go, which was a mistake on his part and mine. There were then no mandatory eight-counts or three-knockdown rules. I was knocked down in every round, six times in the final round.

That was the end of my career as a boxer.

I headed back to the States. There, after my parole was discharged and I had several months of being entirely free, I decided to move to Lake Arrowhead in the San Bernardino mountains. There I formed a cab company. But business was so bad that I took a construction job to supplement my earnings.

I developed into a fair carpenter, a competent electrician and the world's worst plumber. I can climb poles, string wire, unravel electrical mysteries. But put me with any kind of pipe, and I'll show you a disaster looking for a place to happen. I

did, however, construct a snug cabin for myself to live in. My construction job was for the County of San Bernardino. Two months later, the county superintendent gave notice of his resignation and, to my surprise, submitted my name as his replacement.

It was a wonderful job, and Lake Arrowhead was a wonderful place to live. There were year-round sports—hunting, fishing, horseback riding, hiking, swimming, water skiing and snow skiing, and I participated in all of them. Many men, I am sure, would have been happy there for life.

But not I. I had decided to taste and savor and digest every morsel of life that I could lay my hands on. A year and a half later, I applied for a job as a construction clerk with the Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco). My references were checked; among them was the strong recommendation of the chairman of the San Bernardino Board of Supervisors. I was hired in spite of my criminal record.

I flew to New York, and then, with several other new employees, was flown to Dhahran, Arabia in one of the oil company's Constellation planes. On the last leg we winged out over the indigo of the Mediterranean, then across the endless sand dunes of Arabia itself. At last, there was Dhahran, our future home. Rising out of the sands below was a modern community of new homes on curving streets and a business section of well-spaced concrete-and-steel office buildings. Soon we were rolling down the runway of a nearby United States Army Air Force Base.

"Take a deep breath," the smiling stewardess instructed as she took up a position by the plane door.

The door opened. We were momentarily stunned. The heat that billowed through that plane doorway hit us like a sledgehammer. The official temperature in Dhahran that afternoon was 133 degrees.

One afternoon while two other company men and I were walking near the main gate of the nearest Arab city, we noticed a crowd gathering. We arrived at the fringe of the crowd in time to see an Arab being held down with his arm stretched out and his hand tied flat on a large wooden block. The man's face showed no emotion. The crowd grew silent and expectant. Another Arab stepped forward, threw his burnoose back from his arms and, with a swift motion, swung aloft something that gleamed metallically in the sunset. It was a huge, two-handed scimitar.

He brought it down through flesh and bone until it bit deep into the block behind the completely severed hand. This hand, tied on the block, quivered spasmodically several times, then lay still. Its owner had emitted only one short, hoarse, controlled scream. Then he looked dumbly for a moment, longingly, from the hand to his stump, from which shot forth a bright geyser of blood. The victim slumped backward, and his friends rushed to help him, obscuring him from our view.

Probably the Arabian theory is that punishment meted out in public serves as a warning, possibly even as a deterrent. But it is about as much of a deterrent as the various gas chambers, gallows, electric chairs and firing squads in America, where the capital crime rate increases each year. Arabs stole everything they could lay their hands on, even items that were hot or nailed down. In the case of second offenders, it was everything they could lay their hand on, but they still stole.

My two friends and I, sickened by what we had seen, cost the company nothing for our food that night. Instead, we went to the Patio, the nightclub with the dance floor under the stars and swallowed several double shots, wondering if we could keep them down.

Finally, my mind was taken off the grisly memories by animated conversation concerning a projected floor show. It was to be a presentation of company talent. As in any large group, there was talent galore—solo singers and groups, a magic act, acrobats, tumbling and dancing. I volunteered to be master of ceremonies. That night rehearsals started; in two weeks the show was ready.

On opening night, the club was packed. Aramco already had a fine Italian dance orchestra, and the club was provided with the most modern sound systems and spotlights. The show was going extremely well. I was introducing an act, when a loud, feminine voice cried, "I know you . . . you're Bill Sewell."

With the spotlight in my eyes, I could barely make out a tall figure striding toward the stage. The background music had stopped; everyone was waiting to see what was coming next. Then the lights were turned up.

"Flo!" I exclaimed happily. This was a girl I used to swim with during my high school days. Might as well make this a visit, I thought, as long as my uninhibited friend had already stopped the show. "What are you doing here?"

"Operating a comptometer and swimming too, of course. Every chance I get. Hey . . ." she interrupted herself. "You better go on with the show. You're doing pretty well for a swimmer out of water."

"See you afterward," I told her as the house applauded good-naturedly. The show went well, but I was happy when it ended and I could renew an old acquaintance. Shortly afterwards, Flo and I formed swimming teams, held meets, in which interest was added by the presence of two former American Olympic team male divers also working for Aramco, and gave the children lessons. We took on teams from other Aramco-built communities, Ras El Mishab, Ras El Tunura and Abqaic. Flo was a real competitor and asked me to coach her in regular workouts.

I literally had it made. I had been in Arabia for a year, and had spent a four-week, expense-paid vacation in India. I had been promoted three times until I was supervising a large staff of office personnel and was earning in excess of a thousand dollars a month—which was all banked, as there was no way for me to spend it. I had formed fine friendships. Under the Aramco retirement plan, I could leave at the end of 15 years, at an early age, with approximately half-salary for the rest of my life, in addition to the huge nest egg I couldn't help but accumulate.

Still, it wasn't for me. For the second time since San Quentin, I was set for life. But I had an itch I couldn't scratch. I wasn't dissatisfied or ungrateful. But inside me there seemed to be a drive toward something, something that would count for more than merely making a comfortable place for myself. What it was and what it meant, I didn't know.

I confided to Flo in the midst of one of our strenuous workouts. She had been swimming in the Persian Gulf, concentrating on distance and endurance instead of speed. I had been coaching her, although I couldn't see why she put herself through this daily grind when the events in our swimming meets were sprints. But I enjoyed it and didn't question her motives.

"I understand how you feel," she said when I told her I was resigning. "It took me time to figure out just where I fit in, but now I've found it.

"Bill, this is a secret still. But I'm going to swim the English Channel. I know I can do it. All I need is a couple of months more practice. I sure wish you could stay and continue to help. When I have made the Channel and have earned a real place for myself in swimming, then I want to devote my life to working with children—blind, handicapped, any kind of youngsters, in swimming."

"Gee, Flo," I said slowly, not wanting to dampen her high spirits, but at the same time thinking of that treacherous and forbidding stretch of cold, choppy water she wanted to conquer. "I hate to say it, but you know you're not a teen-ager anymore, and well, Flo, you know a lot of men have died trying that swim. Can't you do something else?"

"Don't worry," she said. "I'm not about to drown. You'll read about it in the newspapers."

And I did. Just a few months later, Florence Chadwick successfully swam the English Channel.

For two years I went around the world several times, allowing circumstances and whatever funds I had saved in Arabia to dictate my itinerary. My return to India led to interviews with Nehru; as a matter of fact, I was set to manage a construction project in India—when the policy switched to "India for Indians," and many foreigners who had been there for years and considered India their home, lost their jobs. I never got mine. There was a brief fling in the export-import business, and the intrigue involved when I undertook to transport a valuable packet of gems from Delhi to Rome. There were Paris and Brussels and Madrid, and travels through my own country which led me from New York to Oregon, from Montana to Mississippi, from Florida to Alaska. I had sold real estate and house trailers,

pots and pans, books and ideas. I had worked as a concrete vibrator operator on Hungry Horse Dam near Whitefish, Montana, as a construction boss and signalman for a cableway. But it—that elusive "it"—was not to be found in any of these projects.

Now I was in South America.

I had struck up an acquaintance on the plane with Juan Paez, a bullfighter destined to become famous. He was doing his best to teach me Spanish. One day he found an ad in the Spanish newspaper and explained there was a good job open for a Spanish-speaking American. Pan American-Grace Airways needed a man to manage five jungle airports and a hotel in Bolivia, along the route the airline took from Lima to the east coast cities of Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

I put on my most conservative suit and tie and set out for the airline offices. Everything went smoothly and I got the job.

I was sent to Santa Cruz, a jungle outpost community on the exact, geometric center of the South American continent. We were flown there from Lima, up until we were high enough to make it through a pass in the Andes, a pass where the deep snows are permanent, lying in the shadows of the upthrust escarpments. Lake Titicaca, the highest large body of water in the world, sparkled below us like acres of diamonds.

The sight was even more impressive when the plane door was opened and we stepped out into the balmy Santa Cruz air. Waiting at the airport apron were two long lines of anxious-looking Spanish men and women. They turned out to be the staff I had inherited, some 120 in all. They had been rehearsed about my pending arrival. Now they stood, dressed in their Sunday best, apprehensive, looking in my direction.

At the bottom of the gangway, four men introduced themselves. One was the Grace Shipping Company representative. The two dispatchers, Ken and Tom, were Americans. The local station manager, a Spaniard called "Mac," made a flowery Spanish speech of welcome.

Mac took care of my baggage and showed me to my quarters. There was a spacious living room with polished mahogany furniture. On the floor was an enormous jaguar-skin rug with mounted head. The bedroom was almost as large. French doors provided access to wide balconies off each room—one with a view of the airfield, the other overlooking the attractive patio.

As I returned to the lobby to check on my luggage the serenity of the hotel was shattered for the day. A sudden shriek, loud enough to awaken every mummy in Egypt, pierced the air. It was a scream of mortal terror. The lobby turned into a tableau of frozen figures. I ran for the stairway, followed by Ken, Tom and half the staff. At the entrance to my apartment we found an American woman tourist, who had just passed my open door.

"It moved, it moved, it moved!" she screamed. She was pointing to the jaguar-skin rug.

"It—what?" The fact that my eardrums and nervous system had both been destroyed in the same instant didn't help.

Tom and Ken were more sympathetic. They patted the woman and led her to a chair. Then they started looking in corners, behind furniture. When they went into the other room and looked under the bed, they let out a couple of words that weren't in my Spanish dictionary. Tom dragged out an obviously terrified, full-grown, spitting ocelot. Shaking his finger and repeating over and over, *"Malo, malo, malo!"* Tom hauled the 100-pound creature by the scruff of its neck out of the room.

The ocelot was their pet and completely docile, they explained, virtually on their knees before the woman. He had the run of the place and apparently identified with several jaguar-skin rugs, for he used to nap on them by the hour. He must have been there, his spots blending with those of his distant, dead relative, when my earlier entrance had disturbed him.

My job was one of public relations for the staff with the townspeople. I tried to run the place as fairly as possible and, as my policy became known, the staff started coming to me with all kinds of personal problems.

There was just enough administrative work to keep life from being indolent. I had free time to travel around the countryside. I watched the fascinating and never-ending fight of the ranchers and farmers to hold back the encroaching jungle. With Tom and Ken I hunted boa, jaguar and wild boar. I became friends with the local banker (who gave me a spirited horse to ride on my trips into the jungle), was entertained by the rich ranchers and dined as graciously in the homes of some of my employees.

Life was beautiful. San Quentin might never have been. For the third time in a brief span of years. I had it made. Good friends, loyal employees, a fine job which allowed me to bank my entire monthly salary. I was set for life.

What more could any man want?

But it palled. I wasn't sufficiently articulate to clarify my thoughts, or perhaps they were not yet ready for crystallization. All I knew was that I didn't want to sit in some corner of the world, accepting luxuries as my due and accomplishing nothing more than a comfortable existence. What would I have to show for it at the end of my life? A string of crazy adventures and a stack of material possessions?

I resigned my position with Panagra, and after an emotional farewell with my staff, returned to Lima.

There I heard that the United States Embassy was looking for someone to organize and direct a program of water sports for Peruvian youth. I went to the Embassy, talked to the attaché on cultural affairs, gave him my credentials and awaited developments. The Embassy recommended me for the job, on a lend-lease basis under which the United States government would pay half of my salary. I was then interviewed by Peruvian government officials and accepted.

Then it struck me. This was the same job I had held in Bombay, in a way, and I wasn't satisfied with that for a lifework. What made me think I would be happier now? Obviously, I wouldn't be. So I secured a satisfactory replacement, a man better qualified than I to run the sports program. Then I resigned, bought a ticket and left for the States.

> WANTED: Young men and women, good co-ordination, as dance teachers. No exp. nec. We will train.

Thus I became a dance teacher at Arthur Murray's in Fresno, California. (I had been staying there with friends until I could figure out my next move.) Arthur Murray's gave me an education that was to last the rest of my life. Here, in addition to learning just about every dance step ever invented, I really learned how to sell.

I had always considered myself a pretty accomplished salesman. But only at Murray's did I learn the meaning of the word. I learned about negative selling, emotional selling, promotion, public relations and the art of selling the intangible, the idea, the dream. This was the way it had to be. Nobody beats your door down to pay out more than $7,000 for a lifetime course of dance lessons. And I sold six of these in six weeks.

Eventually, I opened my own dance studio. I lacked money, but I had plenty of ideas and good friends willing to help. My teaching system differed widely from Arthur Murray's but was not at cross-purposes to it. The town was certainly big enough to hold us both. I leased a building that had hardwood floors, and swapped future dance lessons for other installations.

I was captain of my own little ship again and it was a happy ship.

To accommodate the rush of students I was expanding as rapidly as possible. But it took a great deal of money—and a great many hours of my time—just to keep pace with the flourishing business. It was becoming an inverted pyramid—with more teachers, more office help, more equipment, more students, more of everything, except of me. Twenty-one hours a day on the job, seven days a week, were barely enough for me to get everything done.

Incidentally, among those I met in the dance studio were three former high school buddies. One, Billy Vukovich, took some dancing lessons and in return taught me some of the finer points of race car driving. I became a sports car addict. He invited me to become a member of his crew at Indianapolis the following year, but I'm glad I bowed out. On the way to his third win in succession that year, he crashed and perished—the way he had said he wanted to go when his time came.

Ross Bagdasarian was another former schoolmate. He had written *C'mon a' My House* and *Hey, Brother, Pour the Wine.*

He was forming his own record company and making a recording that no one else had any faith in, *The Chipmunk Song*. He used the name David Seville on that one.

But it was a third classmate who had the most profound effect on me. I'll call him Doctor George. It was to him that I went when I began to feel as if I were coming apart. The 21-hour days and seven-day weeks had begun to tell. Doctor George put me through all the tests and then sat me down for a talk.

"How much does this dance business mean to you?" he asked.

I explained it was my livelihood and one I enjoyed.

"Does it mean more to you than your life?" He added soberly, "Keep at it for another 90 days and that will be your life. All of it. You are suffering from mental, nervous and physical exhaustion. You don't have more than 90 days to live, unless you get out and rest up—for a long time."

I did as he advised. Resigned, sold out. After a heartbreaking farewell to my staff, I bought a lovely, white-hulled 46-foot yacht and lolled on it for six months. I wore sandals and striped T-shirts but refrained from growing a beard. Finally, I went back to Doctor George, who seemed well pleased that I was about to die of boredom instead of exhaustion. He gave me the green light to resume living.

The most obvious thing to do first, of course, was to go on a diamond-hunting expedition into the unexplored jungles of Venezuela.

To my surprise and delight, my friend Scott offered to go with me. Scott was a doctor of entomology with a master's degree in geology. He was an ex-paratrooper—six-foot-five of whalebone and muscle.

Without ever having been there, there was little Scott did not know of our destination. We were heading for the Lost World country of Devil's Mountain, in the unpenetrated wilds of the interior of Venezuela. According to all the information we could get, no man, native or otherwise, had set foot in that forbidding tangle of growth.

One morning, after camping in the open savannah without incident, we started off with our stalwart guide, whom we called "Shorty." Entering the jungle was like stepping from day into twilight, even though the tropical sun was beating down brightly in the clearing. Vines and bushes grew everywhere between the towering trees, and great elephantine leaves and giant ferns impeded our progress. And everywhere there was life, flying and crawling and slithering and screaming, living and dying all around us.

We found a stream and camped by it. The next morning we began our search for diamonds. The method was to put shovelsful of dirt in our *surukus* (three-layered sieves we had obtained in the village), then to pour water over them while we ran our hands through the trapped earth and rocks. The circular screens, set one above the other, were of different weaves—the finest was at the bottom. Chunks that passed through the first coarse screening were thus caught by the next one and so on.

It was tedious work. We dug several holes, some to a depth of six feet, during our first day. Because the diamonds had been scattered and washed over for thousands of years, it was almost like throwing a dart at a map.

The next three nights and days were repetitions of the first. On our fourth evening, we had some diversion. We had finished supper, and twilight had turned into jungle night. Suddenly the native grabbed us and began to chatter in a complete panic. Finally he got out something we could understand: *"El Tigre! El Tigre!"* A jaguar.

We whirled to face the jungle, trying to penetrate the green wall with our flashlights. But we saw nothing and we heard only the usual noises of the night. I asked Shorty in Spanish, "How do you know—what tells you?" He pointed to his nose. *"Olfacto. Olfacto. Si, El Tigre."*

Then, even our civilization-blunted sense of smell caught it. The rank odor of cat, big cat. The stench was full upon us. We made a hasty plan. There was no time to build a big fire. We would sit on the ground in the center of our open spot, back to back, with our knees pulled up and braced against each other. In front of us, we would hold our machetes. It was our hope that one of the machetes could be thrust into *El Tigre's* underbelly, if he leaped high enough in his attack. The man who took to the trees to outclimb a jaguar would do just as well to take to the open fields to try to outrun a greyhound. It wasn't much of a bastion, but the best we could manage with the means on hand. We hunched together, our flashlights turned off. On my count of three, Scott and I were to turn on our powerful lamps and each would sweep his half of the circle. Shorty was useless, paralyzed with fear.

"One," I could feel the tense muscles in the back braced against my own, "two, three."

There was *El Tigre,* all six feet of him, ahead in my light beam—not 20 feet away.

As the light glared, he snarled hideously. His saber teeth gleamed and his eyes blazed like two giant topaz gems. His tail switched down toward its tip. My belly would be tender and soft to those three-inch teeth and talons. I tried to hug my legs a little closer against me and tightened my grip on the machete.

"I got him—dead ahead of me," I murmured.

"Yeah, I figured," Scott's low voice answered.

Then—like that—he was gone. Gone without a sound through undergrowth so dense a rabbit would have snapped twigs and vines getting through.

We spent two more nights in the jungle and another two weeks poking around in the ground of the savannah. And one day we found what we sought. There it lay in the sand, flashing like—a diamond! For some reason, I had always thought diamonds in the raw were black. It had been my understanding that the brilliance was the result of cutting and polishing. Of course, this one didn't look like a gem in Cartier's, but the unmistakable hard luster was there. And, it was diamond-shaped.

We unearthed five more diamonds before we ran out of money. I realize that statement, containing those two pieces of information, doubtless should go down in history as a warning, not an example. Nevertheless, it was a fact. Our six small diamonds, worth approximately $400 in the United States, according to the diamond buyer on the scene, represented a great deal more than the average find for the time we had spent there. It meant a lot more to Scott and me to take them home in their raw state than it did for us to sell them to the local buyer and go on with the search. Besides, the thrill was in the finding, not in the value of the find (unless, of course, a fabulous fortune were to have been unearthed). But there had been none made in these fields, we heard, so we picked up our diamonds and went home.

Since the $400 was our return on an investment of several thousand dollars, it behooved me to find something profitable to do—and fast.

Back in the United States, I took the first job that seemed suitable, that of a public relations man for Continental Airlines. New duties took me to Denver, then to Tulsa. In Tulsa, I met a phenomenal individual, whom I will call Chuck.

Still under 30, Chuck already had amassed a multimillion-dollar fortune, starting only three years before with a borrowed $800. He was a mathematical genius. He had started as a construction engineer. Somewhere along the line, he had found he could estimate correctly, in about one-twelfth the time it would take the usual estimator, all costs, materials and time a project would require. When I met him, he was sole owner of several large companies. He had contracts for most of the schools, hospitals and highways being built in the state. Now he wanted to build a dance studio, not just the building, but the entire works. He was a dance addict, and I saw an opportunity to help some of my former teachers.

After I had staffed his new studio and launched it successfully, Chuck told me he had a yen to build dams and that he understood great plans were going forward along these lines in South America. When I told him my history there, he made me vice-president of two of his companies. My specific assignment was to be in charge of sales and contracts.

As we left for Latin America, he made a mistake that was to cost him dearly. He had fallen in love with one of the dance teachers I had sent for from the West Coast. Never had I seen two people more suited for one another. They were married in Los Angeles, and then we were off.

Back to Caracas, Ciudad Bolivar and Lima. My past connections there proved invaluable, chiefly because I was able to follow the prescribed Latin formula for transacting business. We were awarded a total of $33 million in contracts for a dam, a hospital, a cement plant and roads.

We raced back to the United States to fulfill the contracts, only to discover Chuck had no companies. His wife had taken over their ownership through legal action, then disposed of their assets. That's right, his wife. Not the former dance teacher who accompanied us to South America, but the wife he had not divorced before he married the dancer. Oh boy, for the life of a genius, I thought, as I started job-hunting again.

I earned several thousand dollars as a sales consultant for a home reducing machine manufacturer. Then I looked around again. It looked as if I found the answer to my quest in show business.

The idea of going into show business with my own act came naturally to me in 1951. I was momentarily broke and in Los Angeles. As a favor to friends, I had just completed a stint as master of ceremonies at a function. Whenever a master of ceremonies was needed, it seemed I always volunteered for the job or was drafted for it. Moreover, I always seemed to enjoy it.

I actually got work as a singing comedian in various clubs in Los Angeles, and then a number of one-night stands, playing burlesque joints and smaller clubs in Carlsbad, New Mexico; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Panama City, Florida; Marysville, California. The audiences' applause gave me a warm feeling, almost a feeling of belonging. This was what I had been vainly searching for from my mother during my youth—approval, recognition. In order to please audiences, I strove valiantly to perfect my act. Luckily I found a sympathetic agent. He christened me Bill Sands, a name, he said, that was more euphonious than my own and a better length for billing. I had new photographs taken, a new brochure printed—and worked out a new act. It was my hope that no one in the entertainment field would remember Bill Sewell. I was Bill Sands, and my act was now called, in the trade, "a good, competent, professional nightclub routine." I began to play many of the leading clubs in the country.

One night, Jerry Ross, an agent in Seattle, stopped by to ask me to do one show for him at the Olympic Hotel between my performances at the Magic Inn. He took out of his briefcase an old picture of a youth in a black dinner jacket with a violent-colored serape over his shoulder, a sombrero on his head and a guitar in his hands. It was me at the start of my career.

"Was that you?" he asked.

"It was," I confessed with a sheepish smile.

Jerry looked at the notes he had made on the back of that picture. Then he said wryly, "I understand why you changed your name."

In the inner core of show business, I found a wonderful world with which the general public is unfamiliar. This world is inhabited by those who are in the middle class of entertainers, their fees ranging from $500 to $900 a week. They work as supporting acts for the big stars in major clubs or often as headliners in smaller but equally respectable nightclubs.

This is the world in which loyalty to one's craft is paramount. Entertainers are never late for rehearsals or performances. "The show must go on" is a way of life. And it's from this world that the real stars develop. Not the flash in the pan sensations, but those who have learned their craft painstakingly, over the years, in small clubs and one-night stands. In this world, it is considered not only a breach of etiquette, but a breach of professionalism to criticize a fellow performer to any outsider. Here performance alone counts. There are no excuses and no exceptions. A solid world, and one I understood.

Billy Daniels, Milton Berle, Bob Hope and other stars with whom I worked all share the same attitude toward the profession. They greet every entertainer, whether or not he has a "name," as an equal. They expect their fellow entertainers to do a professional job.

Milton Berle, for example, is well known among entertainers as one of the kindest men in show business. He can always be depended upon to help someone up the ladder. His introductions of unknowns are among the classics in the business. If I were being introduced for the first time to a national television audience, I would rather have Milton Berle perform the introduction than any other man in show business.

The easy camaraderie that exists between professional entertainers—no matter what their position in show business—is illustrated in what Bob Hope said to me when his show was broadcast from a Lions' convention in Ontario, California.

My job was to "warm up" the audience and then to introduce the star. Backstage, before the show, I asked him: "Mr. Hope, is there any way in which you would like to be introduced?"

"You'll do a good job," he answered, "say anything you like. The name is Hope. H-O-P-E. Hope. Now go out and knock 'em dead."

This was a good time of life for me. I was delighted to be able to help people forget their troubles, even if only briefly. But it wasn't enough to satisfy the ache deep within me. I couldn't imagine it would ever be enough.

So, I rushed from one interest to another. Racing came next. I bought a sports car. A friend of mine took me to his sports car club one evening, and there I met about 50 young men, most of them sports car owners. They seemed to collect a vast number of trick gadgets—imported driving gloves, berets with pompons, metal badges of foreign derivation. They were watching a color motion picture of a *Grand Prix* race in Europe. Like them, I was fascinated by the incredible speed of the drivers, the beautifully executed turns and the approach to the checkered flag. When it was over, the members cheered and applauded. There was a good deal of handshaking and backslapping. Then they all took off in a great roar of engines and straight pipe mufflers.

"Did you have a good time?" asked my friend.

It was interesting, I said, and asked if the club had any races scheduled. Apparently not—so I scouted around to find out where there would be some actual racing. I drove down to chat with members of the entry committee and to find out the requirements. I would need seat belts and a helmet (this was before roll bars were required) I was informed, then I would be allowed to enter the Pismo Beach Hill Climb. This was to be a dirt track road test to discover how fast a car could climb a sharply rising narrow road marked by hairpin turns and fast bends. I entered, without having any modifications made on the engine of my car.

Here again, my need to meet challenge was of tremendous help; I came out class winner.

During the following year I met some of the sports car racing drivers of America, among them Ken Miles and Phil Hill. I also saw some of the finest racing machinery in the world, the $18,000 and up Ferraris, the little Alfa-Romeos, the Porsches.

I learned by experience that smoothness equals speed. While it may look daring to get a car into a wild skid, such maneuvers cost the driver vital time and may lose a race for him. It is the smooth driver taking the same turn with scarcely a lean or a squeal who usually wins.

That year I raced in a number of events, usually winning my class, sometimes placing overall, and invariably finding excitement and fascination. Most of my money went into machinery of various kinds for my racing. Among the 19 automobiles I owned and raced that year were: an Allard with a Cadillac engine in it, which blew everything in its class off the road at Palm Springs; a 145-mile-per-hour Aston Martin; a Jowet Jupiter of brilliant emerald-green classic lines, but comparatively little power; a racing Ferrari, which I was not allowed to drive on the streets; a Porsche, and a Simca.

During this period I also tried out a motorcycle. In competent hands a motorcycle can be taken on trails at high speeds. I thoroughly enjoyed the two-wheel hill climbs and took quite a few spills before I mastered the art of jumping motorcycles and of power-riding these skittish mounts on one wheel.

As a challenge to our skills, three other men and I decided to traverse the wilderness area of the high Sierras between Fresno, California, and the Nevada state line. Our attempt was written up in a national motorcycle magazine under the title, "They Said It Couldn't Be Done—and It Couldn't." It took us three days in all, and we finally walked into a ranger station, half-frozen in our summer shirts, after a two-day trek, without food and over a snow field. We had lost our bikes over cliffs and in rivers.

What was there to attempt after this but flying? I chose as my instruction base a *fly or die* airport at Boulder, Colorado. The airstrip seemed the size of a postage stamp. On one side towered the formidable Rocky Mountain peaks; on the other, there was a drop of about a thousand feet into oblivion.

I received my pilot's license and began piling up hours. Later,

in order to spend as much time as possible in the air, I started an aerial photography business. It didn't earn much for me, but I was in it for the thrill of flying. I'd practice my 720's, pulling my little single engine through its own prop wash, and other maneuvers. I also enjoyed making unorthodox practice landings against the time when I might have to make an emergency landing. The day I began my first growth of gray hair came when I had to fly from Boulder to Pueblo to compete in a road race. It was a two-driver event. A young novice driver, who showed a lot of promise, and I were to drive an MG in a two-hour race. He was at the other end, waiting for me, but the day in Boulder dawned foggy, with clouds hanging well below my high-altitude airport.

When I arrived at the Boulder airport, the owner, who had also been my flying instructor, told me it was impossible to take off.

"Look," I answered, "I have nearly a hundred hours in this airplane, and I know whether I can fly it or not."

"You know more about flying now," he said sarcastically, "than you will when you have a thousand hours." Now that my hours have piled up, I know what he said was true.

I reasoned that since I was flying an Ercoupe, a small two-place, single-engined plane that had no rudder pedals (advertisements said you "fly it like you drive a car") and because I had a compass, altimeter, air-speed indicator and rate-of-climb meter, I had a good chance to make it.

"This plane can't spin—you taught me that," I said. "All I need to do is to take off, fly east from the Rocky Mountains, maintain a steady rate of climb and I'll be out of this soup."

"That may be so," he said, "but you won't be able to do it. You need a turn-and-bank indicator. Vertigo will get you. You need a gyrocompass instead of your magnetic."

What he did not explain was that although my reasoning was sound—provided I had the right instruments—there is a lag in the magnetic compass that ruins its use for instrument flying. A sudden updraft or downdraft will buffet a plane as much as 90 degrees off course. Because of the lag in the compass, it is impossible to correct before another buffet of wind compounds the error.

Vertigo meant nothing to me. Not then. I took off. Visibility was limited to about a hundred feet. In practically no time I had lost sight of the ground. I was in a gray world with mists that swirled with sickening speed past my wing tips.

For a short while everything went as I had anticipated. For perhaps three or four minutes I flew steadily east at a climb-out speed of 90 miles an hour. My altimeter told me I was climbing through the soup and should break out into the clear.

Then it happened. Everything seemed to stand still, everything except the compass. It suddenly showed I was headed due west, right into the Rocky Mountains. I executed a turn and corrected for it. But now the compass was spinning wildly. The wing tips gave me no point of reference. Everything was gray and motionless. *Either the compass is crazy or I am,* I thought, trying desperately to steer in any direction. I was getting sick. Then my air speed started to drop. Loss of air speed is the most dangerous thing of all in an airplane; it means a stall and, inevitably, a crash. I looked out at the leading edge of the wing. The wings were icing and ice was blocking the opening to the air-speed indicator.

I struggled desperately to gain altitude above the clouds. Many times I felt the telltale shudder that comes just before a stall, and I could not be sure whether I was right-side up, sideways or upside down. Perspiration rolled down the inside of my shirt; I could feel it sticking my pants to the seat. Sweat stung my eyes and made my hands slippery on the wheel.

"Don't panic," I said aloud, "or you'll sure find a cloud with a rock in it."

Then I saw the sun. But it was a crazy sun that crossed the dome of my little airplane from horizon to horizon, starting on one wing tip and disappearing underneath the other. My senses told me the sun had gone crazy, but my intellect told me it was my airplane describing that peculiar maneuver. A couple more of those sun streaks and I managed to right the plane above the clouds, then headed south toward my road race. When I landed at the airport at Pueblo, I was a better pilot because I had found out the hard way how little I knew.

That was the only time a road race seemed anticlimactic. The records of the Pike's Peak Sports Car Club, sponsors of the race, show that at the end of 45 minutes of driving, I had completely lapped every other car in my class and some of those in the classes above mine. Jerry and I won, but I didn't even stay for the trophy dinner. For once in my life, I'd had all the excitement I wanted in one day.

To some it may have appeared like a waste of time. But to me it was a search—by this time a conscious one—for something that would satisfy me.

Still, if it weren't speed or danger or faraway places or excitement, what was "it"? That "it" I was after sometimes seemed on the verge of showing itself to me. Then the veil obscuring it would seem to be securely drawn.

Adventure was not the answer.

I went to Europe for a year to rest and spend the money I had accumulated. Then, in 1960, while I was in Dallas for a couple of show dates, I got the notion of settling down in Texas. I met a man with an idea there, and I put it together for him and formed a sales organization to get it going.

The idea was that a number of parents would deposit $1,000 in a federally insured bank account, with the understanding that the interest accumulated would go to pay for college educations for their children, if their children ended up going to college. If a child didn't go to college, then the parents got their $1,000 back, but received no interest. I had studied the school dropout records furnished by the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It was clear that the number of children who survived the dropout statistics would be small enough so that the interest accumulated by the whole group would provide a workable nest egg for the college kids.

I formed a whole organization and voluntarily submitted the plan to the Texas State Securities Commission. All I needed was a license from the securities commission and we'd be in business.

While waiting, I appeared on Dallas columnist Tony Zoppi's television program and told my life story. A West Coast magazine writer contacted me and proposed to write my biography. I went to meet him in Los Angeles. While there he introduced me to Eleanor Garner Black, the woman reporter who had covered Chessman's execution, the first woman to see a death penalty carried out in California. She was not a hard-boiled reporter, but a woman who believed in Chessman's innocence, and she had been so affected by the execution that she now had a psychological block that prevented her writing any more about it.

The magazine writer and I visited her in her home. She was an attractive redhead with a compact, athletic but feminine figure. She was divorced and had a small daughter named Bonnie.

We talked about Chess. Pony—that was her nickname—told me about her own life, and I told her about mine. I felt that she understood me better than any woman I'd ever met before. When I had to go back to Dallas, Pony saw me off at the airport, and I told her I had to see her again.

Back in Dallas, I ran into deep trouble. The license was being withheld from my scholarship plan because the securities commission had learned that I was an ex-convict. It was a terrible blow, a complete defeat. Only Pony's encouragement on the phone eased my depression. I pulled out of the organization I had set up after obtaining an agreement to draw royalties from the plan—Pony's suggestion—once it got under way without me.

I headed back to Los Angeles. I knew now that Pony could be the woman who would make me happy, a lifetime partner from whom no secrets would be kept, a mate with whom I could share everything. I told her this and much more, and I asked her to marry me. The answer was yes. On December 3, 1960 in Las Vegas, Pony and I exchanged vows in a quiet ceremony.

Our magazine writer friend no longer wanted to do my life story. The collapse of the scholarship plan, for some reason, had led to his changing his mind. I decided to forget about Los Angeles and Dallas. Pony, Bonnie and I would settle some place entirely new.

"Whither thou goest, I will go," said Pony. We dropped a dime over a map of the United States. I had done that before,

and I'd always managed to find interesting and exciting things, and people I liked. The dime fell on Kansas City.

With the few hundred dollars we salvaged by selling some of our personal possessions, I moved my new little family into a rented house in Kansas City.

Night after night, while Pony was asleep, I would turn and twist, too restless for sleep, aware that the tender words I had spoken to her came from a mouth filled with the taste of bitter vetch. The more I thought about what had happened in Dallas, the more frustrated I became.

Then one night I had a talk with Pony. She pointed out to me that my whole life was not just a string of unrelated adventures, that there was a theme connecting them. I enjoyed helping others. If I wanted to find a new purpose for myself and get over the failure of the scholarship plan, that was the direction in which I had to go. This was the "it" I had been searching for.

I was scheduled to entertain at the Kansas City Shriners' Temple the following night. That would be where I'd make my start.

I had never had stage fright in my life. Oh sure, I had had butterflies in my stomach on opening nights. But they were only normal reactions in a strange club, before a strange audience.

As I stood in the wings of the large auditorium, listening to my introduction, I had real stage fright. There was so much at stake. When the master of ceremonies finally introduced me, I offered a silent prayer and walked across the stage to the familiar sound of polite applause from an audience waiting to be entertained.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, "I'm going to make a radical departure from anything I've ever done. Tonight, I want to talk to you in a most serious vein about most important subjects. You, your children and your lives. This will not be rehearsed. Tonight, if you will permit me, I wish to speak with my heart."

I don't know how the words came to me. They were words I had never used before. I am able to repeat some of them now, verbatim, because of the newspaper accounts of that evening.

"I am an ex-convict.

"Almost 20 years ago I was released from San Quentin on parole, and nearly 17 years ago that parole was discharged. In the intervening years I have led a diamond expedition into Venezuela, coached swimming teams in India, had big business in the United States, entertained in nightclubs, flown airplanes and driven racing cars—and I have contributed nothing.

"Tonight, I would like to change that."

The truths I had learned poured forth in a torrent of words. Some of them were quoted in the papers. Pony told me some; a few I recall myself.

Early in my speech, when I was talking about my prison background, I had mentioned Caryl Chessman—and my firm belief in his innocence. Now as I spoke of consideration, I saw a way in which Chess, through his death, could contribute something to this audience.

"Let me tell you something about Caryl Chessman, something you have never heard before. I am not going to burden you with a harangue about Chessman's guilt or innocence. That question is now academic, as he is dead.

"There is something, however, that may prove of value to society in the way he died. What I am going to tell you now has never been told in public before.

"Something about the way he died.

"The fact is that after the cyanide pellets were dropped into the vat of acid beneath his chair in the gas chamber, Chessman said one word. A word that was never reported in any newspaper account of his death, including the prize-winning account that was written by my wife.

"That word was never reported simply because it was not possible to do so, clearly, in the space allocated in the terse newspaper accounts of Chessman's death.

"The word was 'No.'

" 'No' what?

" 'No'—don't kill me?

" 'No'—I am innocent?

" 'No'—I don't want to die?

"I will tell you how, in that one word, Caryl Chessman taught a lesson from which we can all learn. But let me regress to the last press interview before his date with death, so you can understand this man and that word.

"His last interview was given to my wife. He had invited her to attend the execution. (The condemned man has the curious right to invite five people of his own choosing to attend.)

" 'Why?' my wife asked in that last interview, 'do you want me to be there?'

" 'Because it will give you the authority to write about it,' he said. 'No woman has ever witnessed an execution in California. Killing is a man's business. The giving of life belongs to women. Perhaps if capital punishment, that evil scar across the face of justice, is ever to be erased, it will be done by women. So I would like you to be there, I would like you to see that it is not a prideful thing . . . if it were, it would be carried out in a public square. I would like you to see the pomp and the punctilio with which a man's life is deliberately snuffed out by the state, in your name, the name of society.'

" 'Chess,' she said, 'if they actually strap you down, close the door and drop the pellets, I don't think I can survive it.' Chess grinned his lopsided smile, and with his wry humor said, 'Neither can I.'

"By maintaining his balance, and even his sense of humor, until the very end, Chess tried to make it a little easier on his friends.

"And so it was that on May 2, 1960, my wife, at Chess' invitation, stood at a window of that little green room, just three feet away from where a man she liked and respected was being strapped to his final chair.

"You have all read the stories of that execution—that his last words were to my wife—of how he tried to make it easier on the warden by saying: 'Thank you, Warden, I am all right.' And how he died, as he said he would, with dignity.

"But what about the 'No'?

"Death in San Quentin's gas chamber is not silent, nor painless nor easy. It took Chessman eight and a half minutes to die and that, by gas chamber standards, was fast. He made it easy on himself as well as others. The pellets were fired audibly into the acid vat and, when that sound was heard, everyone, including the condemned man, knew life had ended for Caryl Chessman.

"It takes time for that gas to be generated and to reach the condemned man's nostrils. Perhaps 30 seconds, perhaps 45, but it is an eternity to the man in the chair.

"During that half minute or longer, the man is as fully conscious and as fully aware as you are now. He has not so much as sniffed the invisible fumes. But in moments—and he knows it—he is going to die. He cannot be saved any longer—even by a reprieve. As a matter of fact, the phone rang just 30 seconds after the pellets were dropped, with a reprieve for Chess, but it was too late. Mercifully, he did not know about it.

So what does a man do with his last half minute of life? Scream? Curse? That would be understandable.

"I will tell you what Chessman did. He turned his head quickly, looked at my wife, who was at the window, and saw her face contort as she was stricken by what was happening to her friend.

"With a great muscular effort he twisted his strapped-down wrists so that with his hands he could give her a 'thumbs up' gesture. Then, with unmistakable intent to help her over this rough spot, he shook his head from side to side and told her 'No-o-o-o.'

"He waited until he saw her face relax. 'If he has the courage to do the dying, I must have the courage to do the watching,' my wife told me she had thought at that awful moment.

"Then, after he saw my wife's face relax, he turned his head as far away from her as he could, so she wouldn't have to see his face, then breathed quickly and deeply. Then quietly and with dignity he got on with the business of dying.

"His final thoughts and words and gestures were for the comfort and peace of mind of someone else.

"*Consideration.*

"Can we learn anything from that?

"Decide for yourself, each of you."

I walked off the stage into the wings in complete silence. It

was over. I had failed. Then it came. Like an explosion. Wave after wave of applause. The house lights were turned up. I could see the people in the audience. They were standing. They were cheering.

I went out again and placed an unsteady hand on the microphone. Once again, silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen . . ." I had to clear my throat. "I wish there were some way for me to express the gratitude that I find in my heart. There is no adequate way. The closest would be to state a simple fact. The fact is that if because of something I said here tonight, just one youngster may be prevented from entering prison instead of college; if just one ex-convict can find the strength to give instead of to take, or if just one child may be kept from some day facing the necessity of having to die—*considerately*—then my time, *all of my time,* has been well spent."

After that first talk, I was invited to lecture at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary. I talked to the men in their language, told them my story, tried to make them see that there was all the excitement, adventure and romance a man was big enough to handle waiting for them, and all within the law. I told them that when they were out, if they ever had a problem they couldn't handle, to look me up and I'd kick it around with them.

Two months later I had a visitor, a rawboned, tough-looking fellow I'll call Tom. He had just been fired when his boss found out he was an ex-con. A phone call to a mattress manufacturer I knew got Tom a new job, and this time the boss knew all about his new employee in advance.

That helped, but it wasn't long before Tom told me about a chance he had to pull a big stickup job. I talked him out of it. A few days later he was back, full of resentment. The other guys had gone ahead and gotten away with $200,000. I insisted that it still wasn't a smart thing to do, but Tom wasn't convinced. Several days after that, though, he called up. Had I seen the story in the papers where the stickup men had all been caught? And here he was, happy and free.

Pony and I were delighted, but our spirits took a dive one snowy night soon after, when Tom called up to say he had a new racket; he'd been working it for two days, and I couldn't shoot holes in this one.

"What kind of racket, Tom?" I said in a low voice.

"Bill, these dumb square johns think nothin' of givin' me a fin for cleanin' the snow off their driveways and walks. Hell I can do one place in 30 minutes. I made 40 bucks yesterday and 35 so far today. Hey, pray for it to keep snowin' will ya?"

"I'll sure do that, Tom," I said, and I meant it.

Tom was only the first of many. There were talks in other prisons, and requests for me to address groups continued to pour in. For every appearance, from two to 10 parents of problem youngsters found their way to me. Ex-convicts were sent by Dale Carnegie and the Alcoholics Anonymous groups who worked in prisons. Ex-convicts were sent by each other. Or they came on their own.

We had a 16-year-old boy living with us for three weeks, an alcoholic schoolteacher for two and an unemployed cowboy, who had just been released and whose five-day stay was marred by the fact that his happy round face was due to a case of mumps.

Then I had a failure.

Ricky was 16, tall, well built, of good family. He had been a leader, both scholastically and athletically—not only in his high school but in statewide competition. I worked with him for a month. After that he slipped from sight, so I'll address this to him personally, in the hope he will read it and, perhaps, give me some answers.

Ricky, where did I fail you? We both thought you "had it made," remember? When I asked what thrill there was to be found in stealing hubcaps and credit cards, what you expected in the way of resistance from an unoccupied automobile, you ultimately decided that your only "thrill" was in doing something wrong.

Remember the day I borrowed the Ferrari race car and taught you how to corner and let you drive at 155 miles an hour on the drag strip? Remember the little two-place airplane I rented and how we hedgehopped and took a run at the row of trees, pulling up just in time? Those were some of the things I had found thrilling—legitimate, legal ways for a young man to let off steam. You agreed, too, and obtained your Dad's permission to take flying lessons. Remember?

But what happened, Ricky? I didn't hear from you for about a month. Then, just two weeks ago, when I was at the jail to visit another boy about your age, the big jailer there, the one who liked you so much, told me you were somewhere in Texas, convicted of stealing an automobile—a felony.

My failure with you, Ricky, brought home to me an understanding of Warden Duffy that I had never had before. It made me realize that one victory in the battle for men's minds is worth a hundred defeats. It has brought me closer to Warden Duffy than I have ever been.

But, Ricky, how about you? Where do we go from here? How many years, how many broken hearts, how much pain will you cause and will you suffer? Will you have to go to the very end, the way Chessman did, to learn the rules that must be followed in order to have a happy life?

Once, when Pony said to him, "I don't know why you have to die," Chess answered, "Pony, if I do, it is because I've found myself too late."

Ricky, how many young men like you have to die in order to learn how to live?

My days and nights were filled with talks, all of them rushing me toward an inevitable decision. It was a radio program that finally caused me definitely to make up my mind.

Jean Glenn, the sparkling mistress of ceremonies of Station WDAF in Kansas City, had me in her guest spot for an hour on a program called *Conversation*. Three weeks later we did a two-hour "live" program in which open telephone lines permitted listeners to call and ask questions while we were on the air. Calls lit up the station switchboard like a Times Square marquee. Mail arrived by the bagful.

I was convinced I really did have something to say and, because I am by nature impatient, I began to wax wroth when it became apparent that I could not reach every parent in the country in one day. After Pony had heard my restless muttering for the thousandth time, she suggested in her typically direct way:

"Go write a book."

To fit the writing of a book into a schedule that already was bursting at the seams was patently impossible. Something had to give, and it looked as if it would be me. Pony agreed:

"If you keel over dead you won't be of any help to anyone. And besides, I'd be mad at you."

I needed to talk to Warden Duffy. And I determined to make the time to do it. I cut all ties for two weeks and telephoned him that I was coming to California and bringing Pony and Bonnie with me. It had been more than a dozen years since I had seen the Duffys. Deep within me I knew why. In my subconscious I had always envisioned myself riding back on a white charger and laying something grand at their feet. But now in my struggle, not for the personal success I had always wanted to show them, but for something far more important—the chance to make a real contribution—I headed for that rock of integrity where I could seek, and get, advice and reassurance.

We made a date to meet in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel. The plush lobby and its busy, well-dressed people dropped away when I saw the warden and his wife approaching. They were just the same, except that his iron-gray hair was now a cap of white. For an odd moment as they came toward us I felt like applauding. Then they were there. He gave me his warm, firm handshake and Mom was looking at me the way she had that evening in another lifetime.

"This is just like coming home again," Pony exclaimed as she kissed them both.

At dinner I told them of my dilemma.

"I cannot give up this program of talks, but I feel my first duty is to Pony and Bonnie. It just doesn't make sense for me to resign a good job, gamble on income derived from speeches and plunge into this full time. And now we think I should write a book. I have to give up either my life or my livelihood. . . ."

"Bill," the warden was looking at me as he had in my solitary cell. "When I first met you, you thought you were at the absolute bottom. I told you then, and I tell you now—when we

are thinking right, trying to contribute, doors *do* open. The Front Gate did. Remember?"

"If I can just take care of my family . . . they aren't after me for luxuries, you know. I would only like to give them a small degree of security and at the same time do something that offers a real contribution. Then I would be happy. Truly happy."

"You will do both, make your contribution and support your family. I know you will," the warden was saying. "Go ahead and write your book. Make your talks. Make whatever arrangements are necessary to give you the time you need. It will come right." His warm voice gave me the same transfusion of life and hope it always had. And Mom Duffy reached across the table and squeezed my hand.

After dinner, when we were in their home and I had been outlining the mechanics of what would be necessary in order for me to launch a new career, Bonnie, who had been listening intently to everything, piped up.

"Daddy, may I say something?" She was careful about interruptions. "You said we would probably have to sell our house and our other car and that you would be gambling everything you had to make this a success. Right?"

"Yes, honey."

"Well, wouldn't it be a contribution, wouldn't it help with money, if we sold my horse?"

She was referring to her beloved "Banner," the spirited palomino quarter horse we had bought her after she proved she was a natural equestrienne. She was one of the few who could really master the big gelding. And she loved that horse, as a child, once in a lifetime, loves an animal. She had entered him in barrel-racing and pole-bending competition, and she adored grooming him and showing him off in the black-and-silver parade saddle and fancy tack we had given her. This was what she now offered.

"If you need any more expression of faith than that, you are not as bright as I think you are." Mrs. Duffy had crossed the room and put her arms around the little girl.

In high spirits we drove to Kansas City and made arrangements for our new life, which included the writing of this book. I gave up my job and we put most of our possessions up for sale, including Banner because Bonnie reminded her mother: "You said when we married Daddy that I get one half of the marriage."

And more doors opened. Within three days of our return, two spokesmen from different school districts in one county where I had addressed P.T.A. meetings came to discuss the possibility of inaugurating success courses at high school and junior high school levels. Discussions with school board officials followed, and I was informed that the classes were to get under way within a year. A juvenile court judge invited me to sit on the bench with him and hear some cases.

Jim Emerson, editor of a community newspaper, asked me to write two series of articles—one on capital punishment, the other on juvenile delinquency. It was at this point Pony and I found we could work together, successfully. We knew that many couples, no matter how close in their marriage, cannot work well together on a project outside their home life. But we found that we could. What had looked like an immense and unfamiliar task, writing the newspaper articles, was duck soup for Pony, but she insisted that I do most of the writing, only giving me pointers and reasons for her editing, as we went along.

We were tremendously encouraged, but work on the book had come to a standstill. The demands on our time in Kansas City were such that often we couldn't even get together until late at night, let alone write a book.

We made another decision, a costly one in terms of money. But in answer to Pony's "is this going to be an all-out effort or isn't it?" we packed our things and departed for a remote area in Nevada, where we were not known, in order to do our writing. We installed ourselves in a small motel less than a mile from a stable where Bonnie could ride, then went to work.

Looking backward, I began to see my life in its proper perspective. An interesting thing I had told no one was that I realized early that I had come to evaluate men in a way that would horrify some and amuse others. Lacking any psychic faculty, I had to have some means of figuring out what kind of men I was dealing with, how they would react under given sets of circumstances, their solidity and so forth.

The only accurate barometer I had been able to devise was to figure mentally "What kind of a convict would he be?" Then, in my mind, I would strip him of his surroundings, his office, home, car, family, friends, even his clothes. Behind him would rise the cold steel and concrete of San Quentin's main yard. My subject would be standing there in a prison uniform. Picturing him thus, I would know what sort of man he was—bully, chicken, stoolie or solid.

At such moments the old animal wariness that had kept me alive would zero him in. I had to be right the first time in my dealings with people. True, I had buried the animal instincts that once had been my means of survival, but they were buried alive. By concentration I could call on them. And I still do.

This barometer has proved invaluable over the years.

During our work I relived the incidents of my childhood, the years of total confinement, the escapades since prison and my recent days of decision.

We returned to Kansas City after seven weeks in which we accomplished the major work on the book. All that remained were minor revisions and some typing—plus what I am writing now.

Before we had gone to Nevada, all our efforts had been unofficial. Now, abruptly, this changed. Jim Emerson, the editor who had become a close friend, took me to the Kansas State Penitentiary to meet the Protestant chaplain, the Rev. James E. E. Post. Jim, as the chaplain insisted I call him, is neither the usual minister nor the usual man. He is big; he is rugged and unshockable. There is warm rapport between him and the men behind the walls.

"I've heard you on the radio," he said. "I believe you have an inspired message. What can I do to help you?"

I told him my ideas about rehabilitation and prevention being one and the same, and I described my visit to the federal prison.

"I would like to see a class started for men who are about to be released, a class in which they can begin to learn some of the lessons they must know in order to get along on the outside. Every man who comes out must face certain truths. Such as the fact that society insists that a convict be something that society, itself, is reluctant to permit him to be. Fair or unfair, reasonable or unreasonable, there it is. It is tough enough to get around or cope with when you know about it—it is hopeless if you don't.

"He has to learn that he is going back to the same world he left, the same world he could not adjust to before. The world has not changed in his absence; if he is to merge with it, *it is he who has to do the changing.*

"Such classes should be conducted by ex-convicts rather than correctional authorities. For two good reasons. One, because such a man knows what must be done, knows what it feels like to be out in the world, branded with a felony record; and two, because the men inside prisons refuse, for the most part, to take moral lessons from the so-called do-gooders.

"Alcoholics Anonymous has solved this problem for many drinkers, utilizing the principle of one man helping another who shares the same problem. And *all* men released from prison face some of the same problems, whether or not they drink."

"Suppose we get permission to try here?" the chaplain asked.

"Then I'll conduct the first class and turn it over as quickly as possible to other men who have made it on the outside. Eventually men who have attended the class will come back to prison and help conduct it."

"Why can't you stay and run it yourself?" he wanted to know.

"Jim, deep in my heart I know that every time I address a college or a high school or a group of teachers and parents I am doing more good by prevention than I would if I tied myself down to one class in one prison. I think I can do both for a while. I can spend the first three to six months here, but after that I want to go on to other prisons and, at the same time, continue to talk to colleges, high schools and parents."

That was the start, there in the chaplain's office. The following day he made an appointment for us in Topeka with Robert J. Kaiser, director of Kansas penal institutions. After a four-hour interview the latter gave us the green light to start a class in the State Penitentiary.

A variety show was my means of announcing formation of a prerelease class in the 100-year-old fortresslike structure at Lansing. I called on old friends in show business to donate their time, and Jim Emerson garnered statewide coverage by the major news media. The show was the only way I could think of to get the entire prison population to hear my announcement about the proposed class.

Changing from the fast, bright tempo of a variety show to the serious announcement involved some ticklish moments. I didn't want the men to feel the entertainment had been used to pull them in to hear a preachment. Of course I intended no preachment, but the proposed class depended to a great extent on how these men, many understandably distrustful, would interpret what I said. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop during the first few moments when I identified myself.

I laid it on the line, telling them about my days in reform school, beatings by prison guards that hadn't turned me into a stool pigeon, solitary confinement, Warden Duffy.

Three men there had been in San Quentin when I was and knew what I said was true. One, whom I'll call Mac, had worked in the same office with Chess and me—he later turned out to be an invaluable assistant in the class.

I told them about the work I had done on myself, and how it led to serving three life sentences within three years; and I told them about after prison, the fantastic life of adventure and my happy marriage. Then I said I had been given permission to start the proposed class there and, after advising the television and newspaper photographers to train their cameras on the audience, this is what I said to the men who filled the big hall.

"Every wise guy I know is in prison. There are a lot of pretty smart cons in here, penitentiary big shots, who can give you advice. They can tell you how you could have beat your rap if you'd been smarter. They know all about how to outwit the law. They sneer at guys like me, call us square johns, dummies.

"Okay, I'll settle for being a square john, a dummy. But when I leave here this afternoon I'm going to drive off in my air-conditioned car and I'll play a round of golf before dark. Then I'm going to my home. It's air-conditioned too. (These were white lies, as I had sold both the car and the home in order to afford to be there.)

"At home I'll be greeted by my lovely red-haired wife and my cute, little blonde daughter. Before I go to bed I'll have a steak dinner, probably call a couple of friends on the telephone, watch television for a while and have a highball or two if I feel like it.

"I've been a con, as smart and as tough as they come. And I'm still solid. But I'm not a wise guy anymore. I'm a square john now. All the wise guys I know are in here—the smartest one of all didn't even come to the show, they're in the hole—all the wise guys will go back to their cells and all us dumb square johns will have to leave and go away in our big cars to our nice homes and good pay and lovely wives. Yeah. All us square johns are on the outside."

It was brutal and it hurt. But it worked. I had broken through. Then I put them to the final test.

"In this prerelease class you can learn how to be law-abiding square johns—dummies, like me—willing to earn an honest living and become a *useful member of society*. How many guys want that?"

The throaty roar was instantaneous and overwhelming. Every man was on his feet, jumping, cheering, applauding. And the cameras recorded it all. So much for those who, *without ever having seen their first convict*, argue that men in prison don't want to change, have no desire to be honest.

The class was a bonus and I was grateful I had the time to get it started. And grateful is a weak word for my feelings toward Jim Post, Robert Kaiser and Warden Sherman H. Crouse. Thanks to their courage, Kansas took a giant step forward in the history of penology in this country. It wasn't easy. The ensuing weeks took a lot out of all of us. The news media, by and large, were fair. Some were enthusiastic, and some even took editorial stands in favor of the new program.

We squelched a voice or two—the inevitable accompaniment to any penological forward step—that started to cry "criminal coddling"; we pointed out that if anyone were being coddled it was society—that the men were giving of their free time to attend the class.

Eligible men were those due to be released by discharge or parole within 90 days. About 90 percent of the eligibles, some 93 men, were in attendance at the first class. We held a two-hour session every week. At first quite a number of them were suspicious, wondering what my "angle" might be. A few tried me on for size to see if I could be persuaded to bring in contraband or smuggle out letters. Others asked me outright what I was "getting" out of it. Bitterness too long pent up showed itself in that they could not believe anyone would do something for a bunch of convicts unless there were some income to be gained, above or below the table. Be it to their everlasting credit, these men, most of whom experience had taught to be distrustful, took me at my face value.

Each Monday I drove out to the prison early enough to give private counseling to men with special problems. At 6 p.m. we would start our two-hour sessions. A few penitentiary big shots who came to jeer were drowned out by the men who were eager for the truth. At first resentments accumulated through the years exploded, but before long the first group settled into a unit and hammered out a seven-step program of their own, which was to guide them in maintaining their freedom. These men ranged from first-timers in prison, who had been there only a couple of years, to five-time losers, some of whom had served more than 25 years—from petty theft offenders to men who were criminals before I was born. It was a good cross section and a good group to forge the creed by which they, and those who followed them, could live. It was agreed that each word of each step had to be approved unanimously before it was adopted.

On cards the men carry—that I carry, too—are the legends "If the 'outside' world only matched our 'inside' dreams, then not one of us would ever return to prison," and "Happiness is a direction—not a place."

On the reverse side of the card is the reminder: "Think realistically."

The class motto was supplied by Jim Post. It is paraphrased from the Bible: "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

My guys know it isn't the truth that makes you free—it's the *knowledge* of it.

(To delineate what goes into inspiring or inducing a desire to rehabilitate and then encouraging and nurturing that desire would take a book in itself. And because this involves the same lessons that would have prevented the crimes in the first place, it is a book, for the consumption of teen-agers and their parents. I have already been drafted to write such a book.)

We were able to start a sponsorship program. Under existing laws men have to have jobs before being released on parole. And frequently men were still in prison futilely trying to get jobs—months and even years after the parole board had pronounced them fit to be free. The longest wait for any I knew personally was 34 months—he had spent more time trying to get a job after he had been paroled than some men spend in prison altogether. And many men I knew had waited as long as a year to 18 months.

Under the sponsorship program, I interested some Kansas City businessmen in taking men out and financing them until they could get jobs. Terms of this sponsorship required that the man repay his businessman-sponsor before the latter could take aonther man. The laws remain the same, but we obtained official permission for this program, thus freeing parolees to compete for jobs by presenting themselves for interviews instead of sending applications from prison. With maintenance of a man in prison costing more than $1,500 a year, the dollar savings were noted almost immediately.

Six months after the program started, only one man, who had a serious drinking problem, had failed to repay his sponsor, and none of the approximately one hundred men who had gone through the class had returned to prison. That is the score at the time this book goes to press.

The prison sessions had taken a great deal of time from speaking engagements, but the bonuses of inner gratification can never be measured in either time or money. (There was none of the latter.) After almost six months I was able to turn the class over to the competent hands of two other men who had served time in that very prison (one of them a three-time loser), but who had made their own turnabouts and were successful

businessmen after almost 10 years of freedom. Incidentally, both these men are members of Alcoholics Anonymous; therefore their anonymity is being preserved.

The night I said farewell to the class we singled out Jim Emerson, who had attended all sessions faithfully and who had procured jobs for a large percentage before the sponsorship program was under way, and conferred upon him the degree of "honorary convict." It was hard to tell who was more pleased, the heterogeneous students or the modest newspaperman.

As I said, the prison class was a bonus; now I am back doing what I am best suited for. Speaking to people who are parents and who are going to be parents, and to civic groups and universities already dedicated to education and the betterment of society—truly concerned, thinking, receptive people who act on the lessons my life is able to impart.

A rewarding day at the college level occurred recently at the State College of Iowa in Cedar Falls. I met my host, the dean of the college, at 8:30 a.m., and we were together until almost midnight. My day included two addresses to the student body, three sociology and ciriminology classes, an after-dinner talk, a radio broadcast that resulted in many requests for a rebroadcast, which in turn brought on an impromptu social gathering and late-evening informal address in the home of a local judge of the criminal court.

In the classes came the penetrating questions. I have learned to expect them, and I'll guarantee that today's college students give the lie to the statement that America's youth concerns itself solely with glittering superficialities. Again and again the stimulating questions and attitudes of these young men and women reflect the tremendous potential of a still-young country. The following are typical of the question and answer sessions:

Q.: "What would you do if you were in charge of sentencing and prisons in the United States today?"
A.: "I would probably be a very unpopular man with a certain segment of the prison population, because I would make every sentence indeterminate, going from one year to life.

"A man may have committed a very serious crime, but if in one year he has rehabilitated himself so that he will *never* commit that or any other crime again, why hold him any longer? On the other hand, a man's offense may be comparatively minor, but if he will only do the same thing over and over again when freed, why release him?"

Q.: "Isn't that the purpose of parole boards, to release men before they serve their maximum time, if they can be deemed trustworthy?"
A.: "That is one of the reasons behind the formation of parole boards."

Q.: "They don't seem to be working so well; at least many men released this way commit crimes again. How would you rectify that?"
A.: "I would install, in the places of men now on parole boards, M.D. psychiatrists, polygraph (lie detector) operators and men skilled in the use of sodium pentothal, hypnotism and every other technological advance that probes the human mind. Since a convicted felon has been stripped of his citizenship and therefore of most of his rights, he would be required to undergo tests that could determine his state of mind and whether or not he would be likely to return to crime.

"If he refused to take the tests he would not be considered for parole. If he took them and failed to pass, he would be shown why, with a tape recording of his interview while under sodium pentothal.

"To go hand in hand with this I would initiate prison courses. Their subject matter would be similar to, but not limited to, that covered in the course I installed in the Kansas State Penitentiary, with one very important addition: These sessions would be available to men upon their entry into prison and throughout their stay there, not merely a matter of weeks before their release."

Q.: "How do present parole boards go about finding out if the men will return to crime again?"
A.: "They ask them."

Q.: "You mean parole board members sit there and ask, 'Have you learned your lesson? Do you think you will ever return to criminal ways?' "
A.: "That's exactly what I mean. It is not always that obvious, but any man going before a parole board knows what the board wishes to find out. In fact, any man in any prison in the country knows how to get out in the shortest possible time. He keeps his nose clean, behaves within the rules (or at least doesn't get caught if he violates them), participates in sports or something that will reflect well on his record and reasons out the best way he can express himself in telling the parole board that prison was a good thing for him, that it stopped him just in time, that he is full of remorse and contrition and will never again return to crime.

"Danger also lies in parole board members becoming case-hardened and treating all men as con artists who are trying to outsmart them. Some of the men who come before them are sincere. Only an expert, asking much more subtle questions, can distinguish between the two. Thoughts and attitudes need to be tested as to whether a man tends toward violent solutions of his problems, whether he would be inclined to excesses or abnormality in seeking sexual gratification and so forth. Many men in prison, although not psychotic, are mentally or emotionally disturbed and need psychiatric help. Under this plan they would get it."

Q.: "What is the national rate of recidivism in this country?"
A.: "Statistics tell us that more than 80 percent of the men now in prison for the first time will return to prison after they have been released. As a matter of fact, 87 percent of the men in the Kansas State Prison at Lansing have been in prison before. This is almost total failure.

"Ninety-seven percent of all men in prisons are going to be released sometime. That means they are going to be your neighbors. Punishment and vengeance alone do not make them good neighbors. So let's use our existing facilities and existing knowledge to truly rehabilitate. That is one certain way to lower our crime bill."

And so it went. One Monday night, after an address to a junior chamber of commerce group, I was drawn aside by a man who came up to me.

"The young son of a friend of mine is in trouble, in jail. He has been there five days, but his family hasn't even gone to see him. He has been put in an isolation cell because he has been in so many fights. He's only 16, but he is big and strong—bright and good-looking, too. But he half killed a man in the jail the other day, hit him over the head with a wooden stool or something.

"Would you come and see him? See if you can talk to him, please!"

I met the man at his office Tuesday and we drove out to the jail. The big, friendly jailer shook his head discouragingly when I asked for the youngster by name. He said he would have to take me back to his cell, that the youth was not permitted in the visiting room.

He led me to a remote part of the jail, to a grim row of stripped cells that were empty except for one. The jailer unlocked that one, but left the door closed. In that bare cell sat a tall, well-muscled young man. His mouth was a straight line of bitterness; his hazel eyes burned amber with defiance.

"Hello. My name is Bill Sands. A friend of yours told me you were here. When I was about your age I sat in a cell like this, only it wasn't in jail—it was in San Quentin prison. I was fighting mad at the whole world, just like you are. I hear you have been doing a lot of fighting. But I understand that along with all that brawn you have a pretty high I.Q. Why don't you try using it to get yourself straightened out—out of here?"

For a long moment, this youngster looked at me. Something, almost but not quite, began to break behind those hard eyes. He wavered just a little, then caught himself.

"Why the hell should I?" There was a snarl in his tough, young voice. "There's nobody gives a damn what happens to me. Nobody cares."

I opened the door and stepped inside his cell. . . .

—Bill Sands

THIS FUNNY LIFE

Two years ago my brother, a GI, was returning from target practice when he suddenly remembered he had left his rifle on the firing range. Hurriedly, he went back to get the rifle, but it was gone.

When he finally told his sergeant, the sergeant told him that he would have to pay for the rifle and *any other* government property that he lost or damaged.

Later, as my brother was telling the story to our family, my mother innocently remarked, "Now I see why the captain always goes down with his ship!"

Name withheld at writer's request,
Upper Marlboro, Md.

Not wanting to leave our income tax filing to the last day, I kept after my husband to help me with compiling all the necessary figures. His excuses for putting it off always seemed valid. Either he was too tired after a long day at work, or it was too late at night, or he just wasn't in the mood.

Finally, I seemed to catch him at the right time, and was all prepared to spend the evening working on the tax forms when my husband expressed another desire. With somewhat of a smile on his face he turned to me and said, "I'd really prefer working on *next* year's deductions."

J.S.B.
Elmira, N. Y.

In the Seoul area of Korea a few years ago, American MP's were assigned to the job of preventing the overloading of streetcars. This became a matter of importance because several Koreans had been killed by being swept from steps and other outside perches by U.S. Army vehicles.

On one occasion, two MP's spotted a streetcar taking on far more passengers than could crowd inside. The MP's ordered all those hanging on outside to get off. All did, except one man who argued vehemently. When he was removed, he climbed back on, screaming in Korean. After this happened several times, the MP's hauled him off to the Korean police station.

There, he continued his harangue to the desk sergeant, who finally told the angry man he could leave. Puzzled, the MP's sought an explanation.

"Oh, very simple," the desk sergeant told them. "He's the conductor."

Leo J. Farrell, Jr.
Colorado Springs, Col.

In my hometown, tickets for parking violations consist of self-addressed, postage-paid envelopes with the necessary data printed on the side opposite the address.

The police department recently redesigned these envelopes so that the violator now has to pay his own postage. It seems that too many resentful citizens were mailing their 50-cents fines in the form of 50 pennies, costing the police department 23-cents postage per ticket.

J. D. Hurt
Galesburg, Ill.

In Colorado, an expectant mother almost won her race to a hospital's delivery room. With but a few yards to go, the child was delivered on the lawn by hospital staff members.

When paying the bill on leaving the hospital, the irate father loudly called the attention of the supervising nun to a $50 item marked, "Delivery Room."

Calmly the nun crossed out the item and inserted instead, "Greens Fee."

Preston W. Doyle
Interlochen, Mich.

Last winter a French-Canadian couple replied to my newspaper advertisement which offered a furnished apartment for rent in Sarasota, Florida. They spoke very little English, and since I didn't know French the tour through the apartment was accompanied by much pantomime and sign language.

In this manner I managed to explain how the electric range worked and where to find the coffee pot. Finally, entering the bedroom, I tried to get across the idea that linens were not furnished by wagging a finger at the bed while saying: "No, no, no!" very emphatically.

"Oh, *oui, oui, oui!*" the young lady insisted, displaying her new wedding ring for my inspection.

Mrs. F. E. Meyer
Venice, Fla.

While driving a summer milk route in a resort area of Cape Cod, my truck was plagued with a series of breakdowns and eventually gave up the struggle by throwing a piston rod. By the time I had been towed back to the barn and had transferred my milk to another truck, I was five hours behind schedule in my deliveries for the day. It was eight in the evening before I arrived at the house of my last customer.

The yard of the home was completely loaded with parked automobiles, and a cocktail party was in full swing in and about the house. As I threaded my way through the throng to the kitchen, I received a lot of good-natured kidding about my late arrival from all except one fellow who was leaning unsteadily against the refrigerator.

"Oh, no," he moaned, as he headed for the door. "I didn't realize it was *that* late. I've got to get home before my wife wakes up!"

John R. Cashman
Norwell, Mass.

A few months ago I was stationed at Pleiku, Vietnam, working as a dispatcher in the Base Operations section. One day a young Army courier pilot came to my desk and requested to use the telephone. I handed him the instrument.

I couldn't help listening intently when his conversation changed from his normally correct, college-graduate English to: "I come. One hour. See you. Okay?"

I presumed he was talking to a low ranking Vietnamese officer who had very little command of English.

The pilot replaced the receiver, glanced up, and before leaving smiled and said, "Me Tarzan, her Jane."

Eugene C. Galant, Jr.
Chandler, Ariz.

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